THE TOPICAL TIMES

FOOTBALL BOOK 1983

DANEPAK

ARSENAL v. MANCHESTER UNITED

GARY BAILEY, United's 'keeper foils this raid by Arsenal's JOHN HAWLEY (right) and BRIAN TALBOT.

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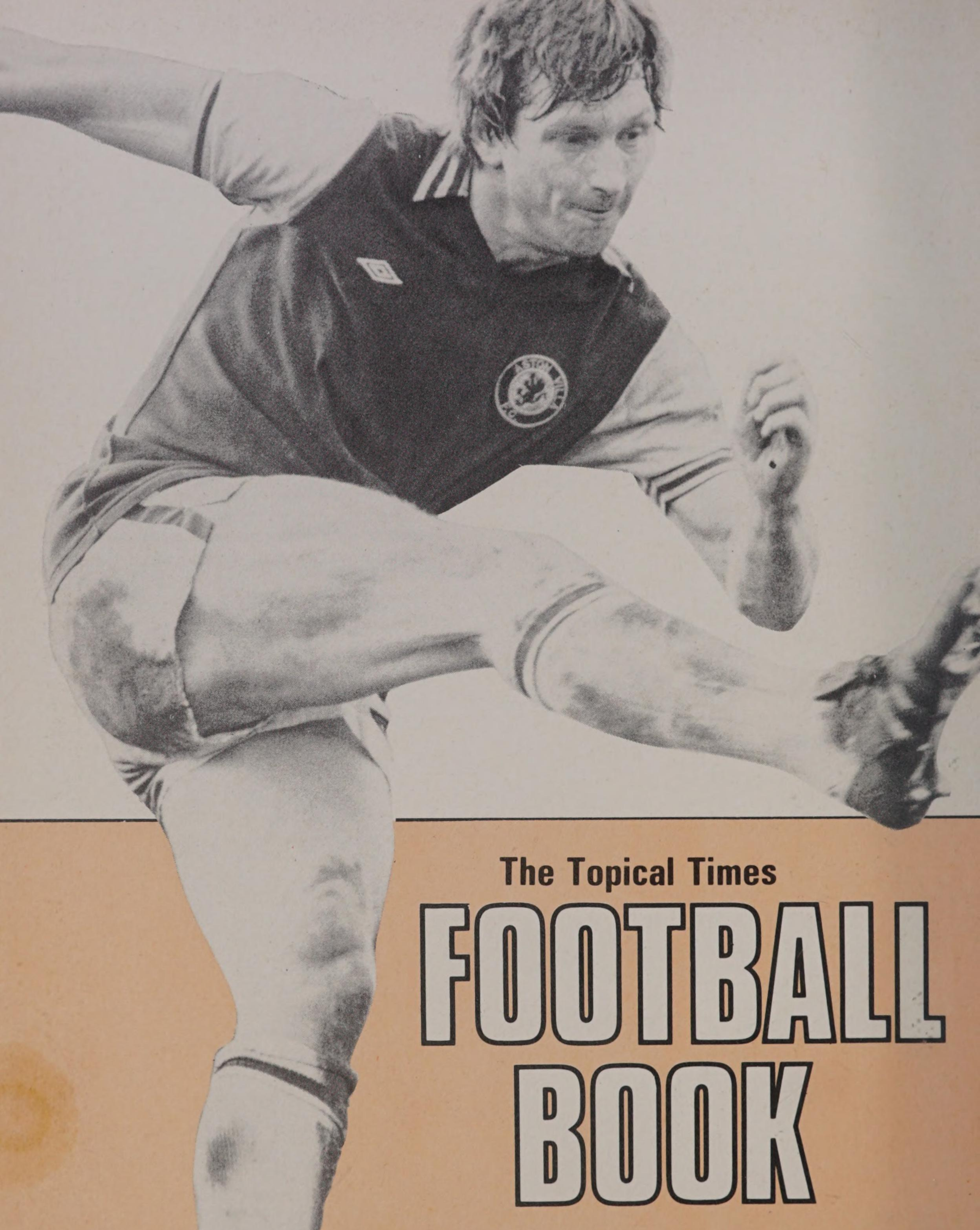

The Topical Times

FOOTBALL BOOK

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SAMMY LEE
Liverpool

GLENN HODDLE

Tottenham Hotspur

Keegan — AS OTHERS SEE HIM!

ASA HARTFORD

"Kevin was involved in one of the most embarrassing moments I've had in football. It happened while he was playing for Liverpool and I was in my first spell with Manchester City.

"My parents and younger sister were down from Scotland for the game and my sister was Kevin Keegan-daft. Before the game she implored me to get his autograph. It was going to be something she'd always treasure.

"I didn't manage to catch Kevin before kick-off so I made plans to ask him to sign after the game. Trouble was Liverpool hammered us 4-0 and the last thing I felt like doing when we came off the park was to walk up to an opponent and ask him for his autograph.

"But Kevin, being Kevin, put me completely at ease. He signed no trouble at all and my embarrassment just evaporated.

"I am told Kevin never refuses an autograph for anyone and I believe it. He's a great example to every young player in the game."

HOWARD KENDALL

"The great thing about Kevin Keegan is that he never has a bad game. He may not always have a great game but you can always come away from a game he has been involved in and say that he made a contribution. You will always notice him even if it is one of his quieter matches.

"He is sharp, an infectious character and always plays to his maximum. Not only that, he is fair with it.

"Kevin realises his strengths and has always played to them. He has never stood around expecting something to happen, he's always worked hard to make things work for him.

"I would imagine he is a great fellow to have alongside you in your team. In fact, I know he would be because I played in Everton's side in the early seventies with a player from a very similar mould. Alan Ball was very much like Kevin."

TREVOR CHERRY

" Kevin is one of the most active people I've ever met. I roomed with him on England duty for the European Championships in Italy. Every day he was up and on the go from 7.45 in the morning.

" He took his first business call of the day at 8 a.m. He was bright eyed and bushy-tailed while the rest of us were half-asleep.

" On that trip he played so much tennis, golf and squash that he got through all the tee-shirts he had packed and was borrowing from me well before we went home.

" If you're not careful, you can get caught in Kevin's slipstream!"

AND A STORY FROM OUTSIDE FOOTBALL

As a charity fund raising effort Kevin Keegan agreed to take part in a sponsored ' half-marathon ' run in Newcastle last year.

It happened to be during Wimbledon fortnight—and as a keen tennis player and fan Kevin was determined not to miss out.

He telephoned English tennis star John Lloyd, already a close friend, and arranged to meet John and Chrissie Lloyd for dinner in London on the night of his run, and booked himself a flight from Newcastle.

John Lloyd takes up the story . . .

" Chrissie and I arranged to meet Kevin at a restaurant in Knightsbridge—but we didn't realise at the time we'd have to carry him to his seat!

" Kevin arrived straight from his run in Newcastle, and he was on crutches because of his sore, blistered feet.

" There was no room for crutches inside the restaurant, so Chris and I practically carried him over to the table!

" Apparently, during the run, Kevin's own running shoes were hurting him so much after a few miles, he took them off and ran in bare feet.

" But when the course went over pebbled roads his feet got badly cut. Kevin stopped and asked a young spectator on the route if he could borrow his plimsolls!

" The lad wasn't too keen to part with his shoes so Kevin had to promise to send him two new pairs before he could complete the run.

" Kevin was pretty knocked out by the end of the run but he wouldn't let anyone down—and still insisted on joining us in London. That's typical of the man."

PETER BARNES

" Kevin's a brilliant example to youngsters in the way he has worked so hard to progress in the game.

" He isn't the most skilful of players. He admits that. Says he wishes he had half the ability of someone like Glenn Hoddle.

" But he is quick and puts so much effort into matches. Against Leeds at the Dell last season he was as sharp as a tack. Scored one and made two as Southampton won 4-0.

" If he has a fault—and it is hardly a bad one—it is that at times he wants to do too much. He always wants to be involved and he strays back into midfield at times. I'm convinced his best position is as a striker."

GEOFF PALMER

" For years there has been a welter of debate about Kevin Keegan's best role. My bitter experience as a defender convinces me that whether he's playing for Southampton or England Kevin should turn out as a striker.

" He's so sharp in the six yard box. His finishing is devastating.

" When Wolves visited the Dell last term, I went to clear a cross. I was convinced I would get to the ball first. Kevin was yards away.

" Yet with a stunning burst of speed he accelerated alongside me, nicked the ball off my toe and rifled it into the net. I was astonished.

" That type of anticipation and goal-scoring power is priceless. For that reason Kevin should be in a striker's role for England and Southampton."

ON THE RUN!

Brighton's JIMMY CASE puts the foot down in a bid to beat the desperate tackle of West Ham's FRANK LAMPARD.

GARY SHAW

Aston Villa

CHALLENGE!

A SIMPLE scribble of my hand last year put the name of Frank Stapleton on a transfer form. I was a Manchester United player. It cost the Old Trafford club £950,000.

Eight years ago that very same signature would have cost United next to nothing and I would have still been on their books.

Even though United were my boyhood idols I chose Arsenal as my first senior club. A decision I have never regretted.

Every young lad dreams of playing for the team he supports. I was no different. When I left school the only thing I wanted to do was to be a footballer and to become a Manchester United player.

Maybe you are thinking to turn them down must have been the most difficult decision of my life. To be honest in the end it was very easy. I realised Highbury was the place I wanted to go to.

Truth was I was treated a lot better at Arsenal. There was more of a personal touch with them, but most important of all they wanted me on a schoolboy form.

United only wanted me to sign on amateur forms. The difficulty was they had already given their word to another centre-forward. No matter what happened they were committed to sign him. In a nutshell they weren't altogether sure whether they wanted me to sign.

Even though I was only a young lad fresh out of school I realised the arrangement was more in United's favour than mine.

I wanted it to be the right move for myself. It was a very important stage of my life. I had to be sure I made the correct decision.

I think a lot of lads have regretted joining a club they had a soft spot for rather than the one that presented the best opportunity for themselves.

I was aware of the trap so I didn't fall into it. I was right in choosing Arsenal.

I wasn't to know at the time but everything has turned out well and I have eventually ended up at Old Trafford. But I can't help thinking about the different circumstances.

Eight years ago the fact I went to Old Trafford for a trial may have got just a line in our local Dublin paper and in the end United didn't really want me.

Last year the picture was completely different. I was a household name, a two million pound fee was put on my head by Arsenal, and Manchester United boss Ron Atkinson made no secret of the fact he was after me. But so were other top sides, including ones from abroad. The drawn out transfer saga was making headlines in the sports pages almost from day to day.

I had no quibble with Arsenal. I had so many good years there, but I felt it was time to move on. I was ambitious to win things. I had been in Europe with Arsenal and also won an FA Cup winners' medal. But I didn't think they were ready to win the First Division title, and that's the one that really counts.

The players were very disappointed when Liam Brady left for Juventus. It was even more disappointing when he wasn't replaced. I believe if Liam had stayed with Arsenal we would have won the League Championship last term.

Arsenal have the policy that they won't spend a million pounds or more for a player. I can see their point and in one respect I agree. I don't think it is good for the game to spend that much on one individual and to be quite honest I don't think anyone is worth it.

But there were quality players going for less than a million who

That's the name of the game for Manchester United's FRANK STAPLETON

could have filled Liam's shoes. So we were losing his incredible ability and not replacing it. You can't expect to go for titles if you lose players of his class.

At Manchester United Ron Atkinson has spent a lot of money and has built up a terrific squad of players who are capable of winning the championship. It was that kind of ambition that made me want to sign for United.

However, I could so easily have been in another red shirt . . . that of Liverpool's. At one stage during the time when I was available I was convinced I was destined for Anfield.

As it was the close-season I had taken the opportunity of going home to Dublin with my wife for a holiday. At the time Liverpool were over there on a tour and they approached me about a move to their club.

They seemed very interested. But I waited a month and heard absolutely nothing from them. It was at that stage United moved in. I got a phone call in Dublin telling me that Manchester United wanted to buy me and that I was to go and see Ron Atkinson.

It became a long, drawn out affair because United were offering £750,000 for me but Arsenal were asking two million pounds. In the end it had to go to the Independent Tribunal.

Despite that, negotiations were still going pretty well. But at the eleventh hour Liverpool came on the scene once more. But they had left it a bit too late.

I might have been a Liverpool player now if they had followed up their original enquiry earlier.

There was only one problem all through the transfer negotiations and that was the fee. My problem was the season was getting closer by the minute and I still didn't know whether I'd have to get to know a whole new set of players.

In the end it was only a week before the new season opened before I found out which club I would be starting it with. I only had one pre-season match at Blackpool for United before we were into the League campaign.

The move has worked out very well for me. Although at the start it took a while for me to get used to the fact that United's approach to the game was very different to Arsenal's.

At Highbury the patient game was the thing. We worked slowly from the 'keeper to the defence, through midfield and finally to the forwards.

I must admit it was only when I went to watch Arsenal in an away match that it really came home to me how patient the build-up was.

I was amazed how little of the ball the strikers actually saw. I didn't notice it so much when I was playing.

The contrast to United's style is incredible. It has been the same down the years at Old Trafford.

The emphasis is on attack. It is so much more direct. Of course when you are as enterprising as that there are going to be times when you are caught out by it. But in the long run I think it's the best policy.

I couldn't say that Arsenal's style is wrong. After all we had a fair measure of success with it, but I think United's way is more suited to winning championships and that is what I'm after.

A lot of people may say that at 25 and being with arguably the biggest club in the country I must be very satisfied with my lot.

It is a nice situation to be in, but I am one for always being on the lookout for a new challenge.

I have looked upon each stage of my career from an apprentice fighting to get into the reserves up to the present day as a challenge.

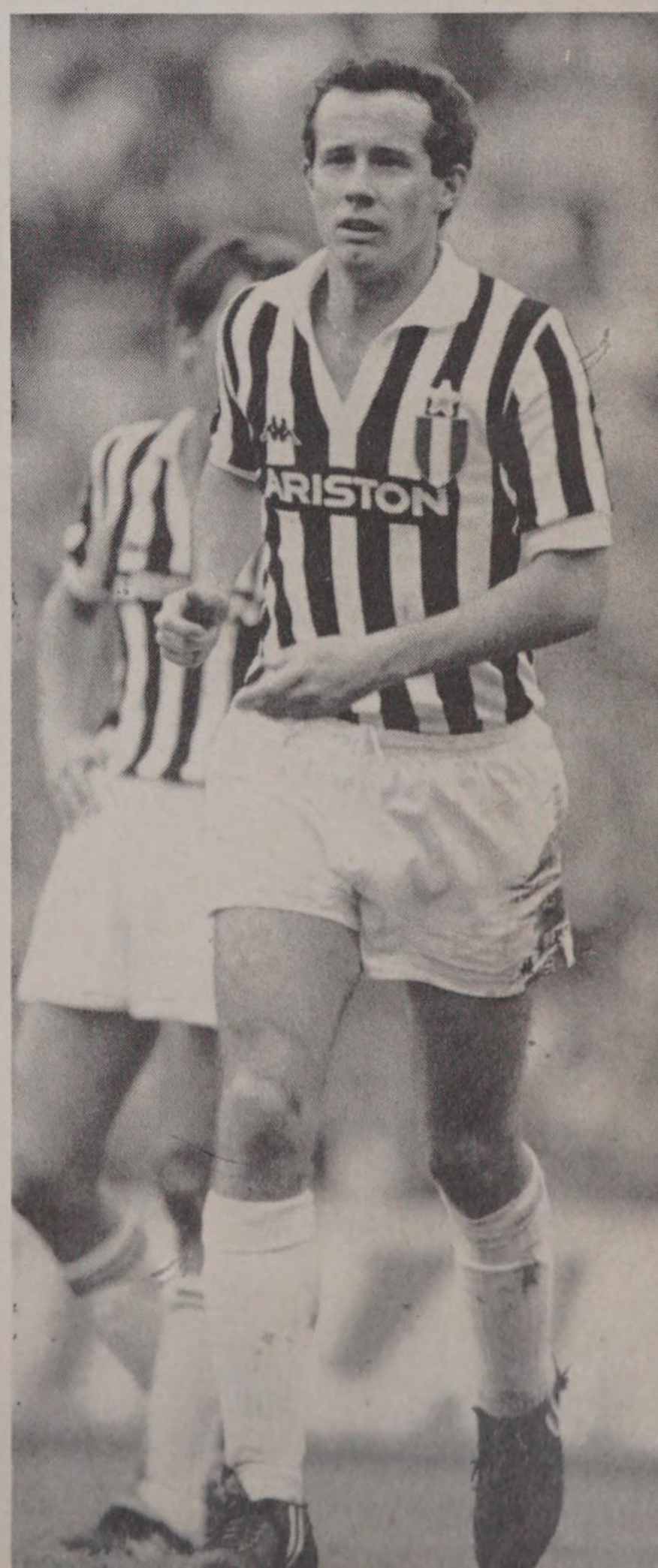
To many folk I may have achieved a lot. But there is always someone who has achieved more. For instance I haven't won a First Division championship medal, a League Cup medal and I haven't been to a World Cup with Eire. They are all aims for the future.

If you take the attitude that you are satisfied then you won't improve. And I will never forget that it was my attitude and willingness to improve that saved me from the scrapheap on which many talented youngsters have ended up.

As a youngster at Arsenal I was very good in the air. But my groundwork left a lot to be desired. There were questions being asked amongst the Highbury coaches as to whether or not I should be kept on.

Apparently my application and effort swayed the decision in my favour. It is a memory that has spurred me on throughout my career. I can always improve some part of my game.

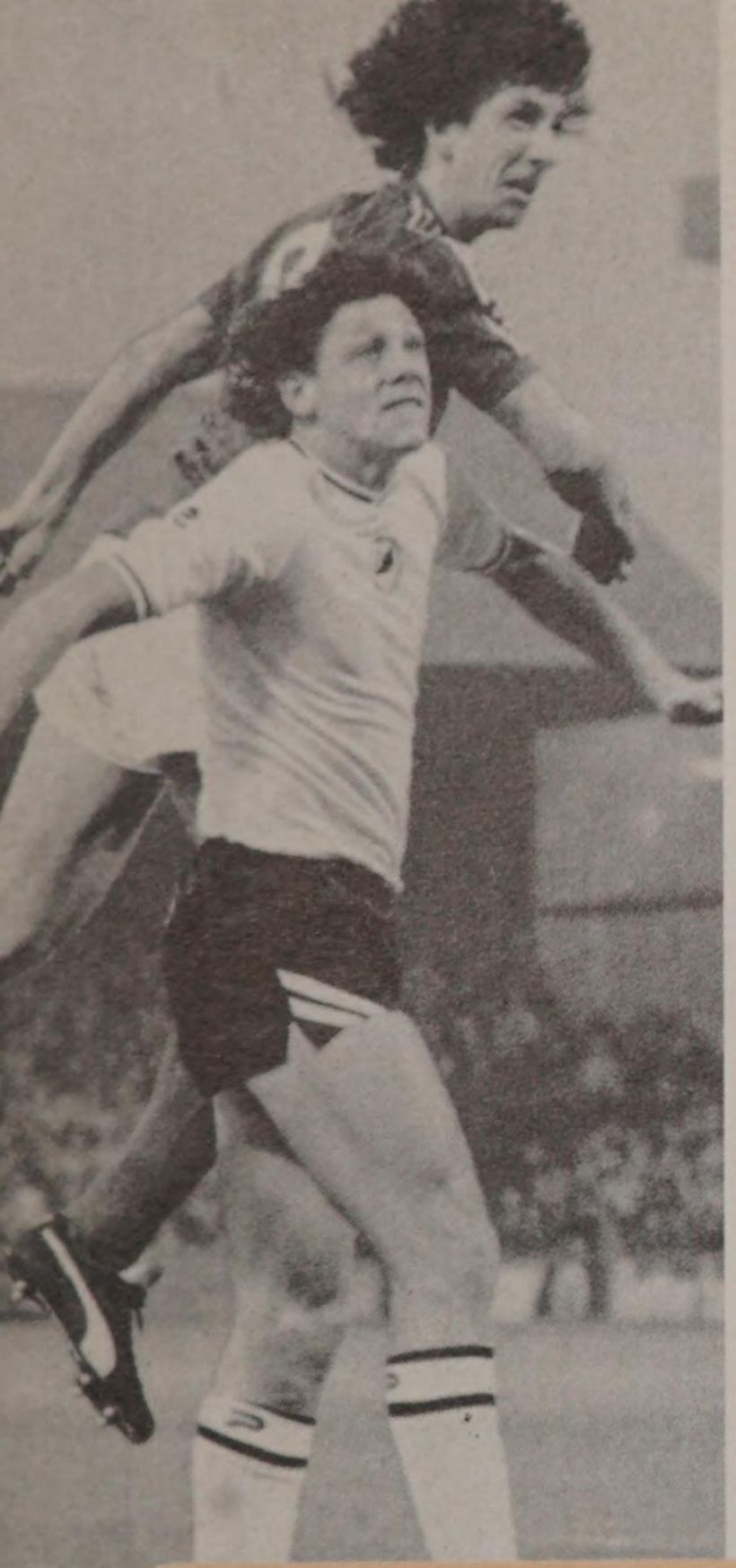
LIAM BRADY—
incredible ability that was never replaced



GARY ROWELL
Sunderland

JUSTIN FASHANU

Nottingham Forest



IN THE AIR— ON THE GROUND

Jumping high to head home against Swansea, or firing in a power-packed shot, PAUL MARINER, the Ipswich goal snatcher, shows why he's one of football's most dangerous raiders.

RAY WILKINS
Manchester United
adidas

INJURY SETBACK
ALL BECAUSE I FELL ASLEEP!

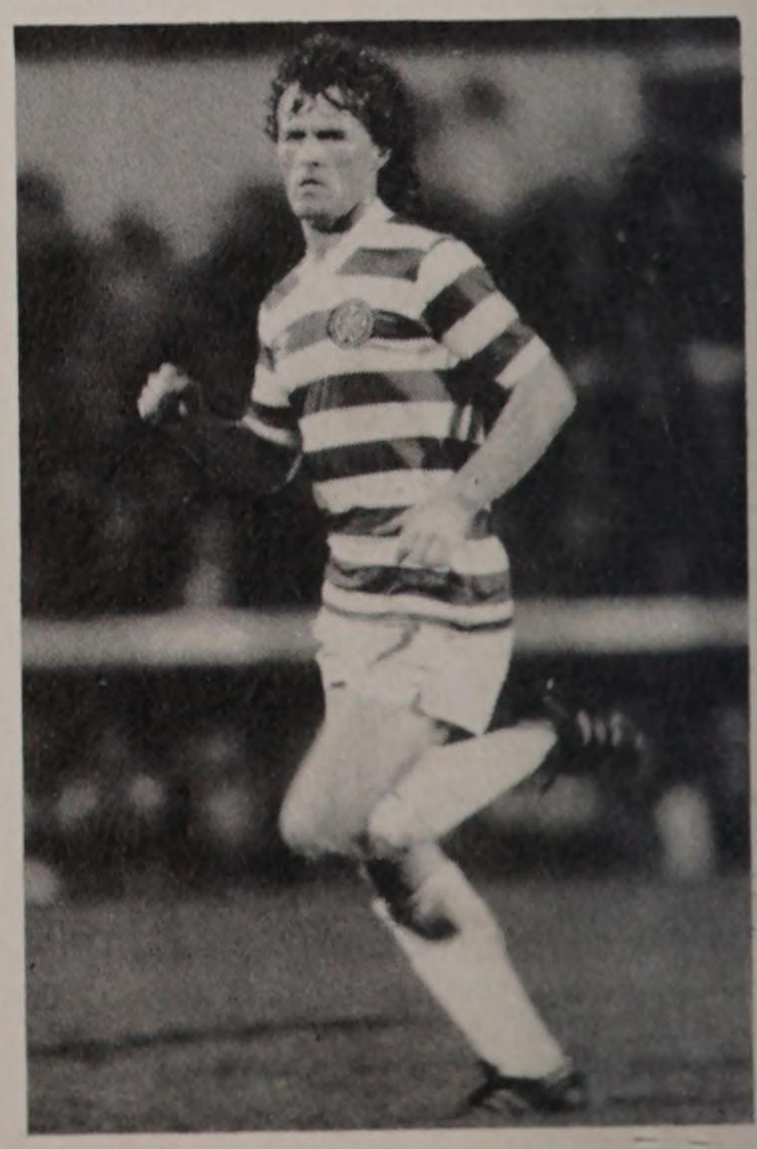
Celtic's DAVIE PROVAN tells why

DAVIE PROVAN (Celtic and Scotland)—it's great to have those labels after my name. And it's great to play for a major club, win honours and turn out for your country. That must be every player's dream, in fact.

Thankfully, I've managed all three. Yet four years ago I was seriously thinking of packing the game in altogether!

I was a part-time player with a part-time, club, playing in the Scottish First Division, for Kilmarnock.

I was working in the office of a Paisley distillery by day and studying for a Higher National Diploma at night. Also, I had to attend night school on a Wednesday night, which meant I couldn't play in Kilmarnock's midweek games.



That wasn't good either for me or for Kilmarnock and was undoubtedly one of the factors in their letting me go.

I had no idea Celtic were even remotely interested in me and I didn't need to be asked twice when it came to signing for them!

I've never regretted it since. In the time I've been at Parkhead I've won League Championship and Scottish Cup Winners' medals. And I was also part of Jock Stein's World Cup plans.

It's also one of my ambitions to win the treble of League Cup, Scottish Cup and Premier League with Celtic. I'm under contract until 1984, so there's plenty of time for that yet—provided I steer clear of injury, of course.

I say that with some feeling. For I know how bad I felt at the beginning of the year when I was out of the side through injury. The only thing worse than too much football is too little!

It was the strangest injury I've ever had. I picked it up while sunbathing! It happened in Majorca in the summer of 1981. I was lying face-down on a very hard sunbed with my legs straight out.

I fell asleep and, with my leg being taut for so long, when I woke my knee had swollen like a balloon.

It took two operations before all was well again. Unfortunately, between the two ops, I attempted to carry on playing for a while.

After my first comeback I played against Portugal in Scotland's last World Cup qualifying match—after only one reserve and two first-team matches for Celtic.

There's a huge gulf between club and international football and I just wasn't ready for that game. I didn't do myself any favours that night and the biggest regret of my career is that I played in it.

My happiest football moment also happened playing for Scotland—beating Sweden at Hampden last year. Not only did it mean that we had almost certainly qualified for Spain, but it was also the best performance I've given for my country.

YOU MUST BE FIT

Playing CAN get to be a bit of a bugbear, though, especially if you're not fully fit—and I'm sure every player will agree with me.

Too often people are forced to come back earlier than they should. Very often you'll find players only a week away from 100% fitness being given injections and asked to go out and do their stuff.

As far as I'm concerned, nature and time are the best healers. If you're not fit, an injection isn't going to make you fit. And in the long run it would be better for managers to allow their players an extra week or two.

That way, injuries won't be aggravated by premature comebacks. You also have to consider the paying customers. As far as they know, if you're on the park then you must be fully fit. If you're not, and don't play up to scratch, they'll complain—and who's to blame them?

One other thing I do feel strongly about is this. I reckon that our top clubs are asked to play too much football. Fifty or sixty games a season is ridiculous in my view.

No player, no matter how good he is, can sustain good performances at that rate. Playing two, and sometimes three, games a week is exhausting.

The only other problem, in Scotland at least, is small pitches. Being a winger I obviously prefer as much space as possible, so grounds like Parkhead, Ibrox and Hampden are ideal for me.

By contrast, the pitches at Airdrie and Morton are considerably shorter and not, I believe, conducive to good football.

Speaking of which, I reckon I played some of the best football of my career last season—in spite of not being quite the same player I was when I first joined Celtic.

You see, after a successful first season at Parkhead—including a league championship medal—I realised I would have to alter my style of play slightly.

Defenders weren't used to me initially. But they would soon have caught on to my tricks, so changes had to be made to prevent me becoming predictable.

Also, a habit of mine at that time was to play with my socks down at my ankles. I felt more comfortable that way.

However, I was picking up so many niggly injuries because of knocks on my shin I decided I had to start wearing shinguards.

They were uncomfortable at first, but I soon got used to them. Nowadays they're made of such lightweight polystyrene that you hardly notice them.

In any case, if wearing them means I can play more games for Celtic and Scotland, then I'm quite happy.

WITH(E) A LITTLE BIT OF HELP

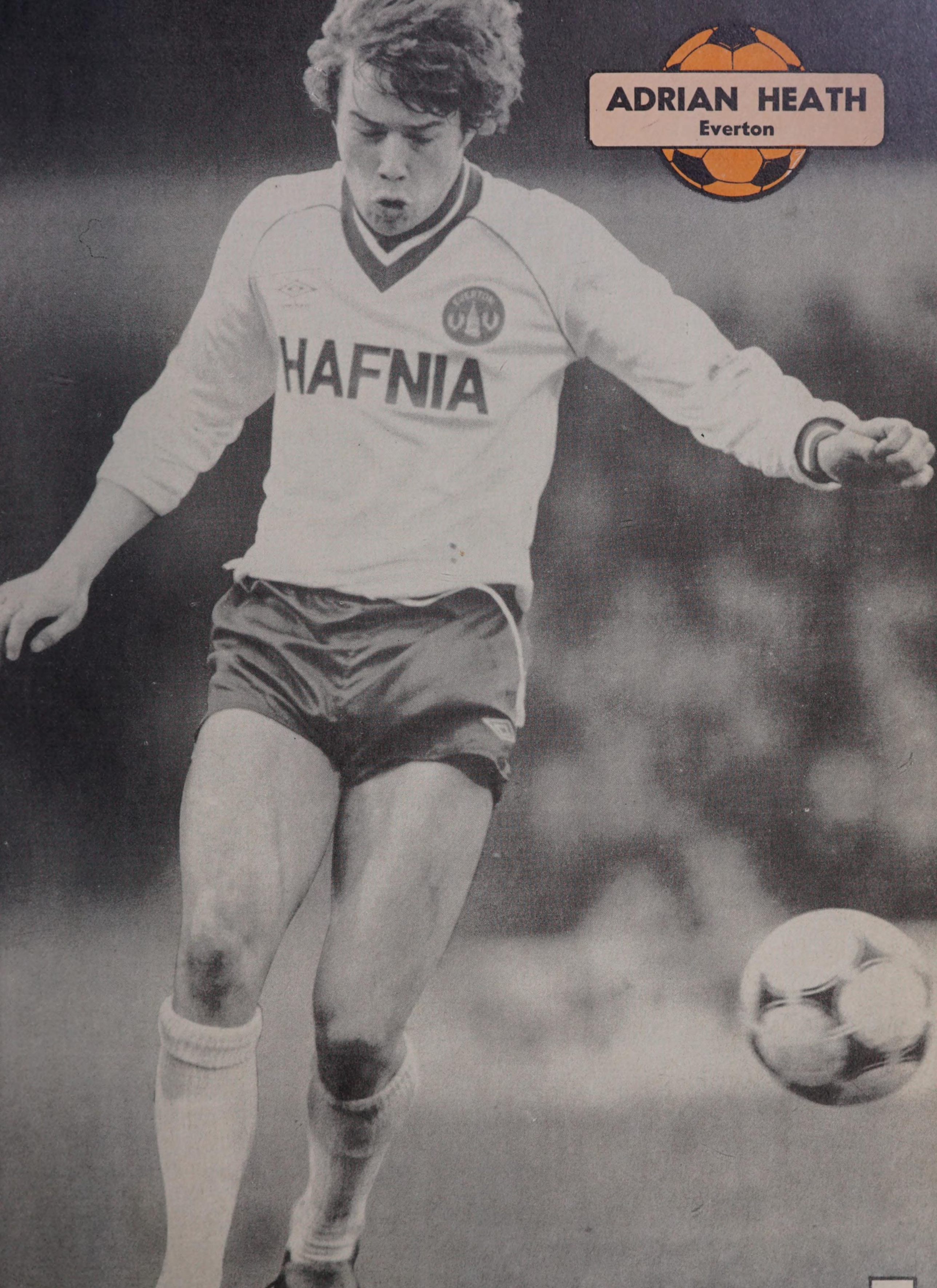
Aston Villa striker PETER WITHE finds he needs a helping hand in this tussle with Spurs' GRAHAM ROBERTS.

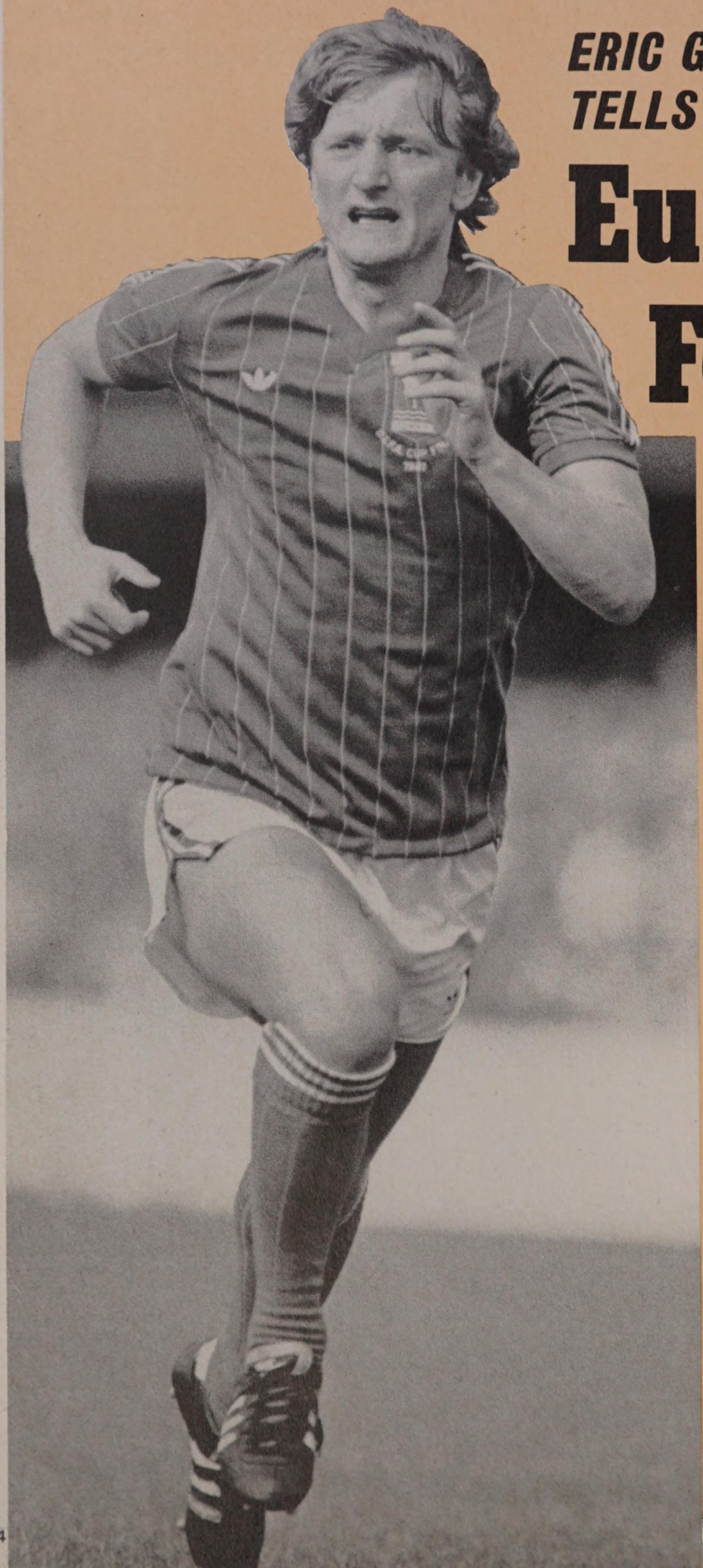
A PICTURE THAT SAYS IT ALL!

That much-used phrase "sick as a parrot" no doubt sums up how Swansea keeper Dai Davies feels. The ball's in the back of the net and Dai knows that defeat faces him and his team mates.

DANGERMAN AT THE DELL

Lining up for a net-bursting shot is Southampton's eager young goal-snatcher STEVE MORAN. Typical of the play that's made him one of the game's most promising up-and-comers.


ADRIAN HEATH
Everton
HAFNIA



ERIC GATES (Ipswich) TELLS WHY—

European Football GIVES

IPSWICH TOWN have been involved in European competition every season since I've been a first team regular.

I've been all over Europe with the side, and my first medal was from the UEFA Cup victory in 1981.

But as far as I'm concerned I'd be happier to stay at home! I'm a home-loving person. There's nothing I like better than being with my own folk.

There are two real reasons why I'm not too keen on European football. Firstly I detest flying. Secondly you just never know if you're going to get a square deal when you go abroad.

The standard of refereeing in European matches is what worries me. When we played in Greece two years ago it was a farce.

We had beaten Aris Salonika 5-1 at home—and three of the goals were penalties.

Johnny Wark scored three penalties awarded for fouls on me. There was never any doubt about the awards—they were penalties.

But the Greeks also scored from the spot—and there's no way it was a penalty offence.

So we were a bit apprehensive about the return game.

Before the match even started I noticed the referee was sweating

ME THE SHAKES!

and shaking as he walked on the field.

We suspected he wasn't up to the game. And we were right. We made two goal-line clearances and each time the referee gave a goal!

At 3-0 down we could see ourselves going out of the competition, but I managed to score a goal to put us back in charge.

But after winning the tie 6-4 on aggregate our bus was stoned by Greek supporters.

It's nice to visit some of these foreign places, but I can take it or leave it.

Of course it's not helped by my dislike of flying. I can't stand it.

I sit on the plane sweating, gripping the seat as hard as I can, just praying for the trip to end.

I'm happy enough with my UEFA medal—and it was a tough one to win!

But we were also chasing the League Championship and the F.A. Cup that season, and the UEFA Cup was the one we least wanted. We missed out on the others, but I'd like to think we can win them in the future.

When you are playing for a successful side you stand a better chance of being picked for England.

I won two England caps when Ipswich were top of the First Division but I've been very much on the fringe ever since.

I'd love to be back in the international set-up. It's a marvellous feeling to pull on an England shirt.

At least I can say I played in the World Cup, because my two caps were qualifying matches against Norway and Rumania.

I was filling the role left by the injured Kevin Keegan, so perhaps when Kevin drops out eventually I might get another chance. That's what I'm hoping for.

Kevin has a couple of inches advantage on me. He's 5 ft. 8 in. tall and I'm only 5 ft. 6 in.

I know I'm small, but I've never seen my size as being a problem. It's other people who think it's a handicap. I'm never conscious of it once I'm out there on the pitch.

I was obviously very small as a kid, but it didn't occur to me to try any stretching exercises or that sort of thing even though my brother, Bill, who played for Middlesbrough, was a big lad, near enough six feet tall.

I'm one of five brothers, and while we all play at some level, only two of us have turned professional.

Bill's ten years older than me, and I used to stand on the terrace at Ayresome Park watching him play for 'Boro, dreaming of becoming a footballer myself.

When it came to it, I decided to join Ipswich rather than my local club.

There were a few lads from our area going down to Ipswich, so I went there as well, although they were bottom of the First Division when I first signed. Since then, however, Ipswich have consistently been at the top.

A lot of credit must go to the directors. At Ipswich they don't put any pressure on the players or manager Bobby Robson.

He has a free hand to run the team, and that security is transmitted to the players. Bobby Robson handles the problems. Like the one I created when I walked out a few years back.

I was 22 at the time, and getting nowhere fast. Always on the fringe of the team but rarely getting a first team game unless somebody was injured.

I felt I was worth a first team place, and I kept telling the manager I deserved a run in the team. A few times I threatened to walk out if he didn't give me a chance, and in the end I had to carry out my threat. I went back to my brother's house in Middlesbrough and sat tight.

The manager 'phoned me a couple of times to ask me to go back, but I was determined to get away from Ipswich or get a chance in the side.

The club played two matches in my absence and lost both, and when I reported back for training I was put into the team for the next game.

I never really looked back after that, although I know I was in the wrong.

With different directors or manager I could have been out on my ear, with my career ruined. I was lucky to get away with it.

Inside two seasons I was playing for England at Wembley, so it was a gamble that paid off.

Luck was on my side. It has not been good for my younger brother Alan. As a kid he looked like being the best footballer of the family, but he went down with rheumatic fever and was in bed for a year.

That ruined his hopes of a professional career because although he plays amateur football now, the doctors say it would be dangerous for him to do full-time training.

Full-time training can be hard. You have to be very fit to survive in the English League. There are some sides who get by on sheer physical fitness and determination. At Ipswich the emphasis is on skill.

We have a team of attacking players with a lot of skill and flair running through the side. We don't go anywhere to play for a draw. We're always looking for a win.

We have a style that should benefit from the three points for a win system, although we didn't make the most of it last season.

This season we hope to get amongst the silverware again—preferably the League Championship or F.A. Cup. I won't turn down another European medal—but I want to win something at home.

My only appearance at Wembley in a club match was the Charity Shield game in 1978—when Nottingham Forest thrashed us 5-0. I'd like to make up for that result this season.

E for EFFORT

Top class football demands skill and talent—and tremendous effort!

Stress and strain as Swansea's CHRIS MARUSTIK and ROBBIE JAMES jump with BRYAN ROBSON (Manchester Utd.).

TOMMY CATON, BOBBY McDONALD (Manchester City) and JUSTIN FASHANU (Forest) get their heads together.

ASA HARTFORD (Man. City) feels the weight of a tough challenge from Stoke's ALAN DODD.

All in a tangle are Forest's WILLIE YOUNG and Leeds' FRANK WORTHINGTON.

No holds barred! NICK HOLMES, Southampton (left) and Ipswich's ALAN BRAZIL in a high speed tussle!

ALAN DEVONSHIRE
West Ham United

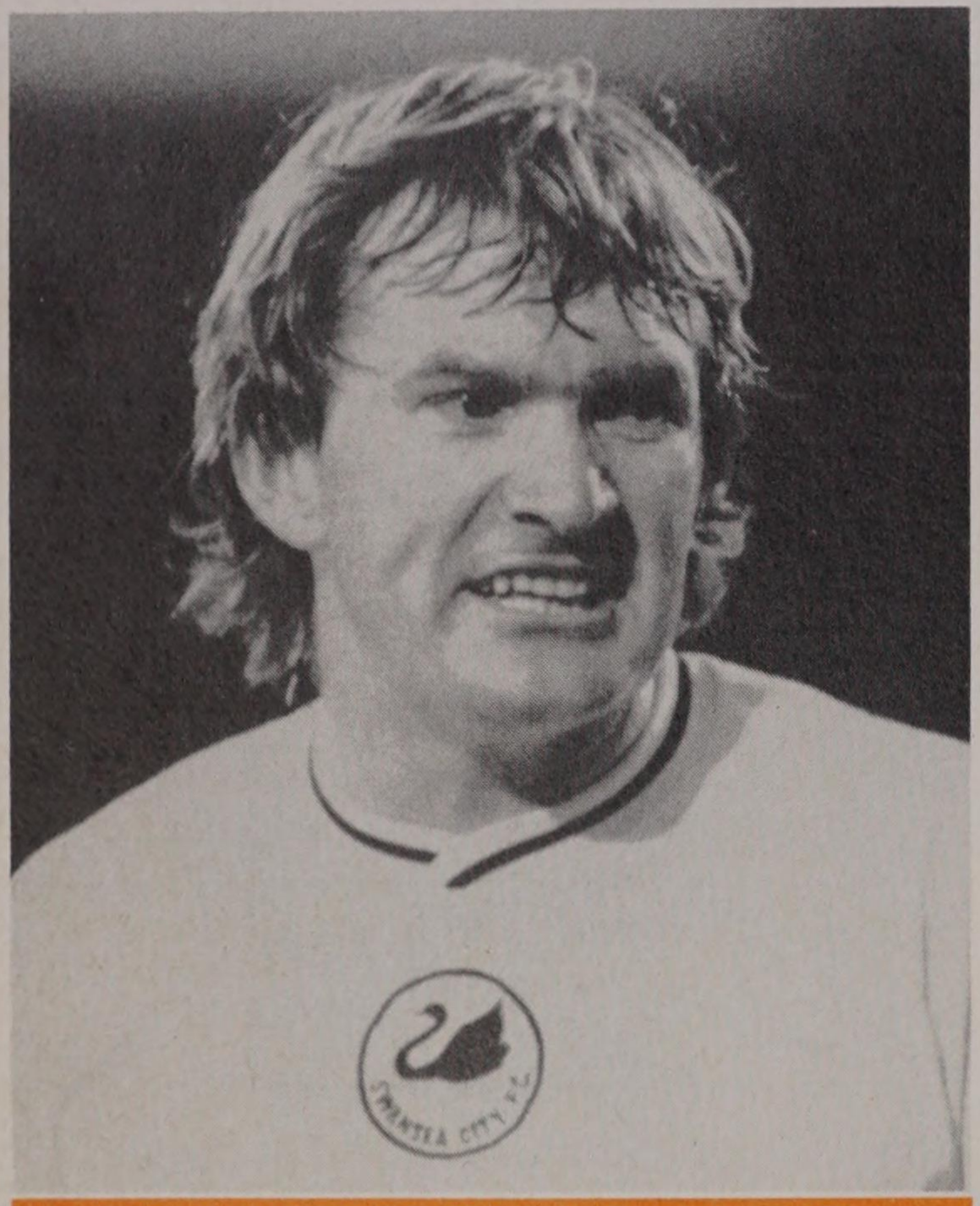
MORLEY MAGIC

Bring back the winger is a cry you often hear—and here's a sample of the sort of wing play that the fans love to cheer.

With the ball is Villa's Tony Morley—the defender Spurs' number three Paul Miller. And it's the Villa man's fancy footwork that leaves the defender on the deck. Just the sort of attacking play that won Tony international recognition.

TURNING POINTS

Top players remember the moments that changed their careers.



LEIGHTON JAMES

SIGNING for my home town club Swansea City was the best move I ever made.

After making my name with Burnley and being involved in a record-breaking £310,000 move to Derby County my career began to slump.

I had spells with Queen's Park Rangers and Burnley before Swansea boss John Toshack stepped in to give me a chance at the Vetch.

The Swans were a Second Division outfit when I arrived. We won promotion to the top flight and I feel my career is back on the right track again.

PETER WITHE

I HAD been released by my first two clubs who both went out of the League . . . Southport and Barrow. I was desperate to make the grade but my future in football appeared bleak.

In desperation I decided to try my luck in South Africa. I played part-time and worked as an electrician.

Far from accepting I would never hit the big-time in England it was during my two years in South Africa that I was spotted by former Wolves star Derek Dougan.

Derek recommended me for a trial at Molineux and I was offered a contract. That was the chance I desperately needed. I never looked back from that.

JOE CORRIGAN

IT MUST be the most disappointing news for any player to hear his manager say, "You're just not good enough."

That's what happened to me when Ron Saunders was manager of Manchester City. And that verbal broadside from the then Maine Road boss made me determined to prove my worth.

I was overweight so I really started pushing myself in training. My attitude changed. I kept pushing myself to be a better and better goalie.

If Saunders had not shaken me so badly perhaps my career would not have taken off. But I came good after being so shocked by his verdict on me.

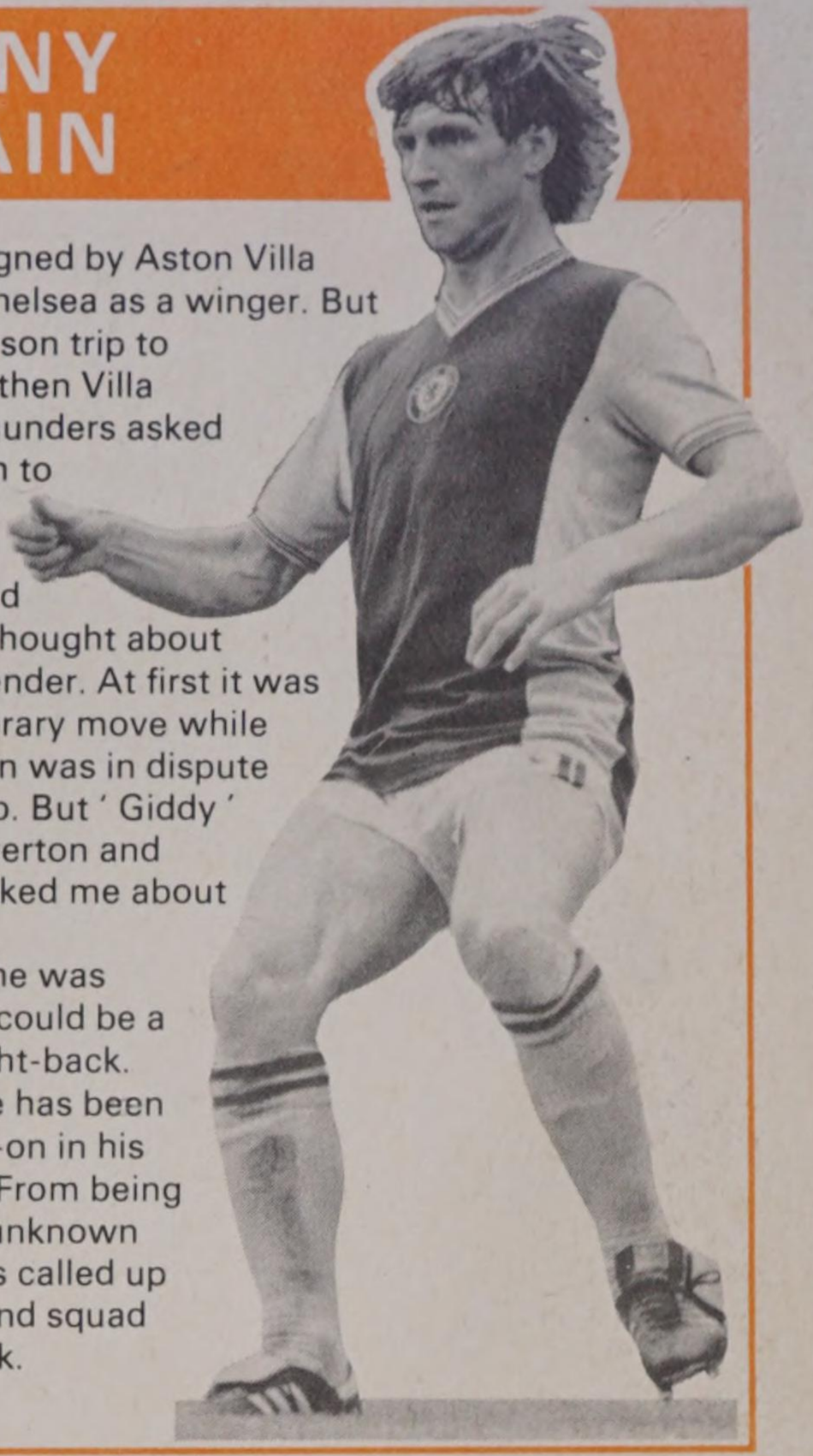
KEVIN CARR

ONE man transformed my career. I was turned from being a capable goalie who lacked confidence into an assured, consistent reliable performer. That man . . . Newcastle United manager Arthur Cox.

I seemed to be happy just playing in the Newcastle reserve side. I tended to feel over-burdened by responsibility when I was given a run-out in the first team.

Mr Cox had a massive influence on me. He's given me the self-belief I was lacking. And it has made all the difference to my performance.

KENNY SWAIN



I WAS signed by Aston Villa from Chelsea as a winger. But on a pre-season trip to Holland the then Villa boss Ron Saunders asked me to switch to right-back.
I was staggered. I'd never even thought about life as a defender. At first it was just a temporary move while John Gidman was in dispute with the club. But ' Giddy ' moved to Everton and Saunders asked me about my future.
He told me he was convinced I could be a top class right-back.
I suppose he has been proved spot-on in his judgement. From being a relatively unknown winger I was called up to the England squad as a full-back.

DAI DAVIES

I HAD a nightmare spell at Everton in the mid-seventies. My form went to pieces. I really considered quitting football and taking up the profession I qualified for at college . . . being a schoolteacher.

Then Harry Gregg, who was at the time manager of Swansea, took me on loan. Being a former 'keeper himself Harry understood the problems I was facing.

He sorted me out. Gave me the confidence I was so sadly lacking. I went on from my loan spell at the Vetch to become Wales' most capped 'keeper and enjoyed successful times with Wrexham before returning to Swansea . . . this time on a permanent move.

GARY BANNISTER

THE best move I ever made was my £60,000 transfer from Coventry City to Sheffield Wednesday.

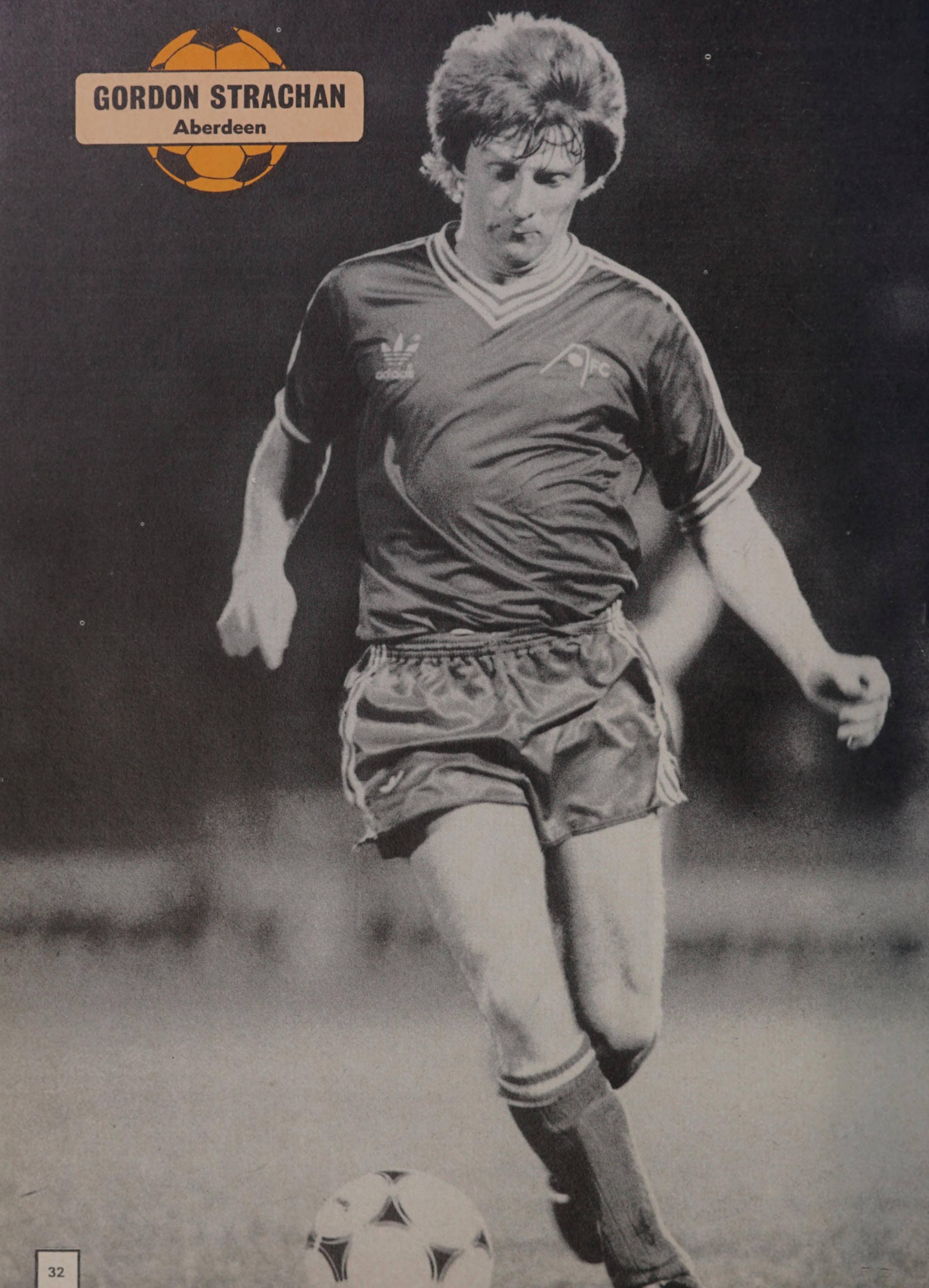
At the time I was taking a step down. Leaving a First Division outfit to taste life in Division Two. But I was the club's top scorer and my efforts won me England Under-21 honours.

I realise now Coventry did me a favour discarding me. I always believed I had the ability to be a quality player. But I was never given an extended run to prove my worth at Highfield Road.

Hillsborough manager Jack Charlton bought me, put me in his team and showed his faith in me. I reckon I've repaid him.

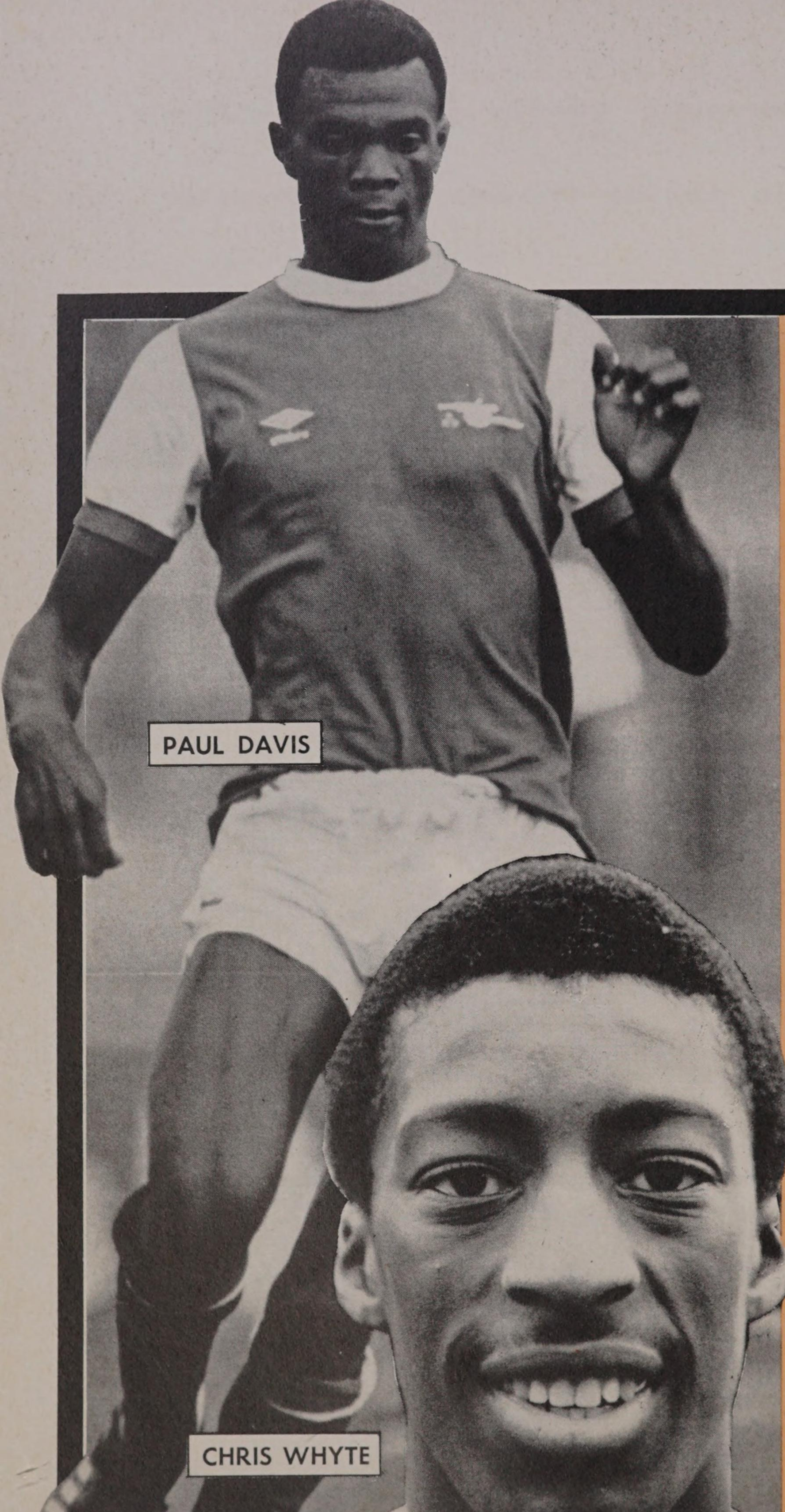
GORDON STRACHAN

Aberdeen



GARY BAILEY
Manchester United

HI
AT



FOR a long time the Arsenal had a touch of the Irish. Liam Brady, Frank Stapleton, David O'Leary, Pat Jennings, Pat Rice, Sammy Nelson and John Devine; all internationalists for Eire or Northern Ireland, and all stars who wore the Gunners' famous red and white.

Several have now moved to other clubs and, in the case of Liam Brady, another country. With the exception of Pat Jennings, they were all 'home produced' youngsters who arrived at Highbury as schoolboys and went on to become top international players.

Now the Gunners are building up a similar connection with coloured players. Paul Davis, Chris Whyte and Raphael Meade all played for the Highbury outfit last season, with Davis and Whyte establishing themselves as first team regulars.

It's confirmation that the North London club will continue to maintain their reputation as a team who develop stars from the ranks of their apprentice professionals.

"It was the main reason I joined the club," says Paul Davis.

"As a schoolboy I played for the South London Boys' team that won the English Schools Trophy. I could have joined South London clubs like Fulham or Millwall. I decided on Arsenal because they seemed to develop a lot of young players. I looked at all the players in the side who had come through from the juniors, and felt that I would have a better chance of making the grade at Highbury. I hope that it has worked out that way."

With Chris Whyte it is a little different. He was an Islington lad, living only a hundred yards

GH HOPES HIGHBURY

Up-and-coming PAUL DAVIS and CHRIS WHYTE talk frankly about their life with Arsenal

or so from the Arsenal main entrance.

"But Arsenal had to go all the way to Bristol to discover me," says Chris.

"I was playing for Islington schoolboys in an away match at Bristol. An Arsenal scout who went to Bristol to watch another player, came back and gave me a good report. As a result I was invited to join Arsenal as an apprentice professional.

"What has amazed me most is that I came into Arsenal's League side in place of Willie Young. He was always something special at Highbury. He had the ability to establish an identity with the fans on the terrace.

"They loved Willie for his aggressive style and ability to win balls in the air. He was not an easy player to follow.

"Yet I seemed to get off on the right note with the fans on North Bank. Perhaps that was helped by a goal I scored against West Ham that was shown a lot on TV.

"Willie Young was a tremendous help to me, although I had stepped into his position in the side.

"He took me aside when I first came into the team, congratulated me and told me to take my chance. Stressing that I should keep things simple until I had settled down, he went out of his way to give me tips about playing as a central defender.

"It's an attitude that I'll always appreciate—especially coming from an established first-teamer to the young player who was taking his place."

There could not be two bigger contrasts in style between the powerful, Willie Young and Chris with his easy, deceptive grace.

Paul Davis has a different style to the now established central defender. Rated the natural successor to Liam Brady, he has the ability to take on and beat defenders.

"A lot of people have compared me with 'Chippy' Brady," says Paul. "It's flattering, but I'd like to be known as Paul Davis. I think that I have a lot to offer in my own style."

Both youngsters stress how coloured players are now accepted as part and parcel of the English scene, making the point of how much they owe to the likes of Laurie Cunningham, Viv Anderson and Cyrille Regis, who have shown that coloured players can be part of the England set-up.

"Almost every team has a coloured player," continued Paul. "Fans home and away accept us for what we do on the field. Fans identify with their own players and are not so hard on the opposition."

Perhaps the best example of this was when England played Northern Ireland last season in what was seen as a warm-up match for the World Cup.

Viv Anderson was 'on' from the start. When Cyrille Regis came on for Trevor Francis he was greeted with a chorus of "There is only one Cyrille Regis" from the Wembley fans.

The two youngsters, who live miles apart, had met before they teamed up together with Arsenal.

That was at Highbury in the Final of the English Schools Trophy, Paul playing for South London Boys, Chris in the Islington Boys team.

South London had drawn 1-1 with Islington at Millwall. The second leg was at Highbury and South London won 2-0.

"I think it was that occasion that made me want to be an Arsenal player," says Paul Davis.

"I looked at the Stadium, thought about the players who had come through from the youth team and felt that I would get the best of chances at Highbury."

"As far as I was concerned, it was always Arsenal for me," added Chris Whyte.

Before he made the Arsenal League side Paul Davis was able to team up again with Kenny Sansom. Both went to the same Black Prince Road School in Kennington.

"Kenny is a couple of years older than myself," says Paul Davis. "He signed for Crystal Palace and then we met up again at Highbury."

Both emphasise the help that they have received from the Arsenal coaching staff.

"They made us aware of what was needed to be a top line professional footballer," they echoed.

The fact that Paul Davis had stepped into the shoes of Liam Brady and Chris Whyte has succeeded Willie Young shows how much they have established themselves with the Arsenal fans.

Two players who are the keystones of the Arsenal of the future, and both with high hopes of what they can achieve for themselves and their club.

IVAN GOLAC
Southampton
RANK
XEROX

PAUL POWER

Manchester City

All in the Game

MANAGER'S MERRY - GO - ROUND

Everton set up an unusual kind of record when they had four managers in the space of just four games! However, fans of the Merseyside club shouldn't go jamming the Goodison Park switchboard, Howard Kendall is still in the boss's chair.

The Everton referred to is a Chilean side. They opened the season with a chap called Pena in charge. One match gone and he resigned.

Argentinian Laurido stepped in his shoes and back out of them again after the second match.

Eladio Rojas was next in line to try his luck . . . with the same result.

For the fourth game Franciso Molina was appointed. He must have been pretty good because he lasted more than ninety minutes.

LUCKY FOR JOE

Before every home match, Manchester City keeper Joe Corrigan gets a sprig of white heather. It's a good luck gesture from flower seller Helen Turner.

Judging by Joe's consistent displays over the years, that heather must be powerful stuff.

SUNDAY SHOCKER

Suspension for players are becoming longer and longer as authorities crack down on foul play. But one player must have set a record when he was banned for 30 years for assaulting a referee.

And this happened in the Edinburgh Churches Sunday League for amateurs!

SPOT THE BALL

It looks like it could be some strange folk dance—but it was actually a drop ball situation in a game between Honduras and El Salvador. With all those boots flying about, no wonder the ball was reluctant to show itself!

ALL CHANGE

Brazilian outfit Botafogo F.R. hadn't beaten rivals Vasco da Gama for five years. Changes of manager, tactics and players had been in vain.

However, Botafogo were really clutching at straws when they changed their kit to try and alter the trend.

Their normal black and white shirts, black shorts and socks were put aside for the game against Vasco in favour of an all white strip . . . they won 3-1.

The directors were all in favour of keeping the kit for all games if it had the same effect. But the kit manager reckoned it wouldn't work out that way.

He told them the reason it was successful on this occasion was that the Vasco witchdoctor had buried a doll in a black and white shirt and that was why they kept losing!

BANANAS

Inter Milan kept their cool when they met Turkish side Adanaspor in a UEFA Cup tie . . . but they paid for it afterwards.

On landing at Adana military airport the temperature was soaring well into the hundreds. To combat the heat the Inter Milan doctor ordered each player to eat five bananas per day, along with ice-cream and tablets rich in potassium.

Inter put the heat on Adanaspor and won the match 3-1. But the following day the whole squad were ill with stomach trouble and dysentry. The day after seven players were still too ill to leave their beds!

NAME GAME

Jock Wallace is reckoned one of the toughest bosses in football—so it's not surprising that a Leicester company have called a cement mixer after the Leicester City boss. The name chosen? The Wee Wallace!

THE COPPER CAME A CROPPER

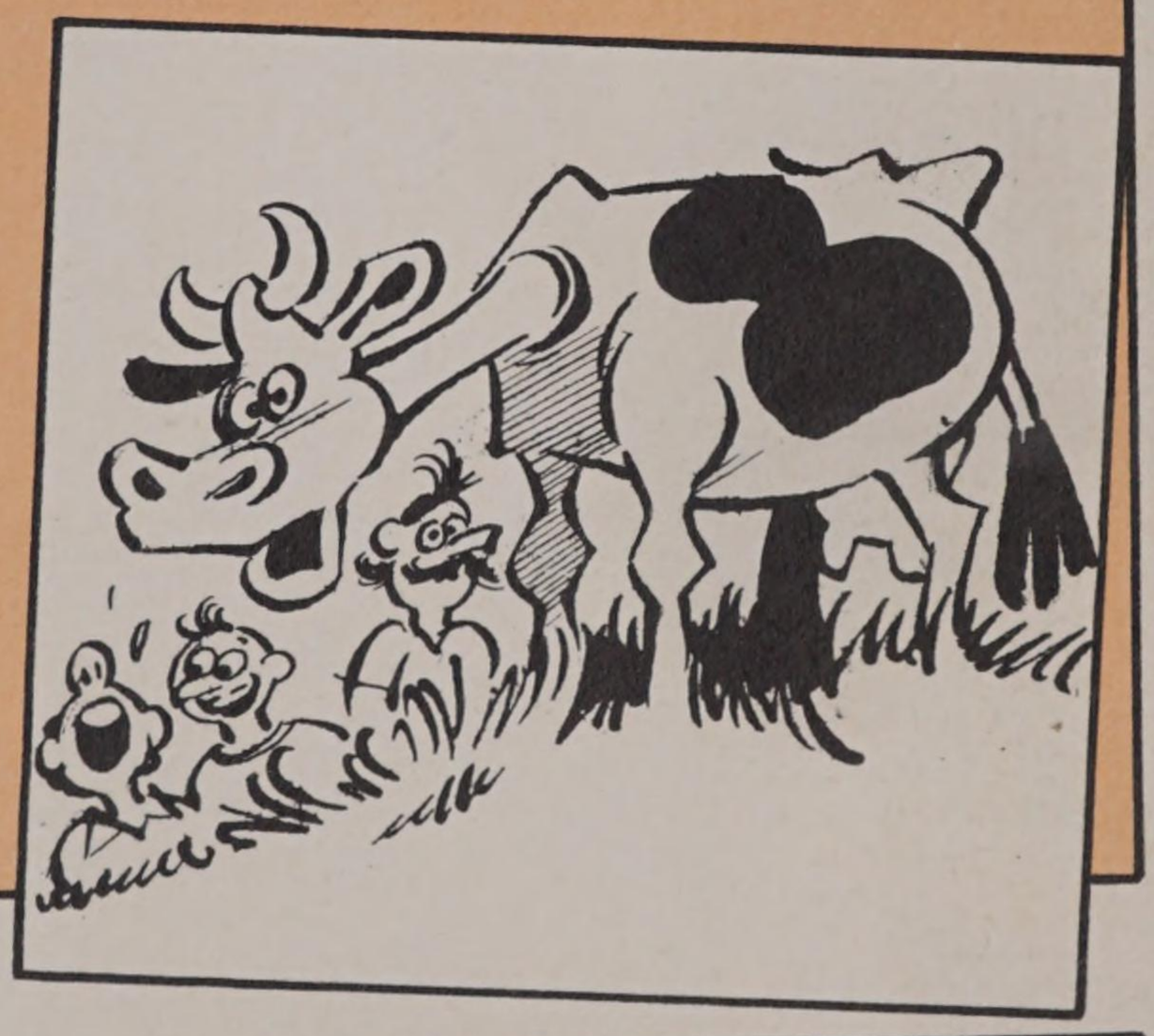
Police often find fans a bit of a handful—but they don't usually have much trouble from the players. But here's one policeman who found himself on the receiving end of a challenge by Q.P.R.'s Simon Stainrod, whose pursuit of a long pass took him into the path of the patrolling constable!

FOUR-LEGGED FEE

There was certainly a fair bit of beefing about the transfer fee when Uruguayan club Cerro Colarado bought two new players.

But there wasn't any actual money involved when Sergio Campi and Marcos Ocholoeguy moved to Colarado. The other club involved wanted a cow in exchange!

Obviously Campi and Ocholoeguy weren't exactly rated as the cream of the club!



ON THE SPOT

A Tarragona defender couldn't keep his elation under control when an opponent from Badalona missed a penalty in an important Spanish Cup match.

The man in question, Santiago, ran up to the dejected Rebollo and hugged him. The referee promptly pointed to the spot once more, penalizing Santiago for ungentlemanly conduct.

Despite his reprieve, Rebollo missed yet again . . . needless to say Santiago kept his feelings to himself that time.

GOING TO THE DOGS

Rotherham hope to boost their finances this season—thanks to three greyhounds. Named Rotherham United, Rotherham Miller, and Rotherham Tivoli, their winnings will go towards the club funds.

MY "DOUBLE" DREAM

West Ham's PHIL PARKES reveals his secret

When footballers talk of "doing the double," they usually mean winning the League and F A Cup in one season. But West Ham 'keeper Phil Parkes has a new slant on that saying.

He wants to win the League Championship with West Ham United, and he would like to build his own house brick by brick!

Last year, the West Ham 'keeper did some preliminary training for the second of those aims by converting an old semi-detached house into flats.

He personally demolished part of the house and built a new extension, digging the foundations, plumbing all the pipes, and doing all the electrical work, carpentry and decorating himself.

The big hands that effortlessly catch shots and crosses from the First Division's best forwards are just as talented in holding a hammer or a saw.

As a youngster Phil Parkes took an apprenticeship as a carpenter on leaving school, qualifying as an Associated Member of the Incorporated British Institute of Certified Carpenters, while learning the game as a young goalkeeper with Walsall.

During his career with Walsall, Queen's Park Rangers and West Ham, spanning more than 500 league games, Phil has kept his carpenter's skills in trim with increasingly ambitious projects.

His own home in Wokingham has superbly-made fitted wardrobes, cupboards and stereo units. Then he graduated to the conversion job. Now he's thinking of building his own house.

"I learned a lot about building from tackling the conversion job. I enjoyed it so much it's given me the urge to build my own house from scratch sometime in the future," says Phil.

"I only get in the mood to work when things are going well on the field. We've had such a great couple of years at West Ham, that I've been able to relax after training and get cracking on jobs.

"When things are going badly for the club — as they once were at Queen's Park Rangers — the tools stay locked away. I sit around and brood about the football, and can't get into the mood for anything else."

Big Phil credits his building work with helping him recover in double-quick time from a knee operation last season.

A piece of floating bone was removed from his knee, but he was back between the posts in three weeks, having missed only four games.

"I was working so hard to get the flats completed on time, the exercise did my knee a power of good," he says.

"All the bending and stretching was ideal, and I think it got me back in action much quicker than if I had just put my feet up."

While he plans his next project, Phil Parkes works towards his main professional ambition — that League Championship medal.

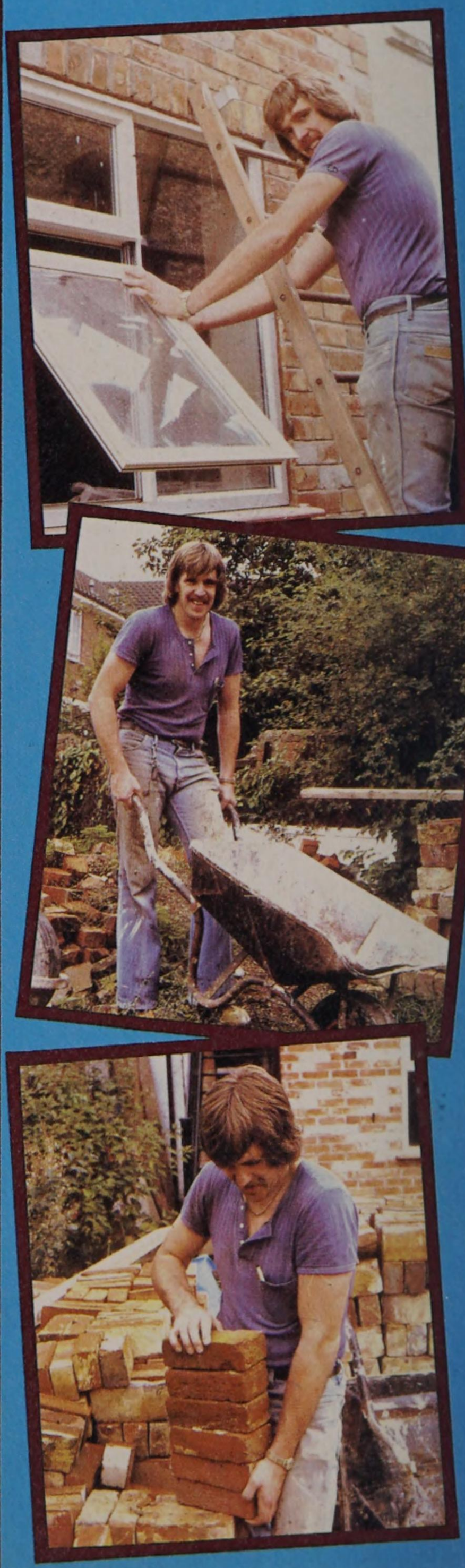
So far in his career he has an F.A. Cup Winners medal (1980), one England cap, and a Division II Championship medal, plus a Football League Cup runners-up award.

The "big one" just avoided him at Rangers in 1976 but he has hopes of adding it to his collection.

"When we came second to Liverpool, that Rangers side played some great football. But it was a team already close to breaking up," says Phil.

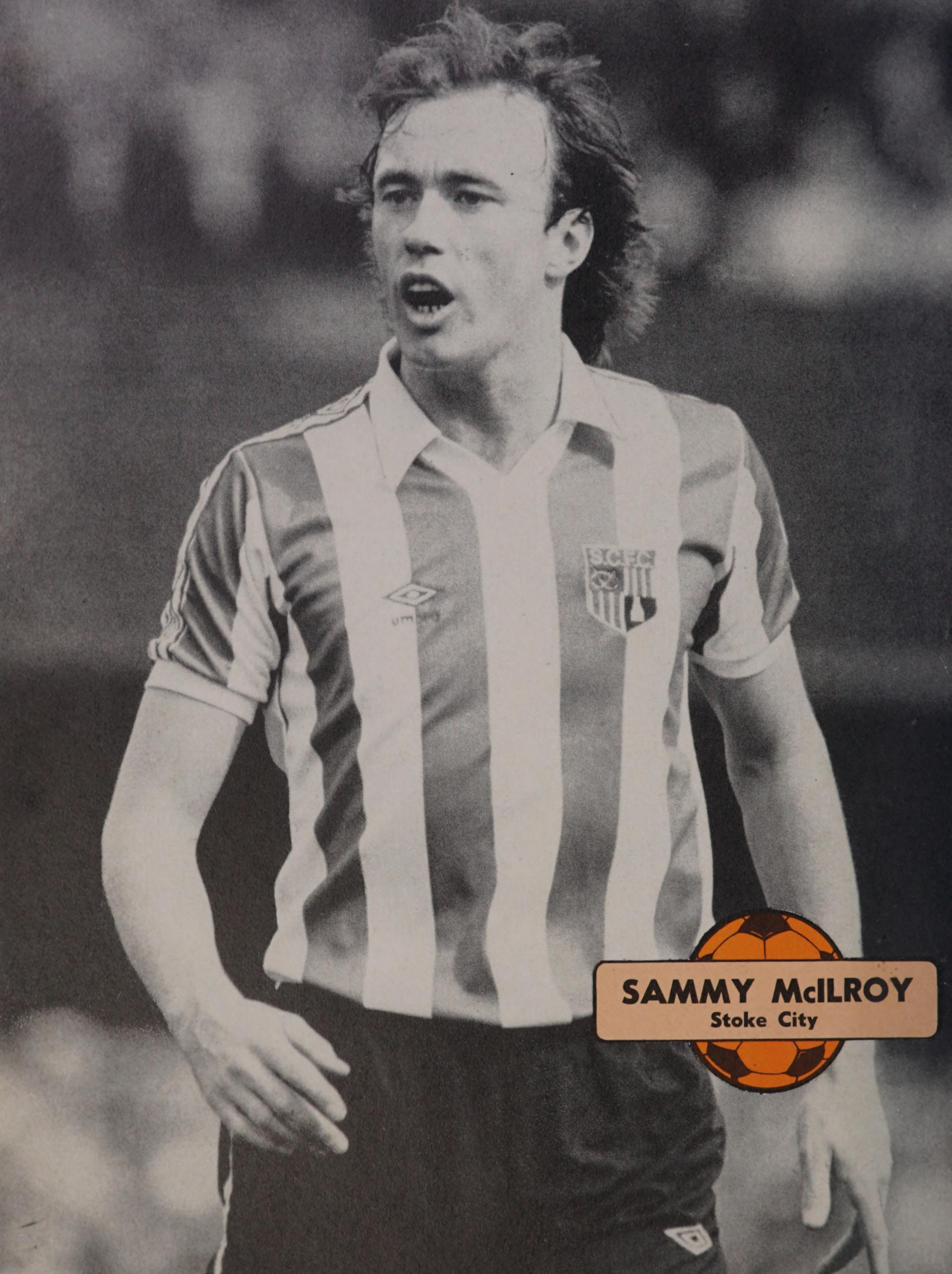
"This West Ham team has the potential to get better and better, and I really feel we have the ability within the club to win the First Division in the near future."

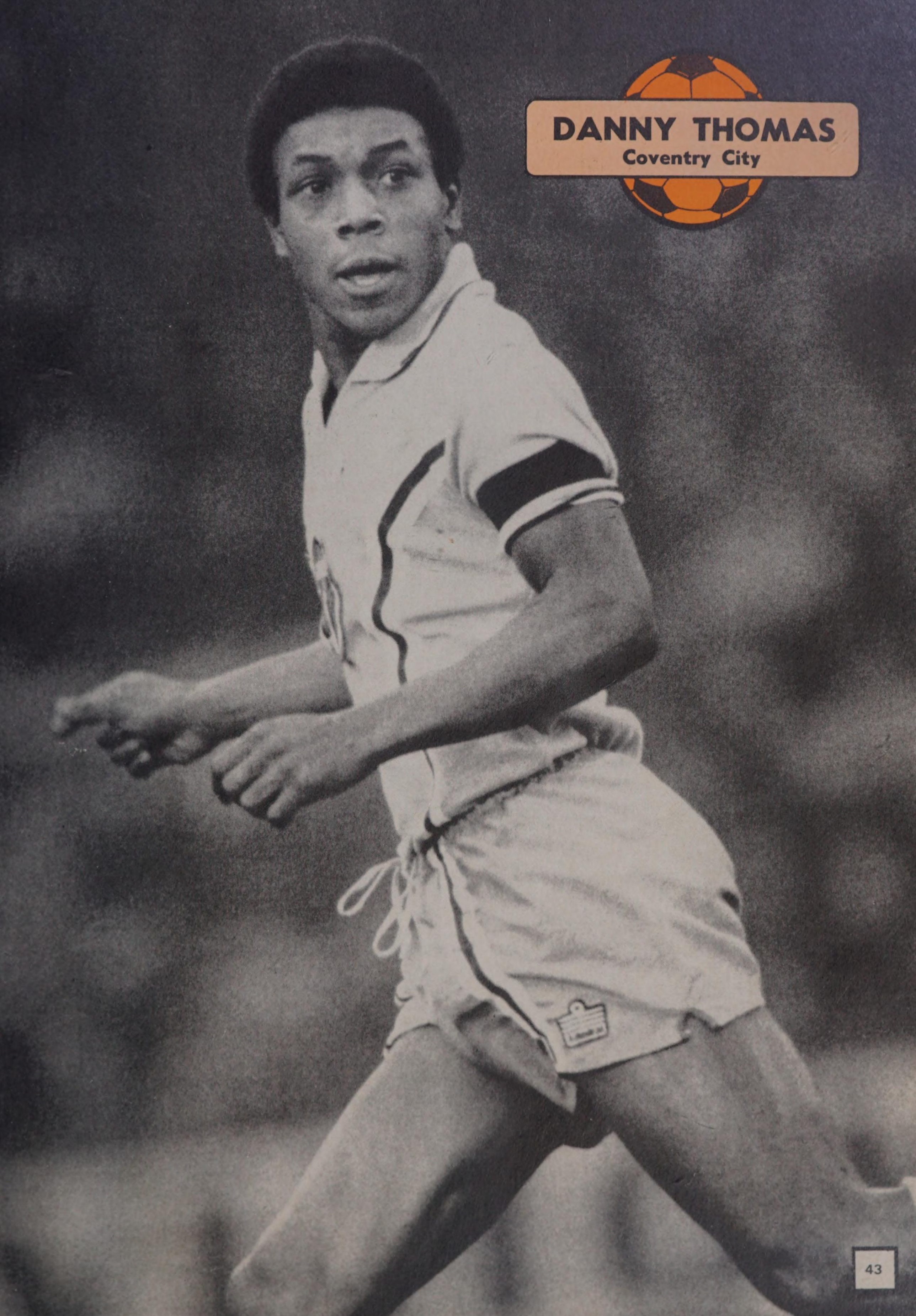
And that would put big Phil Parkes in exactly the right frame of mind to begin building that house . . .



TONY GREALISH

Brighton


SAMMY McILROY
Stoke City


DANNY THOMAS
Coventry City

JOHN McDONALD
Rangers.

PAUL COOPER
Ipswich Town

TOO MANY SPECTACULAR GOALS - that's my problem!

Albion goal-ace CYRILLE REGIS explains why

SINCE breaking into the West Bromwich Albion team I've made a name for myself by scoring some spectacular and memorable goals.

But last season I began to wish some of my goals had been a bit more ordinary. Because I noticed folk seemed to be expecting TOO much from me.

I suppose it all started when I made my debut for West Brom against Middlesbrough back in 1977. I received a pass in the centre-circle and set off towards the Boro' goal.

I out-sprinted the covering defenders and smashed the ball into the net. From that day whenever I'm given a pass on the half-way line I can hear a buzz of anticipation. The fans think I can do the spectacular every time.

The constant showing and repeating of some of my televised goals also creates problems.

I've scored three runaway goals. The one I've just mentioned against Middlesbrough, plus similar efforts against Manchester City and Southampton.

The television cameras were present on both occasions and every so often when the television companies want to highlight my performances they dig out these clips.

I really wish they would leave them in their film library. They tend to give the impression that every week I'm scoring a breath-taking goal. How I wish I was!

I do admit though that my major fault has not been scoring more close range efforts.

Some players, like Kevin Keegan for instance, are brilliant at anticipating scoring opportunities in the six-yard box. They are the natural goal poachers. They score with mishits, slices and toe pokes.

I don't seem to get many like that. I'm confident to have a dig from twenty yards or so. If the ball comes to me I'll have a pot-shot. It's surprising how many go in.

Even though I could improve on the number of chances I put away from close range, I feel my scoring record over the past few years proves I'm a reliable striker.

I became annoyed last term when I was being mentioned as a possible for the England team. Folk were saying I deserved to win a cap because I was scoring regularly. That I had rounded my game off.

That talk was rubbish. I had

been a consistent marksmen since making my debut with West Brom.

Totals like 18, 17 and nine in a term interrupted by injury prove my point.

I feel my game came together last season because I had matured as a person. I had been learning my trade as a First Division striker for five years. All the lessons I'd learnt had sunk in.

I knew when to take an opponent on. I also realised when it was best to play a pass to a team-mate.

There were suggestions that the arrival of Ronnie Allen as Albion chief was also of vital importance. That I didn't get on with his predecessor Ron Atkinson who moved to Manchester United.

Again that was completely wrong. I had a great relationship with big Ron, though I did resent the way he criticised me on occasions.

But I accept Ron believed that was the best way to get more out of me on the pitch. He wanted to provoke me into playing better.

Ronnie Allen, though, was the man who signed me for Albion from Hayes Town during his first spell as manager at the Hawthorns. For that I owe him a great deal.

I was working as an electrician on a building site and playing non-League soccer for Hayes when Albion made their move.

It seems a million miles from there to being part of England's international plans. But I'm sure lots of semi-professional players drew inspiration from my selection for England. If I can make the breakthrough into the big-time, then so can others.

I'm certain there are many lads knocking around in non-League football who would make the grade if given the chance by a top club.

Already Garry Birtles (Manchester United), Alan Devonshire (West Ham.) and my Albion team-mate Tony Godden have shown you mustn't give up if you're not signed by a League club as a kid. We all came through the non-league scene.

West Ham actually came to watch me in a game . . . and went away determined to sign Alan Devonshire. That's how luck can affect your football career.

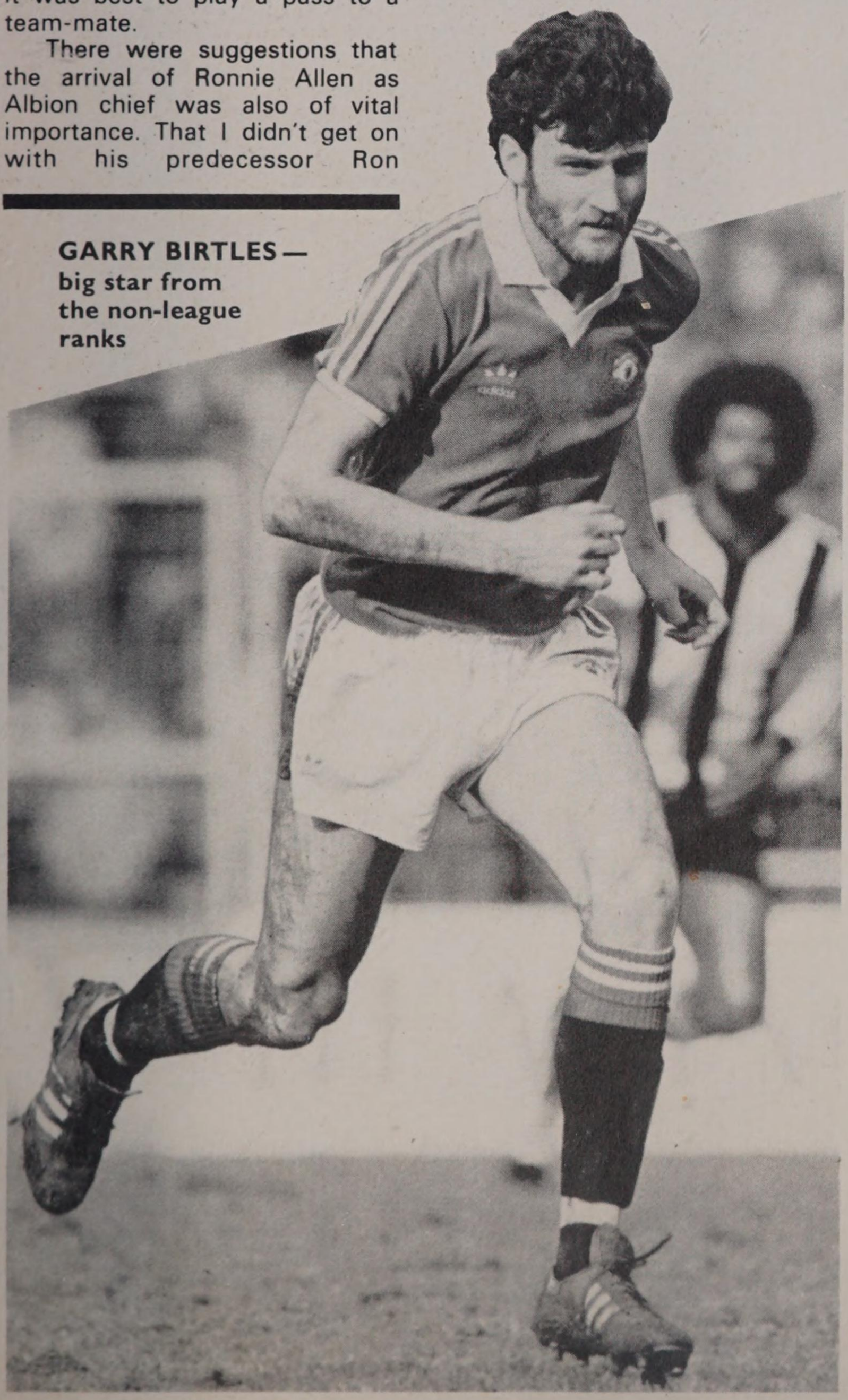
My Albion contract expires in the summer. I will then have an important decision to make. Namely, where my future lies.

My old Albion team-mate Laurie Cunningham had a memorable spell with crack Spanish outfit Real Madrid.

I have always convinced myself of one fact though. A player should only go abroad if he has proved himself as a top performer in England. Kevin Keegan did this before he moved to Hamburg from Liverpool. Liam Brady did the same at Arsenal before his transfer to Juventus.

Perhaps the time will be right for me to try my luck on the continent, too. When I went to stay with Laurie in Madrid I was very impressed by the way they looked after their players.

But I will always have a very special affection for West Brom and their fans. If the Albion make a good offer I can see myself deciding to stay in the Midlands. Despite being a Londoner I've been very happy with West Brom.



GARRY BIRTLES — big star from the non-league ranks

MAL DONAGHY

Luton Town

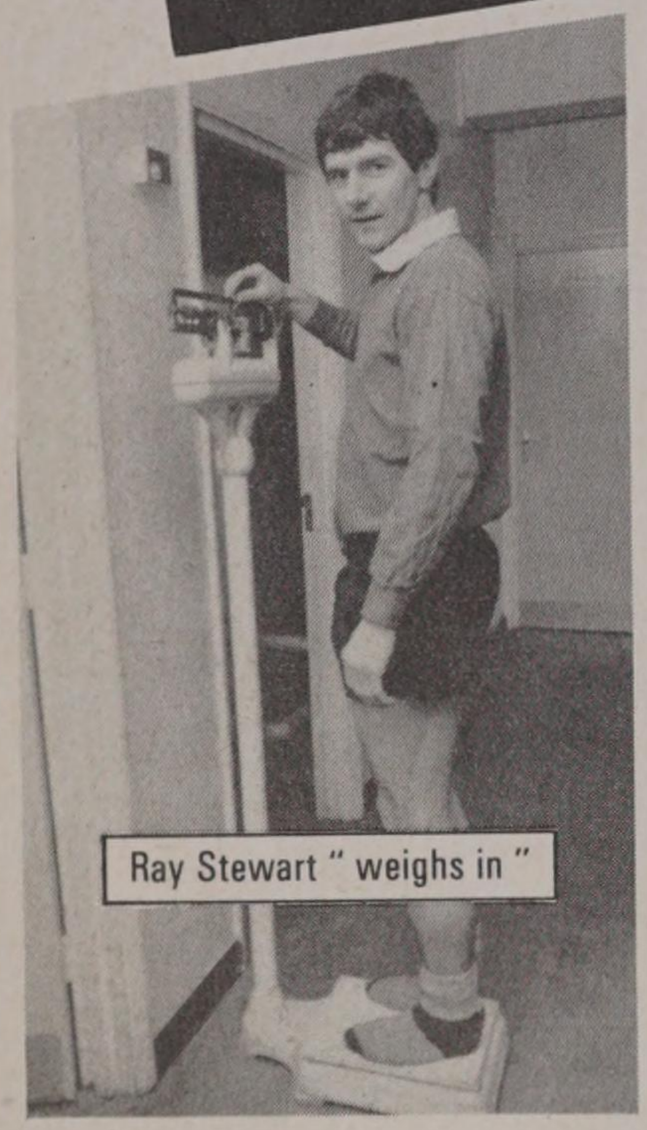
BOBBY McDONALD

Manchester City

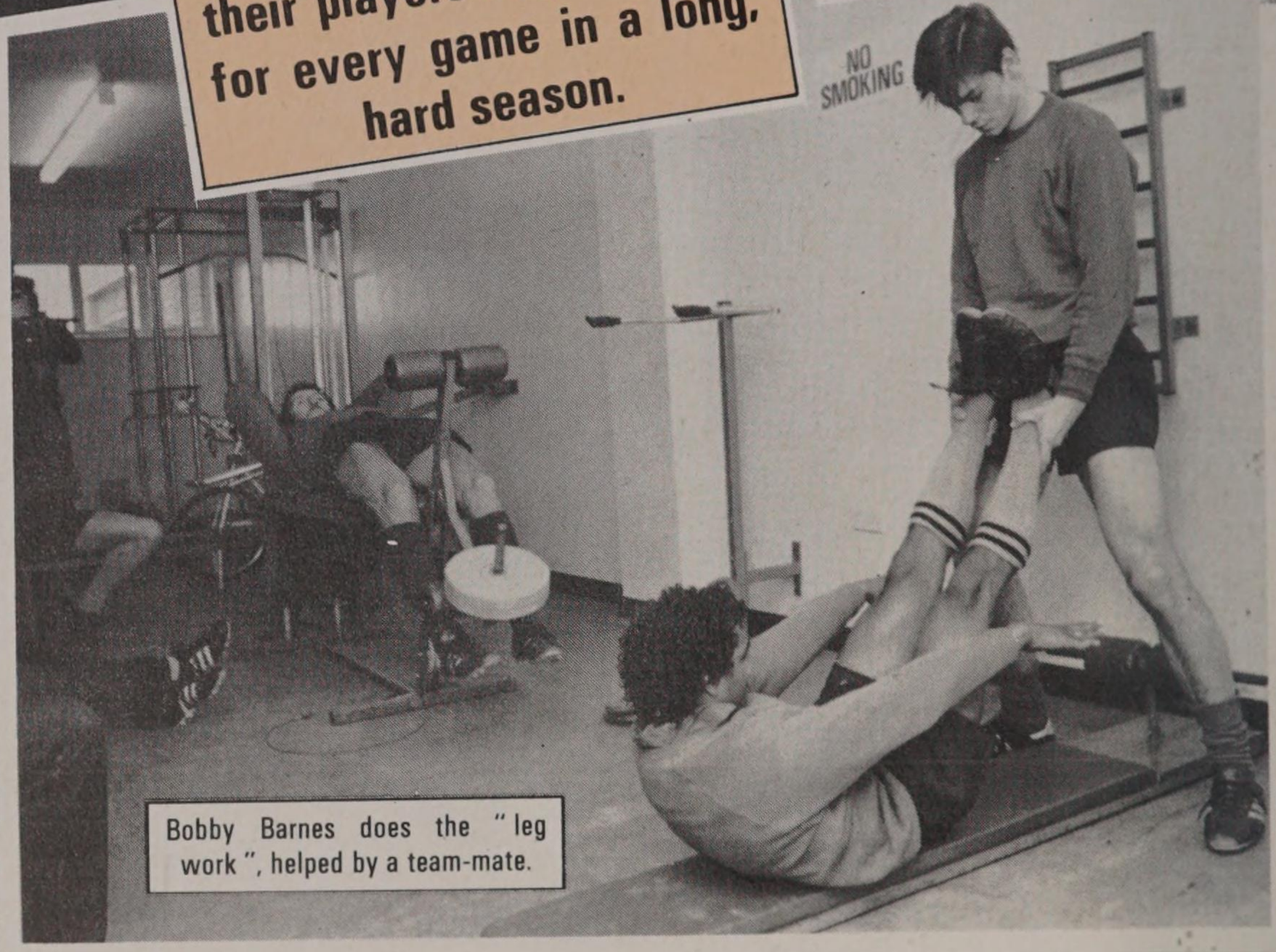
WEST HAM'S WEEK

PRACTICE & PREPARATION

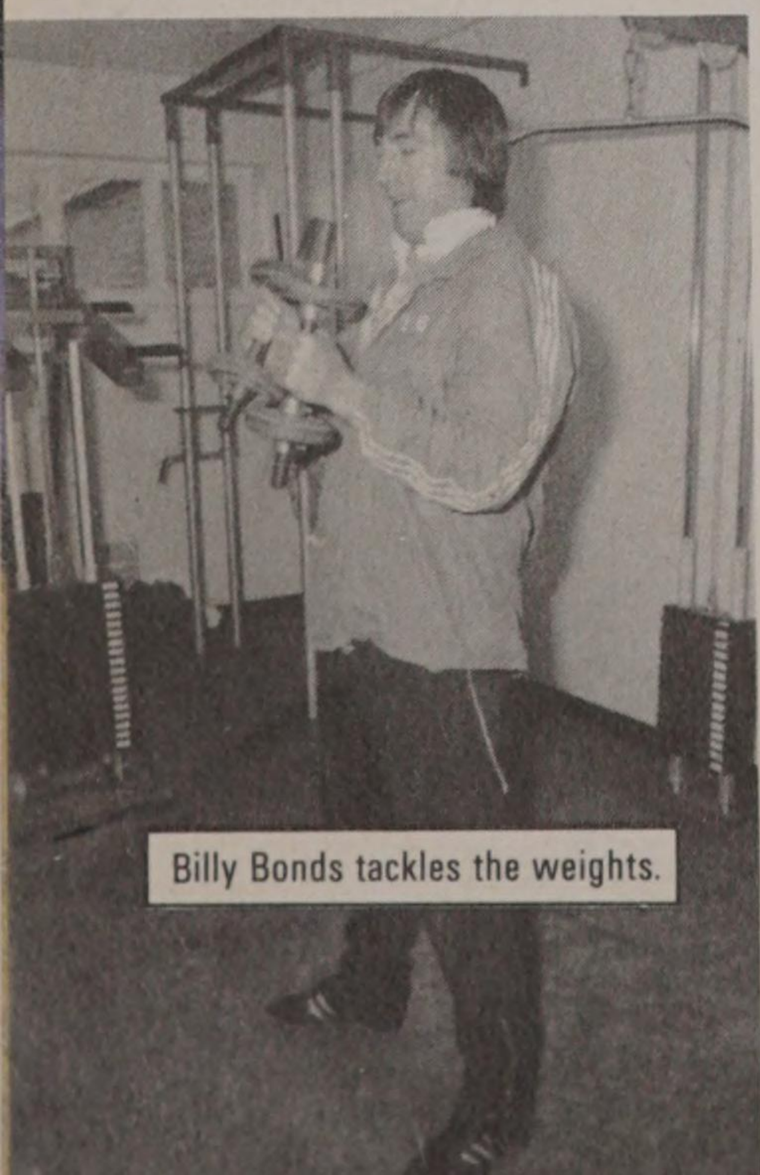
That's the key to success for a top flight club. This is how West Ham keep their players in peak form for every game in a long, hard season.



Ray Stewart " weighs in "



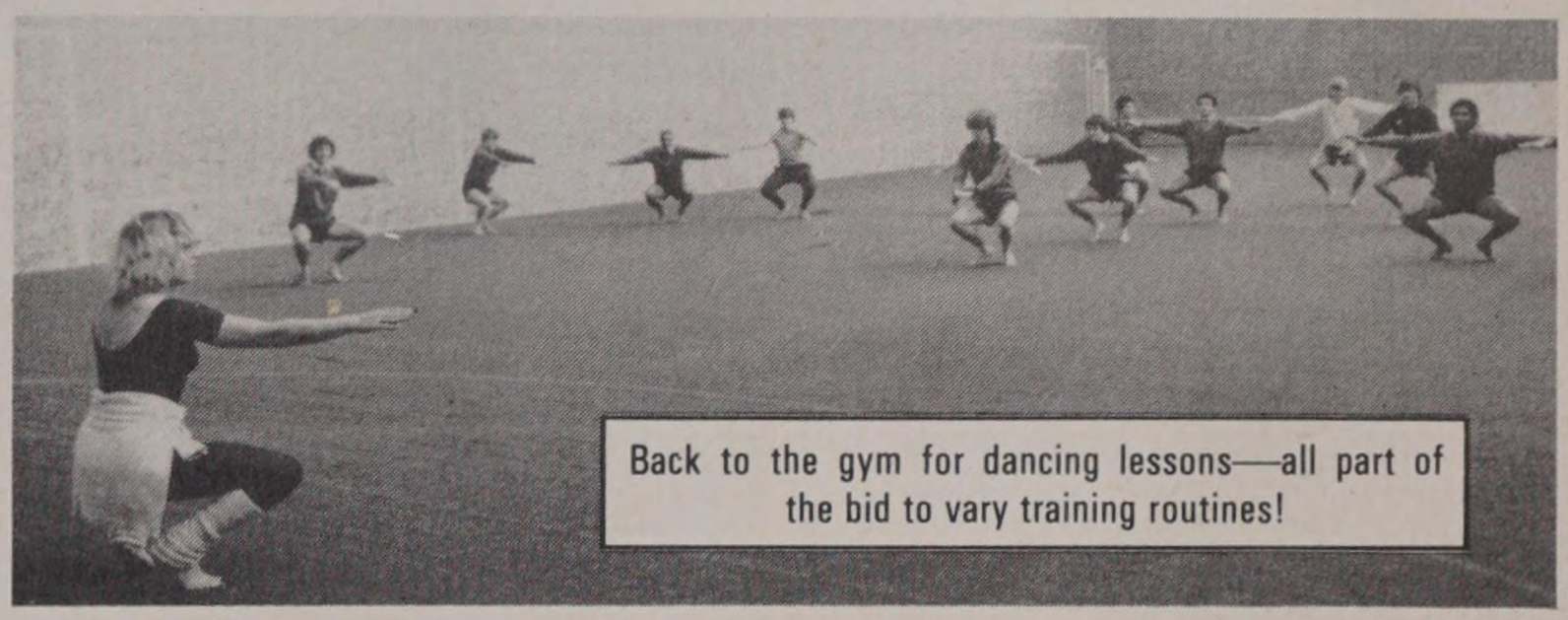
Bobby Barnes does the " leg work ", helped by a team-mate.



Billy Bonds tackles the weights.

Warming-up in the gym, with David Cross (left) and Ray Stewart leading the way.

Quickness off the mark and high speed footwork are the keynote in the work outside.



Back to the gym for dancing lessons—all part of the bid to vary training routines!

VARIETY is the key note in West Ham's training schedules—perhaps the most important factor is a spell that lasts over ten months, taking in the pre-season period.

Mananger John Lyall tries to ensure that no two days, or no two weeks are the same, while always covering the basics such as pace, stamina, sharpness, skills and tactics.

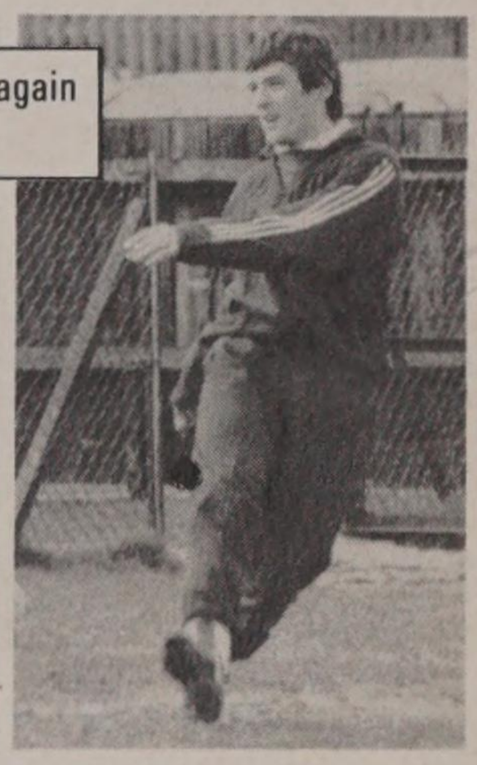
Training at West Ham is very much a matter of maintaining fitness levels while preparing a team capable of producing the entertaining attacking football that is West Ham's style.

"We are always looking to introduce new ideas and new equipment to stimulate the players," says John Lyall. "It is a very long season, and the last thing you want is for players to get stuck in a rut and bored by training.

"Variety and balance are the most important factors in a training programme. A mixture of fitness work and skills and tactics."

Once into the season, and with basic fitness established, a typical week's training programme—in a week without an evening match—would be something like this for West Ham . . .

Out on the training pitch again for set piece practice.



MONDAY . . .

Players report between 9.30 and 10.00 at West Ham's splendid training ground at Chadwell Heath in Essex.

Once 'stripped', the first duty for each player is to weigh in. This is repeated on Friday morning, and any variation of more than a pound or so is queried. A variation of four pounds either way is worrying.

Training starts soon after ten with a 20-25 minute warm-up in the gymnasium. Players begin by loosening up, kicking a ball around, and then move on to a series of exercises.

Monday is normally the 'physical' day of the week, where the accent is on fitness work.

For up to 90 minutes the players go through a series of tough exercises in the gym, alternating with sessions on a weight training 'circuit' and a sharp five-a-side in the gym.

After the weight work, the players go outside for another 30 minute session of running. Either sprint relay work round the pitch, or short-sharp repetitive bursts over 10, 20 or 30 yards, known to players as 'doggies'.

Usually there is a competitive element with players split into teams to introduce a bit of edge to the work.

If the previous Saturday's match was a bad performance then the causes will be traced back and some more work done to put things right. A poor performance brings a Monday morning 'inquest'.

TUESDAY . . .

If Monday's physical session went well then most players will be given Tuesday off assuming they are not suffering from injury or illness. Players who missed the Monday session will have to come in to do the work.

WEDNESDAY . . .

A general training day, usually involving work with a ball the whole time. Normally a 10.00 start and a 12.30 finish and covering all areas of the game. Beginning with the usual warm-up session to loosen up.

Manager Lyall and his coaching team will again work on any faults that were spotted in the previous match. If the passing was bad they will set-up routines

to cover this. If the finishing was poor, there will be shooting practices.

There will be ' one-touch ' games, skill practices and various coaching drills with perhaps a full scale practice match to close with. The emphasis for the entire session is on movement and ball work.

" If we are training for two hours I like to keep the players moving for two hours. We try to avoid any hanging about," says John Lyall.

THURSDAY . . .

Another full two or two and a half hour session. Players reporting between 9.30 and 10.00, and going through the warm-up routine. The warm-up session is vital in helping to avoid strains and pulled muscles from starting the hard training ' cold '.

Thursday is the look-ahead day to Saturday's match. Coach Ernie Gregory has already watched the opposition and given manager Lyall a written report detailing strengths and weaknesses.

In the Thursday session the coaches work on ideas with the players to make use of this knowledge.

Players split into groups of defenders, forwards, and mid fielders to work on different aspects. Emphasis is on awareness of what to expect from the opposition and on how to counter it.

" If our opponents are a side which likes to close you down and put a lot of pressure on we will do a lot of work on one-touch situations," says Lyall.

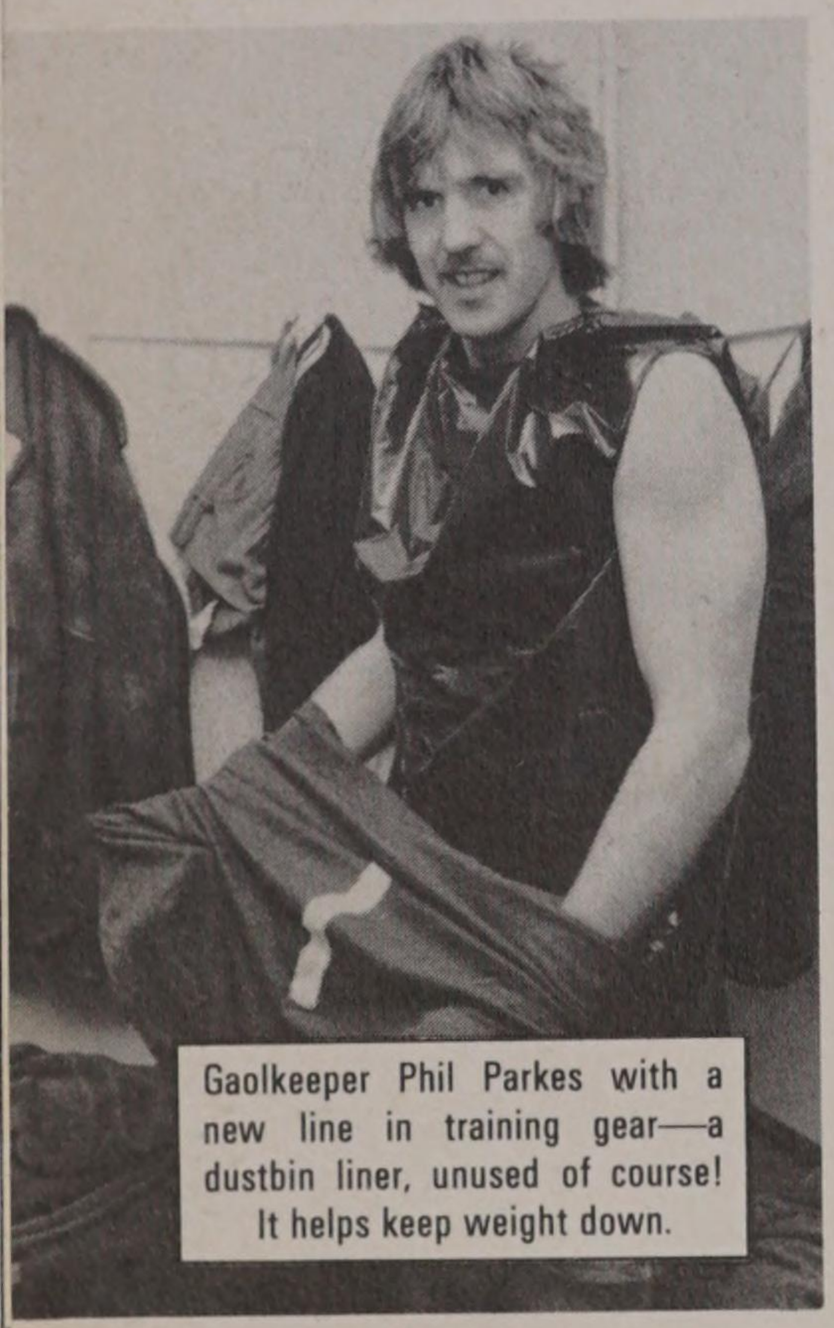
" If they are a side which likes to play a bit and at the same time gives up some space we'll work on players carrying the ball, running with it. We also spend a little time on set-pieces of our own."

Thursday is often a day when manager Lyall will introduce fresh ideas into training. Three or four times he has invited along dance teacher Sarah Harwood to try to improve footwork and balance.

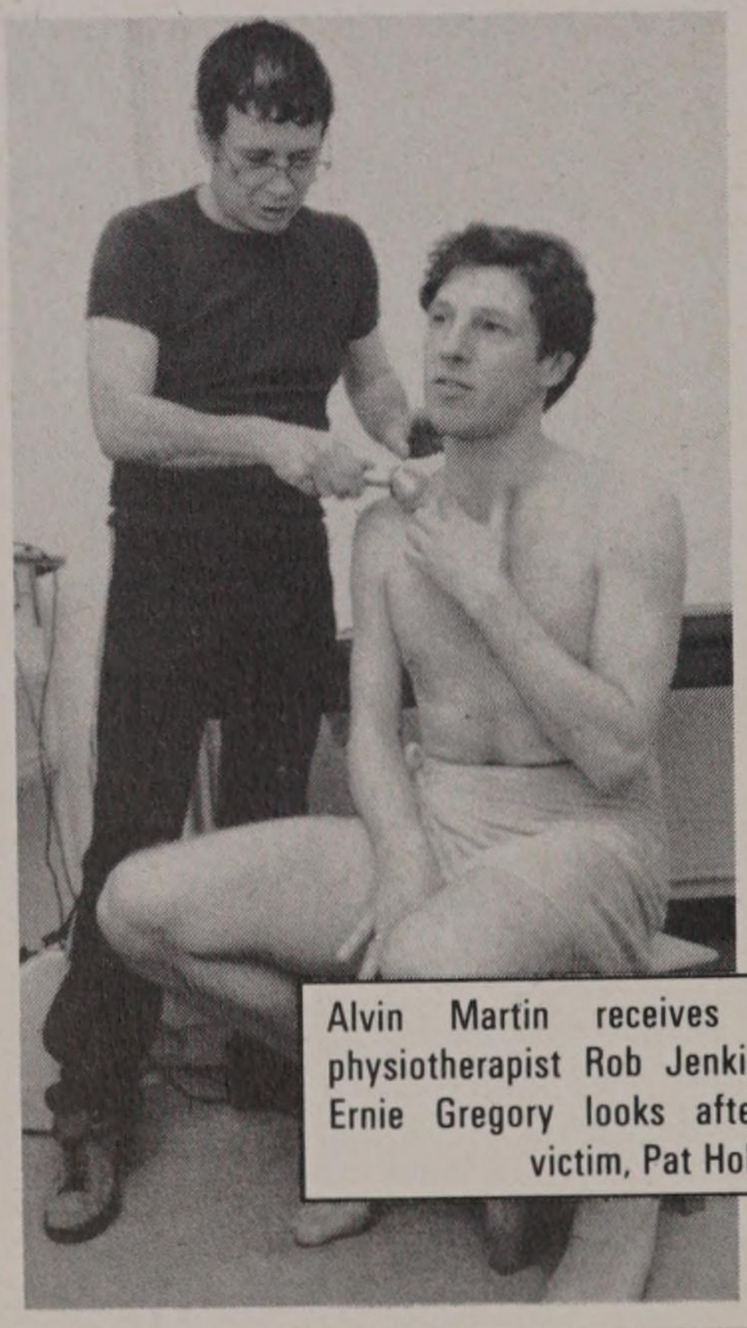
" We like the players to open their minds to different ideas. Balance and agility are important aspects of football, and getting somebody different in to work with them gives us variety," says Lyall.

" We're not looking to turn players into ballet dancers, but to work on their balance and mobility, and realise how it can be achieved.

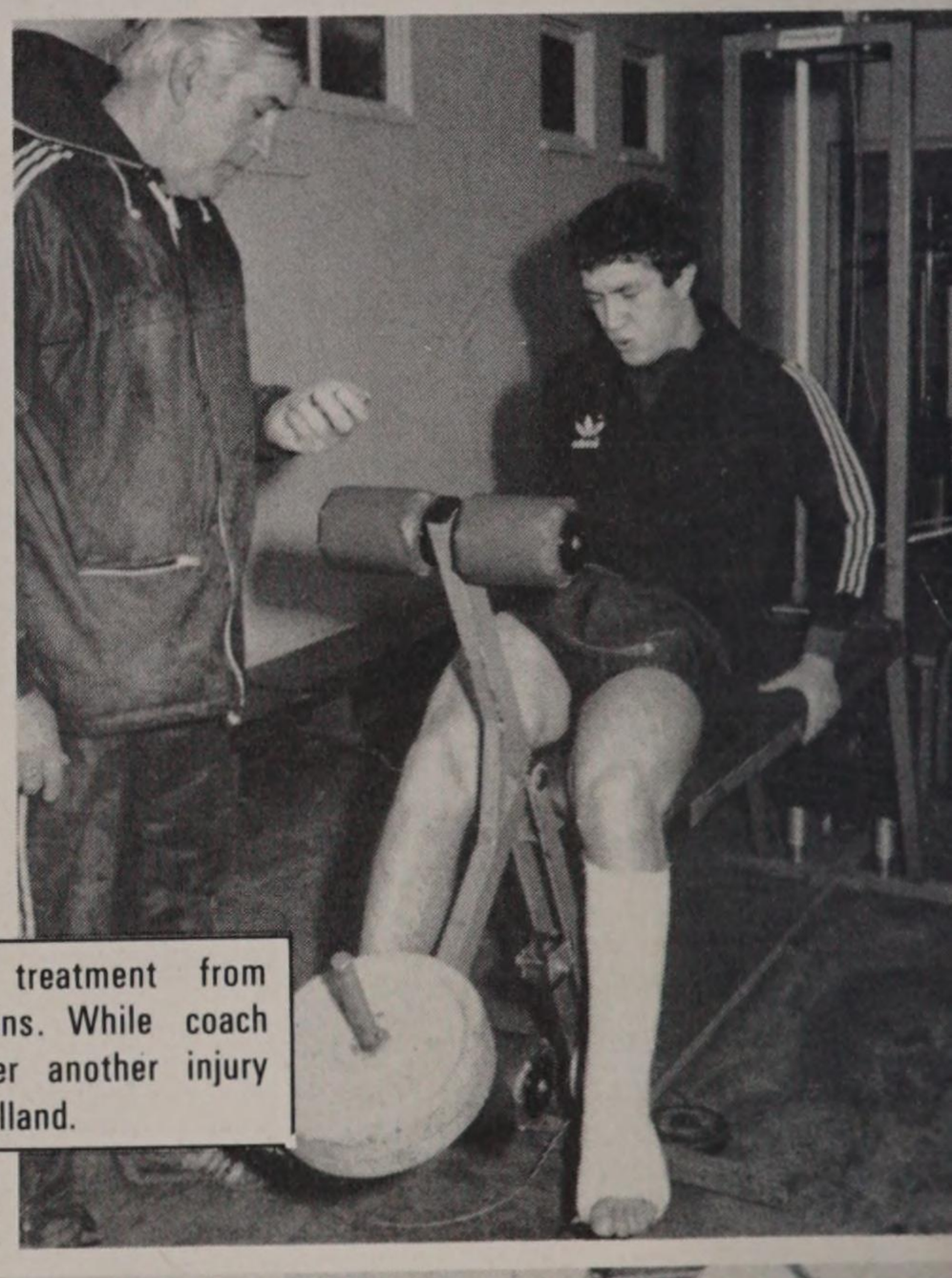
" We've also had an athletics coach, Dave Sterns, to look at the players running and movement, and a couple of physical education experts to work on the fitness side.



Gaolkeeper Phil Parkes with a new line in training gear—a dustbin liner, unused of course! It helps keep weight down.



Alvin Martin receives treatment from physiotherapist Rob Jenkins. While coach Ernie Gregory looks after another injury victim, Pat Holland.



Outside again, and the players split up into relay teams for some sprint work.

John Lyall looks on as Trevor Brooking makes use of the aluminium training post. It's useful for heading and goalkeeping practice. While all the training goes on a video film is made of the various routines.

The climax of all the week's work—action, out there on the pitch.

" It comes back to the idea of examining as many different areas of training as possible and stimulating the interest of the players through the season."

West Ham also have a video camera which they have used to film training sequences. In this way individual players can be helped by highlighting weaknesses—and encouraged by demonstrating their strengths.

FRIDAY . . .

Winding up the week's work. A shorter session of 1 to 1½ hours. Reporting at 10 o'clock, weighing in, warming up. Players are then free to choose what kind of work-out they want.

" The lads can work outside or in the gym—whatever they wish," says Lyall. " Most tend to opt for the gym because it's a sharper session. One or two like a hard physical session to round off the week.

" We'll do a five-a-side, and individual players will work on things. Defenders will do some heading practice. Forwards like to do some shooting. All the time trying to get pyschologically right for Saturday's match."

All through the week physiotherapist Rob Jenkins is present at Chadwell Heath where he has a fully-equipped treatment room.

At any one time there is usually at least one player from the professional or apprentice staffs out of action through injury.

Injured players report to the training ground for treatment and rehabilitation training until they are fit enough to go back into the normal training.

The Chadwell Heath ground is also equipped with leisure facilities like table tennis, darts and a new colour TV—paid for by the players out of their fines for late arrival.

Snacks and lunches are available so that training can be continued all day if necessary.

An all-weather area is available in addition to three full-size pitches outside, while the large gym, surfaced with Astroturf, can accommodate eight-a-side training games.

Training at West Ham is always hard and well organised. But the accent is just as much on enjoyment. The result of a week's training being a Saturday performance that is enjoyable to watch and enjoyable to play in.

DEREK STATHAM

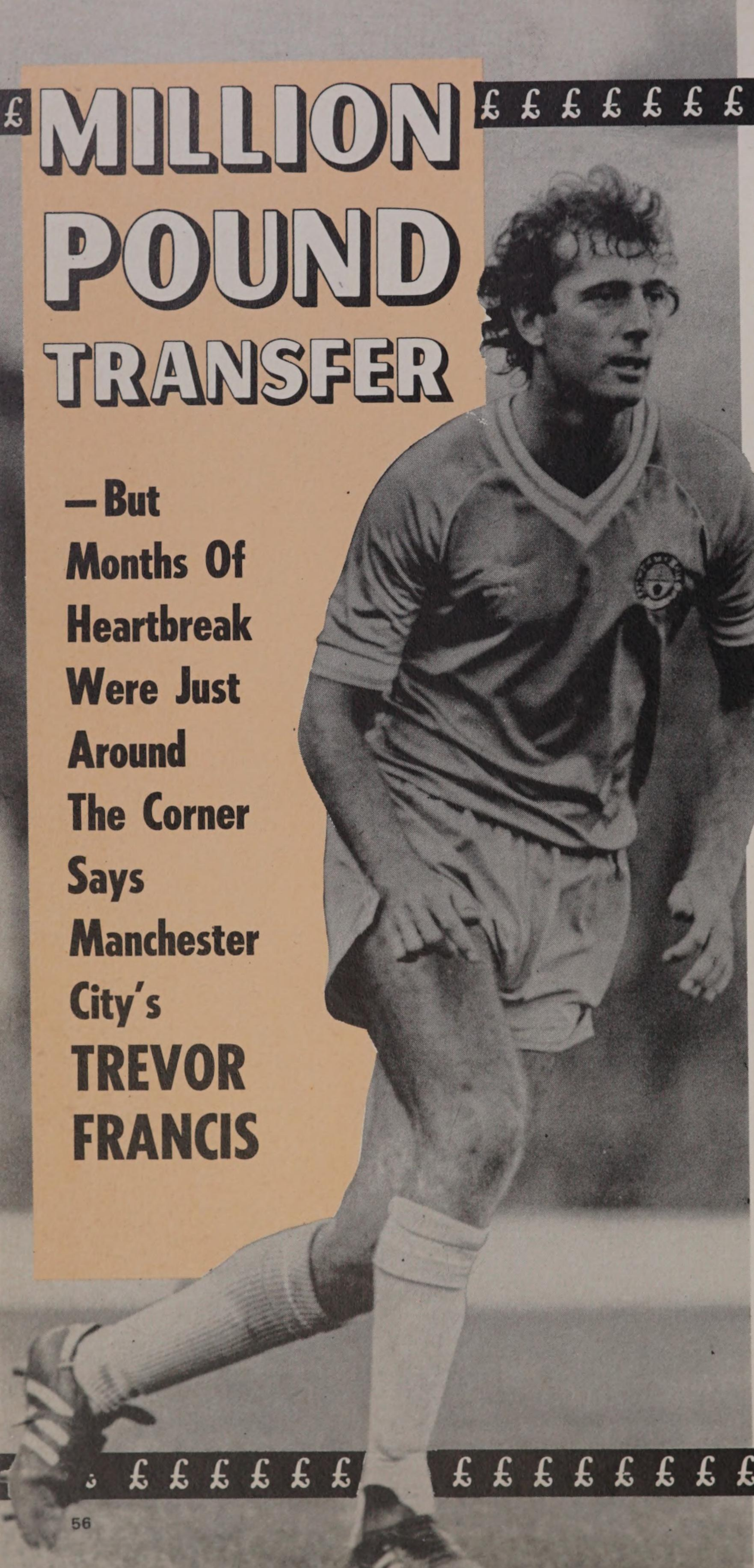
West Bromwich Albion

HORTON HELPS THE HATTERS!

Key man in Luton Town's surge to the First Division was skipper BRIAN HORTON. Experienced and battle hardened, his leadership gave his team the extra edge that makes all the difference between success and failure.

£ MILLION POUND TRANSFER

—But Months Of Heartbreak Were Just Around The Corner Says Manchester City's TREVOR FRANCIS



£ £ £ £

why I shouldn't play again . . . but I would need at least four to six months to fully recover.

That time seemed an eternity. But I realised I had to be patient. Eventually I regained my fitness and feel I improved as a player. But I admit there was one aspect of that injury that did really worry me.

The surgeon decided to check the level of uric acid in my body. Everyone has this substance flowing through them, but some doctors believe that people whose tendons rupture tend to have a higher than average level of uric acid.

This theory proved to be so in my case. Allied to the fact that after leaving Birmingham for Nottingham Forest I sustained a ruptured Achilles tendon. Things seemed to be bleak for me.

But when I transferred from Forest to Manchester City last season I underwent a rigorous medical examination. One of the tests was to ascertain the uric acid level in my body. I'm glad to say it had dropped . . . although it was still higher than normal.

At Maine Road it was decided to put me on a course of tablets which would reduce the uric acid level to normal.

That knee injury in 1974 delayed my breakthrough into the England team and sidelined me for five months, but the Achilles injury at Forest kept me out of action for seven and a half months . . . my longest ever lay-off.

I've always been a good listener. But I really had to heed the specialist's advice over that injury. He told me I had to be really careful and not try to push myself into any form of training too quickly.

At this stage I did wonder if I would ever play again. I also conditioned myself to the fact that if and when I did return I would probably have lost a bit of pace and be a less effective player.

I'm delighted to say I was wrong in my fears. I did regain peak condition and returned to first team football. And I had lost none of my speed. That was a real bonus.

After playing for a Birmingham City team that invariably faced a relegation battle each term I was delighted to join high-flying Nottingham Forest in the first £1 million transfer.

Forest were reigning League champions when I moved there. We went on to win the European Cup twice, the League Cup and prove ourselves worthy rivals to Liverpool as the best team in England.

But despite the success gained with Forest, I believe I've shown my best-ever club form with City. I've never been at a club who spend so much time in training sessions on attacking moves.

Manager John Bond insists the defenders work at sending good quality, accurate passes to the strikers. Then points out how the midfield men can help us by making runs forward in support.

All these coaching sessions have a direct bearing on how the team performs on the Saturday. I'm certain they are a key reason for me hitting my peak.

But it's strange that whenever I meet Birmingham or Forest fans they take great delight in telling me I showed my best form when I was with their clubs.

I'm glad they have fond memories of my times with their teams, but I have to insist Manchester City fans have seen the best of me.

When I arrived at Maine Road to complete the transfer formalities I went out on to the pitch for a series of television interviews.

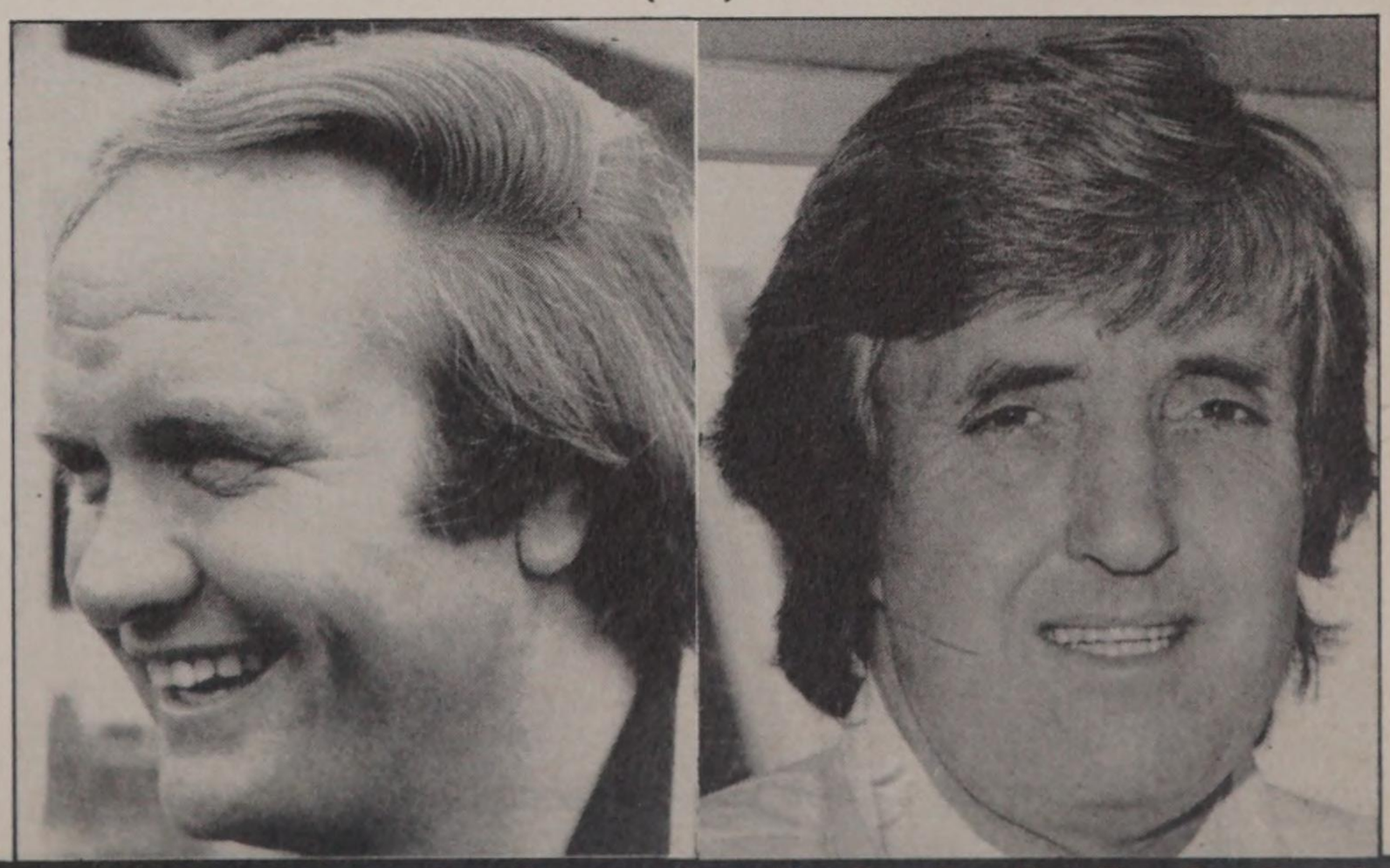
As I gazed around the vast, open spaces I said to myself, "This pitch is tailor-made for you, Trev. If you can't play here, you can't play anywhere."

An added spur to my performances with City is that I was meant to be joining City's arch rivals Manchester United from Forest. I was told the deal was all set up. United were my boyhood idols. I longed to join them.

Suddenly Forest manager Brian Clough said the transfer to Old Trafford was off. I was shattered.

Last season, though, United boss Ron Atkinson admitted not signing me was the biggest mistake he had made. I was delighted to hear that. I just hope I can keep proving that point over the next couple of terms with City. And stay clear of injury!

Rival bosses for that Trevor Francis signature — RON ATKINSON (left) and JOHN BOND



IT'S A K

MARTINI MAR

A muscle-stretching leap by Coventry's Jim Blyth is all in vain as Villa's Gary Shaw rockets a shot just inside the post.

Grounded defender Jim Hagan looks on in despair as the ball flies home to give Villa three vital points.

WINNER

Name him—and you've solved 22 across.

Identify this player—and you've answered 9 across.

He's the answer to 18 down.

CROSSWORD

You'll be able to smile, too, if you can name those two. See 21 across.

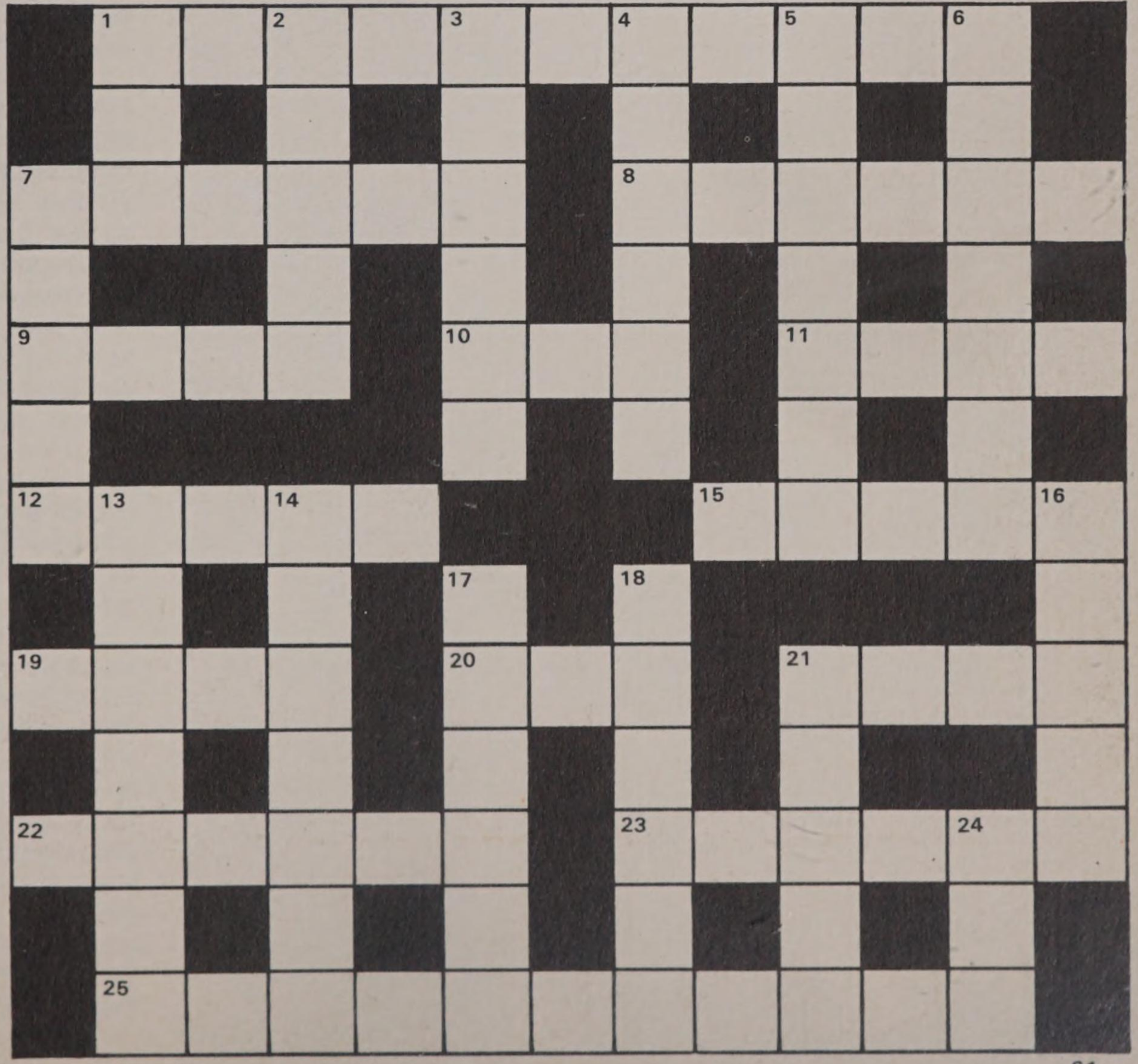
8 across in action.

ACROSS

1. UEFA Cup Winners 1980-81 (7, 4)
7. One of England's World Cup winners (6)
8. Manchester City's Kevin (6)
9. Manchester City and West Brom fans have cheered this Gary. (4)
10. Scouts keep a keen one on a player (3)
11. Pain after a game (4)
12. Once a mighty man for Spurs and England (5)
15. Hit the ball hard (5)
19. Glasgow Rangers' favourite colour? (4)
20. It falls on many a manager! (3)
21. Brothers Eddie and Frank (4)
22. Gunner who motors along? (6)
23. Manager Bob encircles a club! (6)
25. Elland Road is home to them (5, 6)

DOWN

1. Danger to footballers (3)
2. International manager with Luton namesake (5)
3. The right spot to kick the ball (6)
4. Former Scotland and Leeds goalkeeper (6)
5. A famous German player (7)
6. Defended for both Nottingham clubs (7)
7. Watery treble chancers (5)
13. Ex-Scotland winger, and English manager (7)
14. Shake at thought of winning three trophies! (7)
16. He became known as 10-goal Joe (5)
17. Famous Brazilian side (6)
18. Irishman who can turn a blind eye? (6)
21. Winning fans are inclined to! (5)
24. Narrow goal win need not be unusual (3)



DROPPED FROM THE

I VIRTUALLY had the pick of the country's top football clubs when I became officially available at Middlesbrough at the beginning of last season.

At 20 years of age it was an awe-inspiring thought to have the likes of Manchester United, Nottingham Forest, Ipswich Town, Aston Villa, Tottenham Hotspur and Wolves all showing a keen interest.

It wasn't an easy decision to make but in the end I was influenced by the record of the Nottingham Forest management pairing of Brian Clough and Peter Taylor.

When Mr Clough dropped me after just three months at the club and at a time when I was playing well, I was convinced I had chosen the RIGHT club!

That may seem a rather unusual statement, but it all boils down really to one word . . . ambition.

I signed schoolboy forms for Middlesbrough when I was thirteen. I gradually progressed through their ranks and was in the first-team at seventeen.

But everything became a bit too cosy for me at 'Boro. I was a well established first-teamer and unless I went through a lengthy patch of poor form, it was fair to assume that I would be on the team-sheet every week.

That really was the trouble. It was too comfortable. I had progressed as far as I could at the club. I didn't think I could learn much more there.

I could so easily have continued playing to the best of my ability for Middlesbrough and picking up my wages at the end of every week. But that wouldn't have got me anywhere in football.

I had no choice but to move on if I wanted my career to progress.

Being dropped by Nottingham Forest proved I was right. Brian Clough is very demanding. He's never really satisfied.

But he is very straight and honest. I wasn't prepared for the bombshell that was to hit me in our dressing room one day.

I had been pleased with my form but in front of all the other players Mr Clough told me that I wasn't competing enough and that I was demoted to substitute for the next match!

He and Peter Taylor had seen something in my game that they felt needed improving, even I wasn't aware of what was wrong.

At Middlesbrough that would probably have gone unnoticed. If it had been spotted I would have been told privately and instead of being dropped, told to work on it in the next game.

Nobody likes to be axed from the side but that jolt did me good. It showed me that playing under Clough my game can only improve.

I must be quite honest, though. When I was told I was out I was very upset and

TEAM-

That was when MARK PROCTOR knew Forest was the club for him

disappointed. But when it had sunk in and I had time to sit down and think about it I said to myself 'You're not at Middlesbrough now. This is the reason why you wanted to join Forest'. I haven't looked back since.

Soon after that incident I got another insight into what it is like to play for a top outfit.

During my days with Middlesbrough we were always battling away in the lower regions of the First Division and never made any worthwhile progression in the cup competitions.

Last season with Forest, at one particular stage of the season we were in the top six and being talked about as title contenders and had also reached the quarter-finals of the League Cup.

Although we were beaten by Spurs at that stage I was really pleased that we had got so far and for the first time in my life I was playing for a side in the top six.

I was going back to the North-East on my days off open mouthed about it all. I couldn't stop telling my folks how well we were doing.

But back at Forest the senior lads were all disappointed. We were getting rollickings from the management about it.

It brought me down to earth with a bump. Made me realise that, although it may have been classed as success at Middlesbrough, to Nottingham Forest it was failure.

They had been so used to being at the top that being amongst the also-rans wasn't good enough.

It all comes down to the question of ambition again. That unfortunately was an ingredient Middlesbrough lacked and it drove the likes of myself, David Armstrong and Craig Johnston away from Ayresome Park.

The season before we all left there was the makings of a very good side at 'Boro. There were some very good youngsters at the club.

Myself, Craig and David Hodgson had already established ourselves. And there was the experience of David Armstrong.

We needed a couple more players to complete the picture. Maybe two experienced First Division performers would have done the trick.

But the club wouldn't go into debt to get them. I believe that if they had made that investment and the team had done well, the crowds would have come back and the debt would have eventually been paid off.

However, the club wouldn't provide the money and the team gradually deteriorated. They were prepared to be just a middle of the table side. That was no good for me. I didn't want to be with a club who lacked ambition.

It upsets me to have to say that about Middlesbrough because they have always been the only team for me. I stood on the Ayresome terraces from being ten years old.

In fact when I was old enough to sign for a professional football club you could have offered me the earth and I would still have chosen 'Boro.

When I was an apprentice I idolised Graeme Souness. I was always running messages for him. If he wanted some milk or pop from the nearby shop I'd be first in to do it for him.

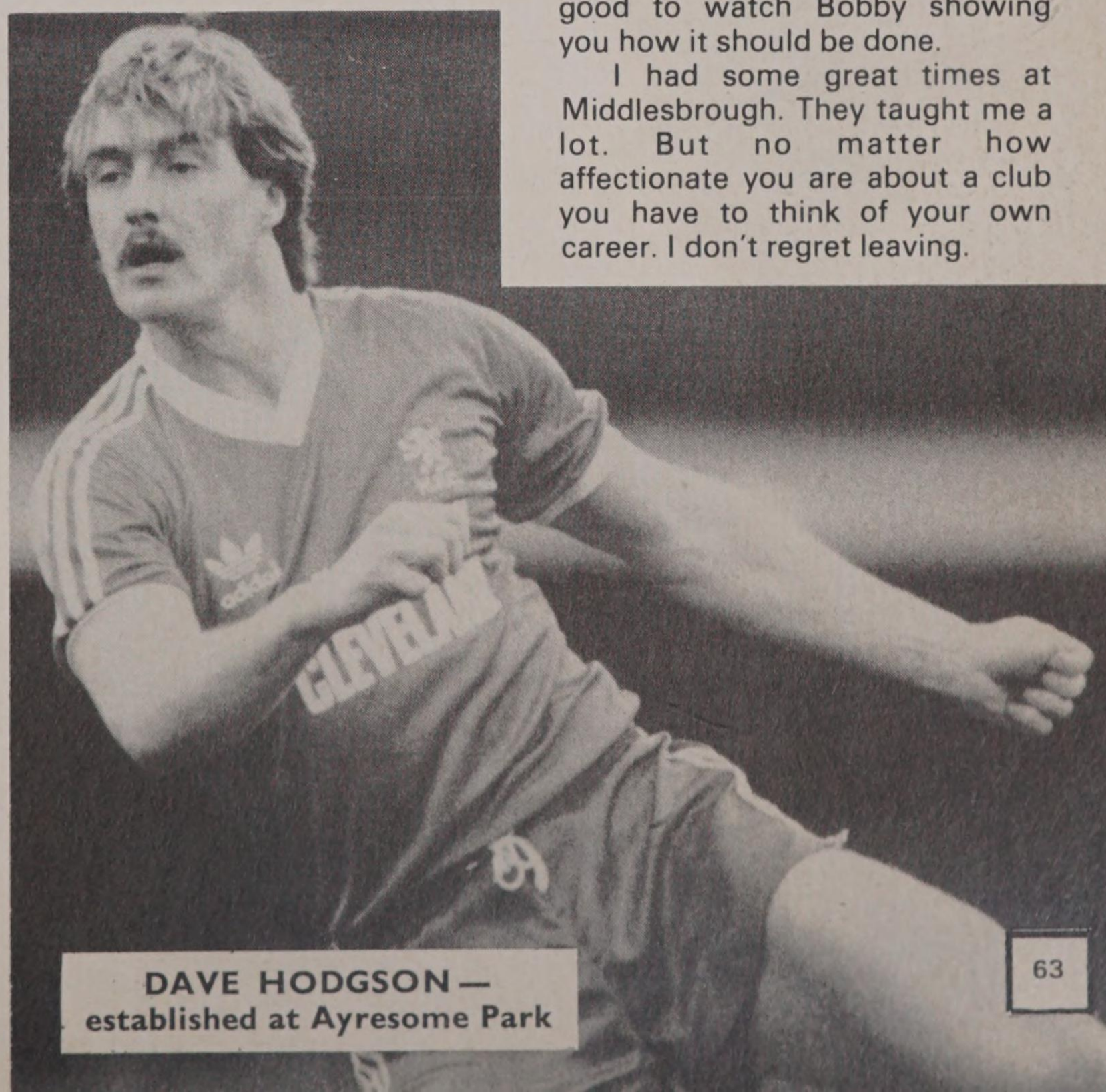
I looked up to him. What a superb midfield player he is. It was great to be able to train alongside him.

I wouldn't say I actually modelled myself on him, but I tried to perfect some of his assets. I only hope I can go on to achieve all that he has.

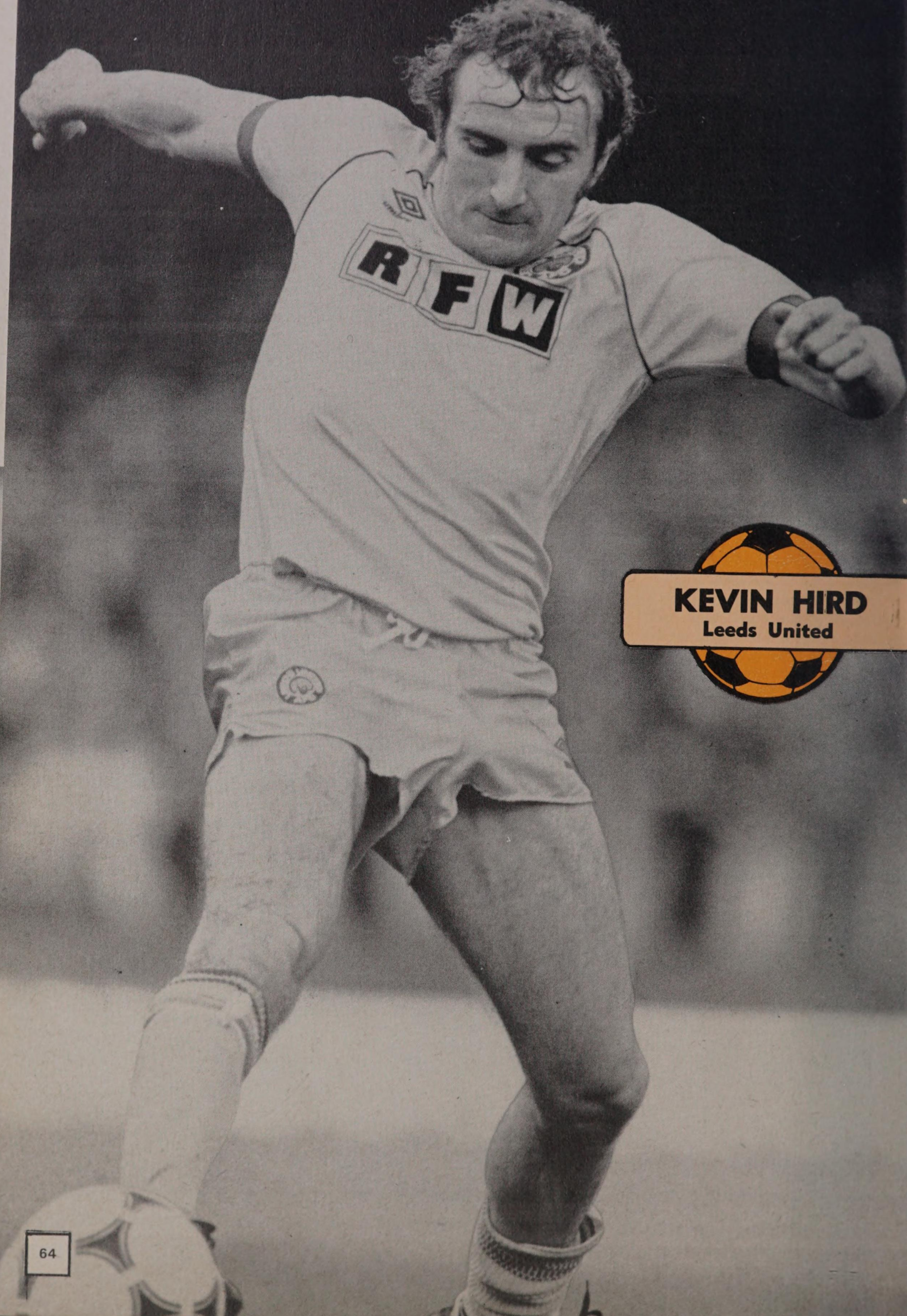
Another player I had great respect for was 'Boro's present manager Bobby Murdoch. He was youth team coach at the time and the great thing about him was he would never tell you to do anything he couldn't do himself.

Some coaches give you instructions and tell you to do things on the park that they wouldn't be able to do. It was good to watch Bobby showing you how it should be done.

I had some great times at Middlesbrough. They taught me a lot. But no matter how affectionate you are about a club you have to think of your own career. I don't regret leaving.



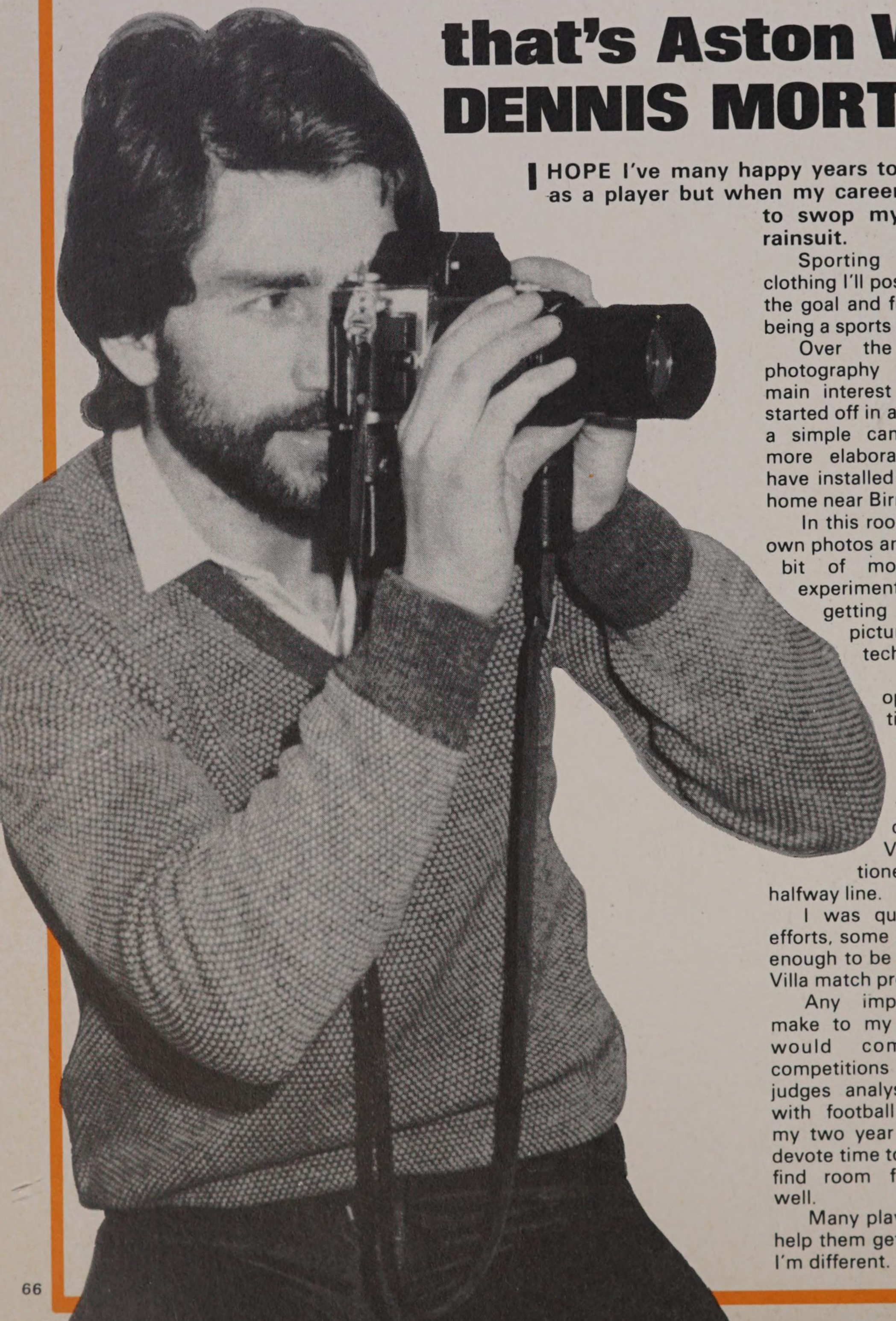
DAVE HODGSON — established at Ayresome Park


R F W
KEVIN HIRD
Leeds United

ALAN SUNDERLAND
Arsenal

SNAP HAPPY—

that's Aston Villa's DENNIS MORTIMER



I HOPE I've many happy years to look forward to as a player but when my career is over I intend to swop my tracksuit for a rainsuit.

Sporting my water-proof clothing I'll position myself behind the goal and fulfil my ambition of being a sports photographer.

Over the past few years photography has become my main interest outside football. I started off in a small way with just a simple camera. Now I have more elaborate equipment and have installed a dark room at my home near Birmingham.

In this room I can develop my own photos and can save myself a bit of money. And I can experiment with ways of getting different types of pictures using special techniques.

I don't get much opportunity to practise my photographic skills at a match. But when I was suspended a few years ago I took my camera to a game at Villa Park and positioned myself on the halfway line.

I was quite pleased by my efforts, some of which were good enough to be printed in the Aston Villa match programme.

Any improvement I could make to my photographic skills would come by entering competitions and hearing expert judges analyse my shots. Alas, with football commitments and my two year old son Richard to devote time to, I'm hard pushed to find room for photography as well.

Many players have hobbies to help them get away from football. I'm different. Football never wears

me out or forces me to try to get away from it.

Even last season when Villa were being criticised for their lacklustre performances I didn't feel under any personal pressure.

It was a difficult situation. From being League Champions and rated one of the best teams in Europe in 1981, our slump towards the relegation zone had us branded 'one season wonders'. Our championship win was seen as a 'flash-in-the-pan' effort.

I reckon we answered some of our critics when we put our disappointing league run behind us and went on to win the European Cup. That victory over Bayern in Rotterdam gave everyone at the club tremendous satisfaction.

The one effect Villa's slump had on me personally was to end any lingering hopes I had of winning an England call-up for the World Cup finals in Spain last June.

During Villa's title success many folk rated me the best midfielder in the country. They claimed I was a 'cert' to win an England chance from boss Ron Greenwood.

Unfortunately, I was overlooked even though my club form was so good.

Eventually I was called up for the England squad. Even that success was tinged with a certain sense of disappointment. I joined up with the squad for the British Championship games knowing I was only there because the Liverpool and Ipswich players were not picked due to club commitments.

I knew when they were available I would be forced to stand down. That's exactly what happened.

If I had managed to get just one game under my belt then I'm sure Ron Greenwood may well have shown a sense of loyalty towards me and decided to keep me in his set-up. Without that appearance it was easy for him to discard me.

That lack of international recognition when I was playing well will always be one of the saddest parts of my career.

During my seven years at Villa Park I have seen many changes. There have been boardroom disputes, votes of confidence in the directors, the waygoing of managers and star players demanding transfers.

Andy Gray (now Wolves) and John Gidman (Manchester United) are two men who decided to quit and move on. That seemed a devastating blow at the time.

Andy was valued at £1.5 million. 'Giddy' £450,000. Yet despite their loss a stronger, better Villa team emerged. A team without Andy and John was strong enough to lift the title.

The most expensive outlay by the club at that time was for centre-forward Peter Withe. He cost the club £500,000 from Newcastle. A team built on a shoestring budget proved to be the best in the land.

That is why it is fatal to ever write off a football club as no-hopers. Fortunes can change so quickly.

While some players tend to sign a contract and look for a move when their agreement expires I hope I can see out the rest of my career with Villa.

I'm 29 now. Even though I'm a Liverpool lad I have never been drawn to either of the Merseyside clubs.

As a schoolboy I played in the Kirkby Boys team with Liverpool and England star Terry McDermott. I used to go to Anfield to watch 'Pool in action whenever I could.

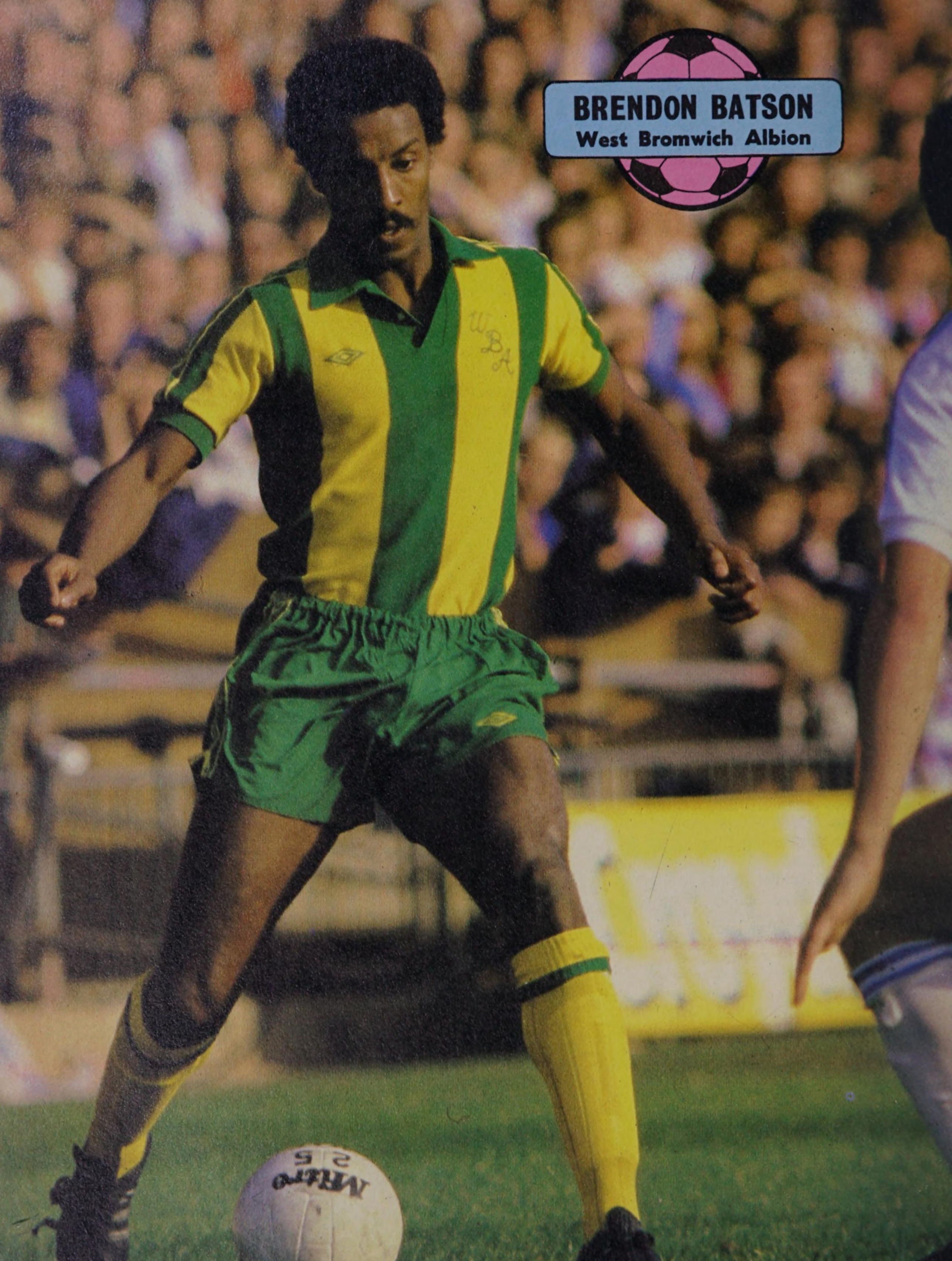
But when Coventry City asked me to join them I was happy to move to the Midlands and there I've stayed.

I've three years of my contract at Villa Park to run and I intend to see that time out. Hopefully I might then be asked to re-sign for the club.

Feeling the security of being a loyal servant at a club like Villa is a good thing. And then I might be ready to try my hand as a photographer. Watch out for me behind the goal!

IN THE PICTURE—

Eamonn Deacy, Peter Withe and Nigel Spinks celebrate Villa's '80-81 Championship win. Behind the camera, Dennis Mortimer.


BRENDON BATSON
West Bromwich Albion
WBA
MITRE
5

ROSS JENKINS
Watford
umbro
WATFORD
69

ESCAPING FROM FOREST'S SHADOW

Notts County's battle to grab their share of the limelight

THE shadow of Nottingham Forest has loomed large over neighbours Notts County for the greater part of a century.

Only the width of the flowing River Trent separates the Football League's closest clubs, but in footballing terms the two have been miles apart. Forest having collected trophies and built their City Ground into one of the finest stadiums in the country, while County's record is none too impressive.

In recent years County players have remarked how salt is rubbed in their wounds every time they leave Meadow Lane and see Forest's two million pound stand towering up across the water.

For although the Lane retains a quaint air of a Victorian stadium it doesn't disguise some of the run-down stands.

Nevertheless they have battled on gamely in recent years to destroy the inferiority complex that being Forest's neighbours has given them.

Promotion to the First Division last season after a 55 year spell in the lower divisions, must have therefore tasted very sweet indeed to manager Jimmy Sirrel and all County followers.

Scotsman Sirrel has worked quietly away at Meadow Lane building his side up whilst the headlines were being grabbed across the Trent by Clough and Taylor.

Sirrel has been in charge of the Magpies for two spells. The first was in 1969. He took over a side which hadn't won an FA or League Cup tie for five years and were wallowing in the Fourth Division.

After two years he took them to promotion to the Third and another two years later Notts were in the Second Division.

What may have lain ahead had Sirrel not been tempted away we'll never know, but Sheffield United had recognised his managerial qualities and whisked him off to Bramall Lane.

Fortunately for County it proved that Jimmy Sirrel's forte was in rebuilding a lowly club rather than resurrecting a dying First Division outfit, and soon he returned to County.

Sirrel was back at Meadow Lane just in time to witness the fruition of Nottingham Forest's dreams of winning honours at home and in Europe.

Whilst Sirrel had been in Yorkshire, Brian Clough and Peter Taylor were shaking Forest up. That year they won the First Division title in their first season back, went on to win the League Cup twice and the European Cup twice.

Although Notts County's silverware collecting comes nowhere near that of their neighbours they still go down in the record books.

For the Magpies are thought to be the oldest first-class football club in the world!

They were established in 1862. It was rather an insignificant beginning, with practice matches amongst its members being the only games played for the first two years of its existence.

Their first official match was a very different affair from present-day football. It took place on the Meadows cricket ground and was a 20-a-side match against the Trent Valley Club.

From those humble and unusual beginnings the club grew in stature and became one of the founder members of the Football League in 1888.

In their early years Notts County had an enviable FA Cup record. At one stage they reached the semi-finals four times in 12 seasons.

However, they reached the final only twice, with one win to their credit in 1894.

But in beating Bolton Wanderers, County became the first Second Division side to win the FA Cup.

Even though they continued to miss out on the trophies, Notts were seemingly determined to get their name into the record books a few times to compensate.

They achieved it again in 1923 when they finished top of the Second Division.

But they made the record books because they scored only 46 goals all season. It still stands as the lowest Championship winning goal tally in a 42-game campaign.

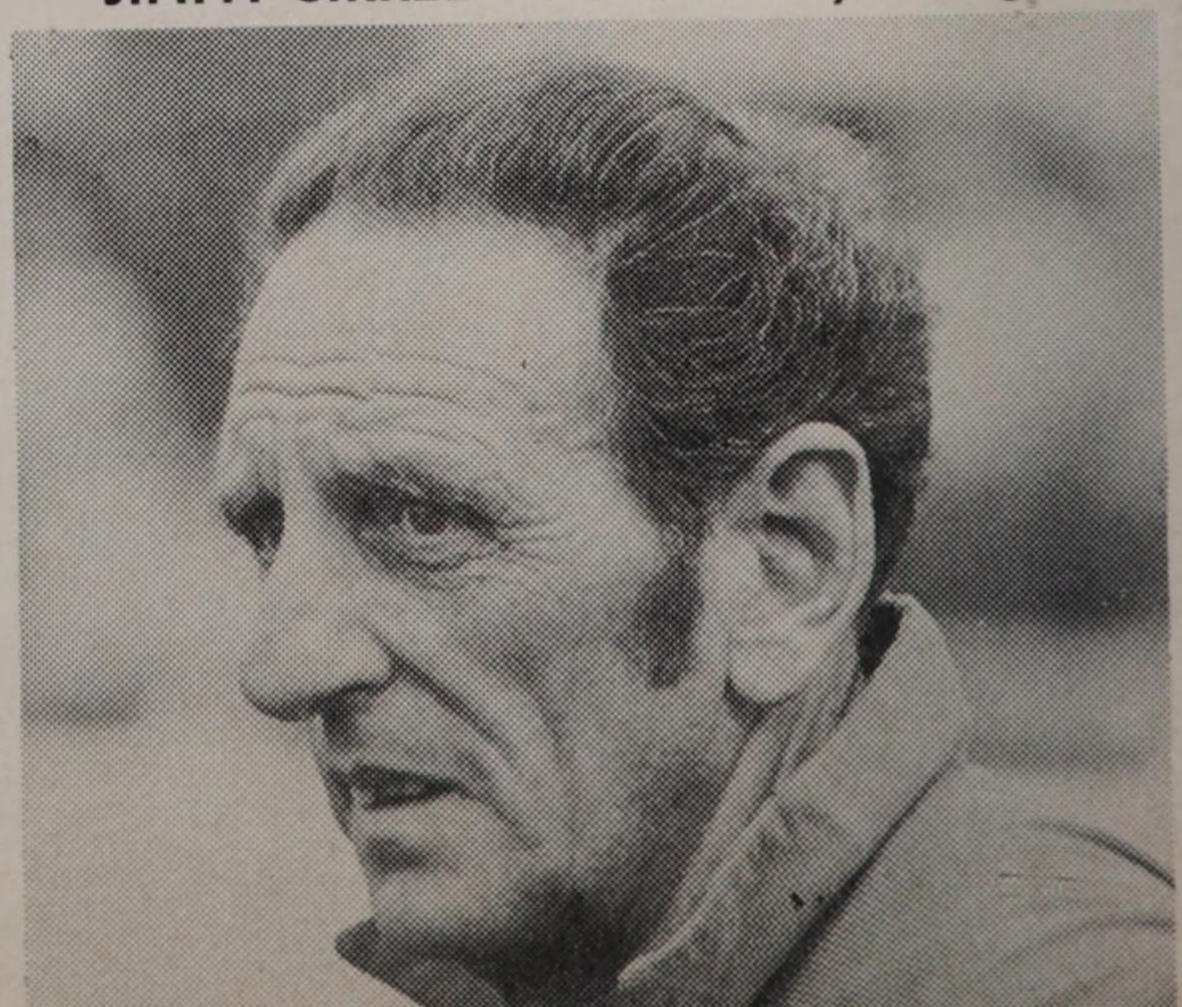
County were unable to retain their First Division place and three years after that remarkable season were back down in the Second.

From then on they see-sawed between the three lower divisions with precious little success, before finally returning to the top flight last season.

To bolster their first campaign back Jimmy Sirrel smashed the club's record transfer fee by a clear £400,000 when he bought young starlet John Chiedozie from Orient for £600,000.

Certainly County are working hard to escape Forest's shadow and earn some limelight for themselves.

JIMMY SIRREL — Notts County manager



FULL STRETCH

Reaching for the heights is 'keeper BOB BOLDER. His eye-catching displays are a vital part of Sheffield Wednesday's bid to reach the top flight.

THE Magic SPONGE

AND A WHOLE LOT MORE

BEHIND—THE—SCENES WITH ARSENAL AND ENGLAND PHYSIO

FRED STREET

They used to be called trainers,' and ran on the pitch with a bucket of ice cold water and a sponge. They would give the injured player a quick soak, an even quicker rub-down, and send him limping back into action.

The player lumbered off, in shin pads that seemed to add inches to his legs, long shorts and a thick woollen shirt.

Now the trainers are called physiotherapists,' and in their magic bag are pain-killing sprays and other modern equipment.

The player's appearance too has changed. Shin pads that are hardly noticeable, lightweight shirts and shorts. All planned to streamline him for ninety minutes of hard running.

Fred Street, the man who keeps Arsenal ticking over a long, hard season, is typical of the modern breed of ' trainer.'

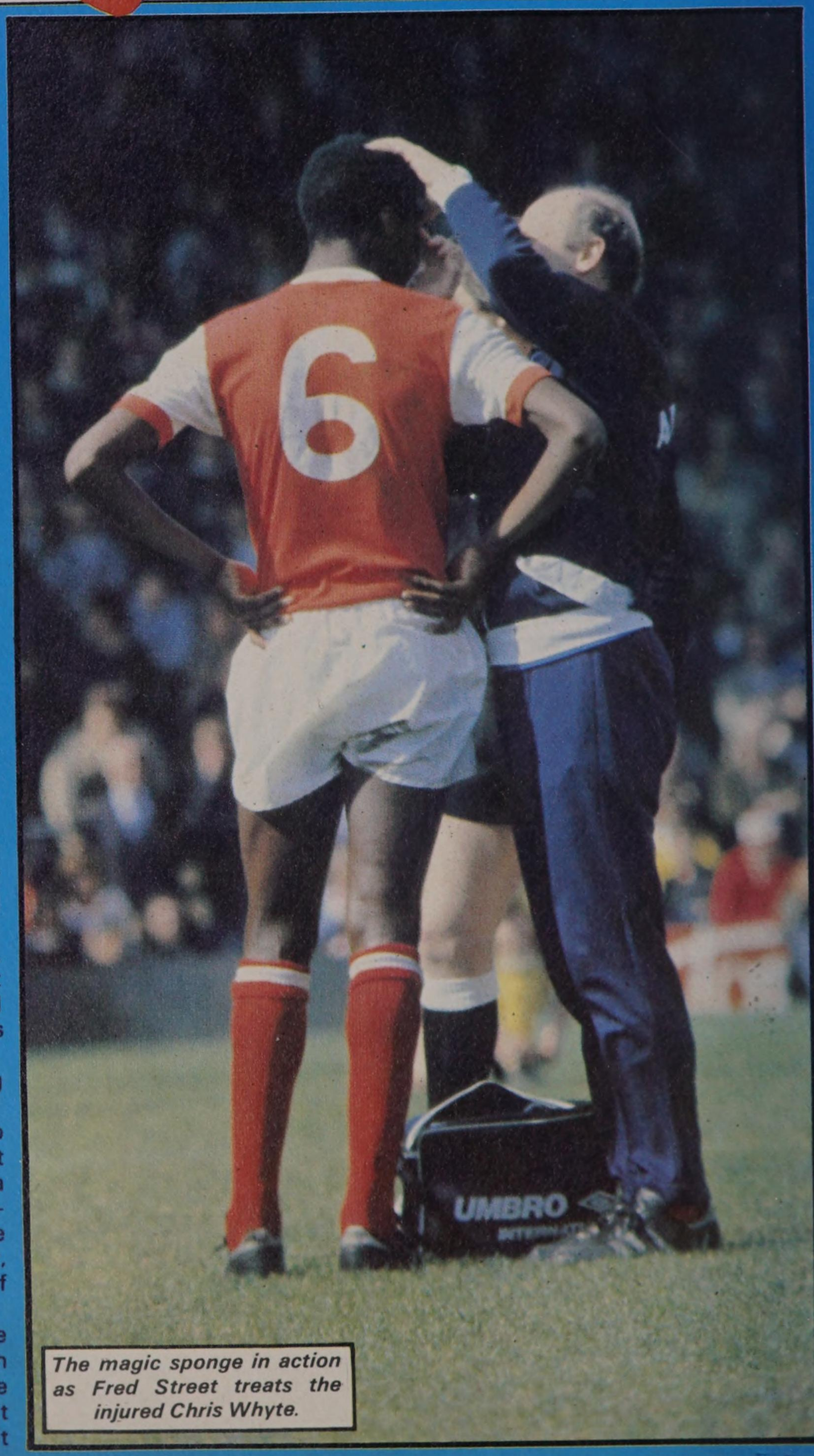
A look into the Arsenal treatment room, shows it's a far cry from the old fashioned trainer's room.

There's short wave diathermy, infra-red machines, radiant heat lamps plus enough pills and potions to stock a doctor's surgery.

" They are all vital in keeping top players fit," says Fred Street.

His skill is vital for a club battling to field their strongest side. Thanks to Fred Street a player who gets a knock in a mid-week game can be fit for the week-end. Or despite a bad injury, be back in the side in a couple of weeks instead of five or six.

Then there's Fred's little magic bag. It does not look much when he runs onto the pitch—certainly nothing like that bucket of ice cold water—but in it



The magic sponge in action as Fred Street treats the injured Chris Whyte.

are all the bits and pieces that are needed to cope with any emergency. A cold wet sponge, a can of pain-killing spray, a towel, tie-ups for stockings, spare laces and studs, smelling salts, Vaseline, a spare set of shirts and shorts, a 'keeper's jersey, capsules to clear the head after a knock that can leave a player groggy.

A must for every physio is the ability to recognise a bad injury. To know immediately if assistance is needed from the club doctor.

Sometimes a trainer can be on the field for a seemingly long time.

"Often it's a case of giving a pain-killing spray," says Fred. "Then a rub down and waiting for the pain to go."

But as important as those moments are on the pitch—it's the treatment room that is so often the heart of the club. Even when the rest of the ground may be deserted, the physio can still be hard at work getting a key player fit for a vital match.

The old fashioned trainer used to be an ex-player, who was drafted onto the trainers' bench.

Nowadays physios like Fred Street learn their skills in medical schools rather than on football pitches.

Fred was born at King's Cross in Arsenal territory, left school at 14 to work as a motor mechanic, served his apprenticeship, then joined the RAF at 17 and served four years as a Sergeant Physical Training instructor.

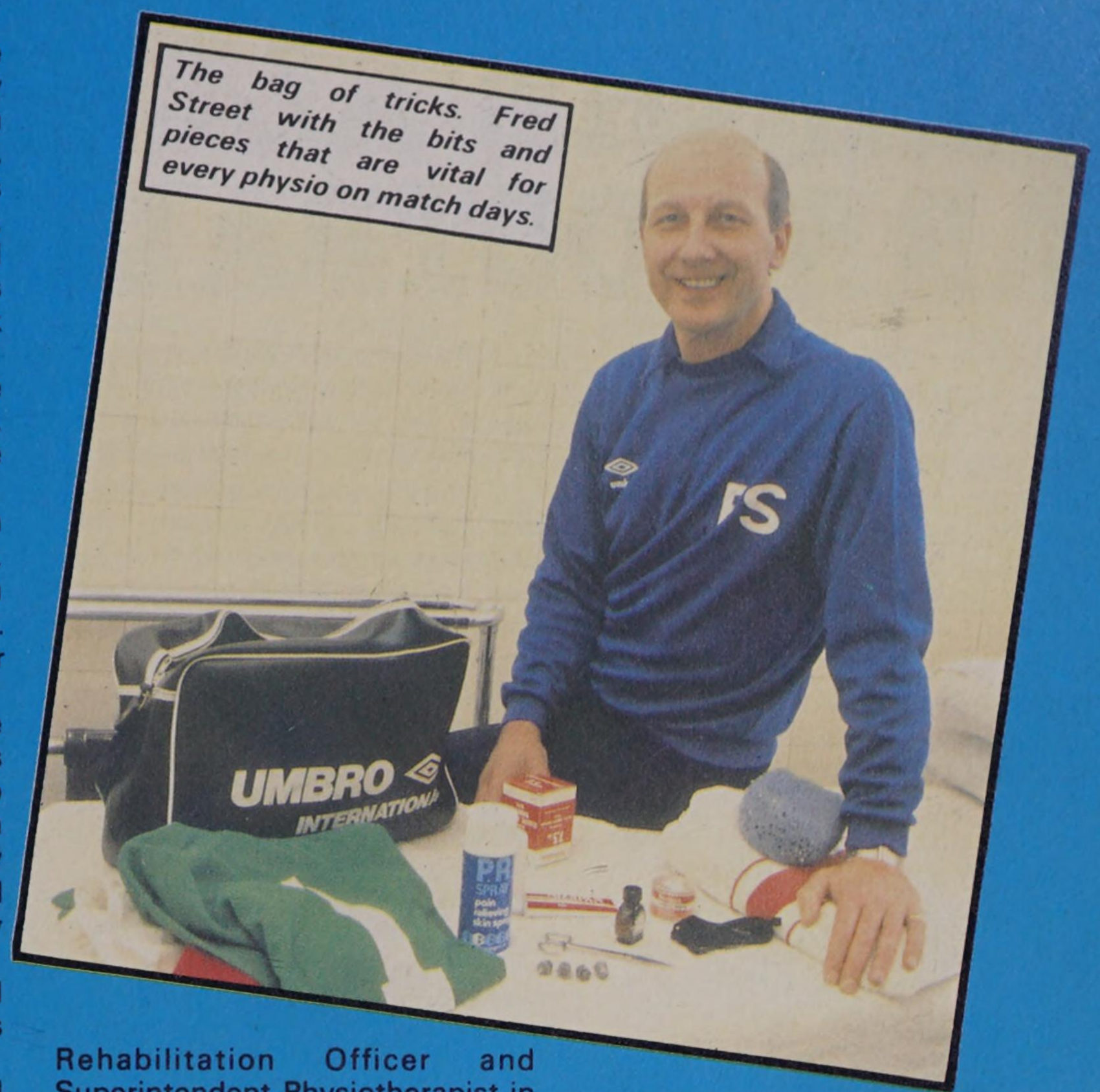
After the RAF he qualified as a Remedial Gymnast, then came a few years studying to be a Chartered Physiotherapist. Then came work in various London hospitals, then three years in Melbourne, Australia, as Rehabilitation Officer and Superintendent Physiotherapist in a new centre developed for epileptic patients.

When he returned to England he took up a post at the Rehabilitation Centre in Camden Town. The same job that Bertie Mee had before moving to Arsenal as physio then, as manager, leading Arsenal to the 1970-71 League and FA Cup double.

It was Bertie Mee who recommended Fred Street to join Stoke City in 1968. Then he joined Arsenal in 1971 and was appointed to the England job in 1974.

Since then Fred has clocked up over one thousand games for the Arsenal, over one hundred for England, and has become a back-room man who is as vital to Arsenal and England as a £1 million player.

Next time you see a 'trainer' run onto the pitch with his little bag you'll know that there is a lot more to his job than a quick rub down with a wet sponge. Years of training, an expert eye and a lot of hard work are the qualities that a top class physio requires. And Fred Street has them all.



The bag of tricks. Fred Street with the bits and pieces that are vital for every physio on match days.

Inside the treatment room. Modern day equipment is a must for every top club—and Arsenal are no exception.

ALL THE ALLENS ARE FOOTBALL DAFT!

WHEN the Allen family from Essex get together there can only be one topic of conversation—football.

With three current professional footballers, two ex-pros and the possibility of others "coming through," the Allens are strong contenders for any "first family of football" awards.

In the spotlight at the moment are Clive Allen of Queen's Park Rangers and his cousin Paul Allen (West Ham). A third cousin Martin Allen is an apprentice at QPR.

The previous generation of the family produced Les Allen, father of Clive, who was a member of the fabulous Spurs "double" side of 1961 and won a host of other honours; and Les's brother Dennis, father of Martin who was an inside-forward in over 350 league matches for Charlton, Reading and Bournemouth.

And still to come is Clive's 10-year-old brother Bradley, who is showing his pedigree in schools football, and promises to be at least as talented as any of the family.

Together the Allen family can boast an impressive array of honours. Les won the League Championship/F.A. Cup double with Spurs, the Division III/League Cup double with Queen's Park Rangers, England Under 23 caps and a Football League representative honour.

Clive has England Schoolboy, England Youth and Under 21 caps plus his cup final appearance with QPR.

Paul has an F.A. Cup winners medal, a Division II Championship medal and 27 England Youth caps—a record by far. Plus the distinction of being the youngest ever F.A. Cup winner at the age of 17 years 265 days. The fact that Paul and Clive played in Cup Finals is a real highlight of the family story.

What they lack in the family is a full international cap—and that has to be the ambition of both Paul and Clive in the near future.

The two cousins are as close as brothers. They're on the telephone to one another at least once a week to talk about football. And every so often the whole family gets together for a chat.

"As long as I can remember the talk in our family has always been about football," says Clive.

"I was too young to see my dad in his best days with Spurs. I

One family's amazing involvement in the game

was born at kick-off time on a Saturday afternoon, two weeks after he helped Spurs clinch the double at Wembley.

"I didn't really start taking things in until he was with Queen's Park Rangers. Some of my earliest memories are of watching him at Wembley helping Rangers win the League Cup by beating West Bromwich Albion.

"By then I was already hooked on the game, and my dad was always taking me over to the park to play football. And on Saturday nights when the family got together it was invaluable experience listening to my dad and my uncles talking about their matches.

"Even without realising it at the time I was getting a really good insight into the game and the right approach to it."

As a youngster Les Allen lived almost on top of the Arsenal stadium at Highbury, and was a regular on the terraces from an early age.

But the family later moved to East London, and now most of the non-playing members are West Ham fans.

"The day West Ham won the cup in 1980, with Paul in the side, was one of our biggest and best family parties." says Clive.

Just a few weeks after that triumph, there was further drama in the Allen household. A phone call told Clive that Arsenal had agreed a fee with Queen's Park Rangers for a transfer that would make him the first teenager to rate the million pound tag.

His father sent him away for the night to escape the pressures and think over the move in peace and quiet—and the transfer was completed the next day.

A few weeks later came the turn-around with Arsenal swapping Clive for Crystal Palace full-back Kenny Sansom.

It was at this time that the strong family ties supported the youngster through all the confusion of his short stay at Highbury, and the disastrous season with Palace.

"Being part of a footballing family undoubtedly helped me." says Clive. "I was always able to go home to talk to people who could really understand what the pressures and problems were.

"It was still a crash course in growing up, and I'm glad to have come through it all a better and more mature player."

Then last season Paul had a big decision to make. He had established a first team spot at West Ham at the start of their first season back in Division I, and was playing outstandingly in a successful side.

But he was wanted by the England Youth team to captain the side in the FIFA World Championships in Australia.

" Paul and I talked a lot about the trip. It was a big decision for him. If he went with England it meant giving up a first team place at West Ham that he might not get back," says Clive.

" But taking part in the World Championship in Australia was the chance of a lifetime. He would never get the same chance again. I said to Paul I thought he might always regret it if he turned down the trip.

" That was his view too, and I think it was a great experience for him."

Paul Allen has tremendous experience for a youngster just turned 20. His trips with the England Youth side have taken him all over Europe as well as Australia.

" I love to see the different places. I think you can learn so much from travelling around." says Paul.

Paul Allen is a year younger than cousin Clive, but they grew up together in football terms.

Paul's father Ron—he played amateur and army football before a broken knee-cap ended his professional ambitions—ran a junior team at Aveley in Essex.

Clive played against Paul several times with his Havering junior team.

" When Uncle Les was manager of Queen's Park Rangers, Clive and I would go to the matches together. A few years later we travelled across London to train with Rangers when we were 13 or 14," says Paul.

" There were lots of clubs after Clive. He went up to Ipswich to train, and had spells at Spurs, before he decided to sign for Rangers.

" I trained for a bit with Crystal Palace, where the junior coach was John Cartwright, now manager of the England Youth team, and had a trial with Arsenal.

" Then I began going to West Ham on Tuesday and Thursday nights and signed as an apprentice when I left school."

They are both level-headed youngsters with a sensible approach to their success. Clive's " cut " of his various transfer moves is safely invested in pension schemes and other long term plans.

" Money has never been that important to me. I'd rather be sure of having some England caps in the cupboard than cash in the bank," says Clive.

Paul Allen has the same approach. Reaching the top in football is more important than getting rich.

" Of all the honours that have been won by the family we still don't have a full England cap," says Paul.

" I dream of playing for the full England side. I think to play for England in the World Cup is the summit of any player's career.

" It's my ambition to play for England. I work at my game all the time, and that England cap is always in my sights."

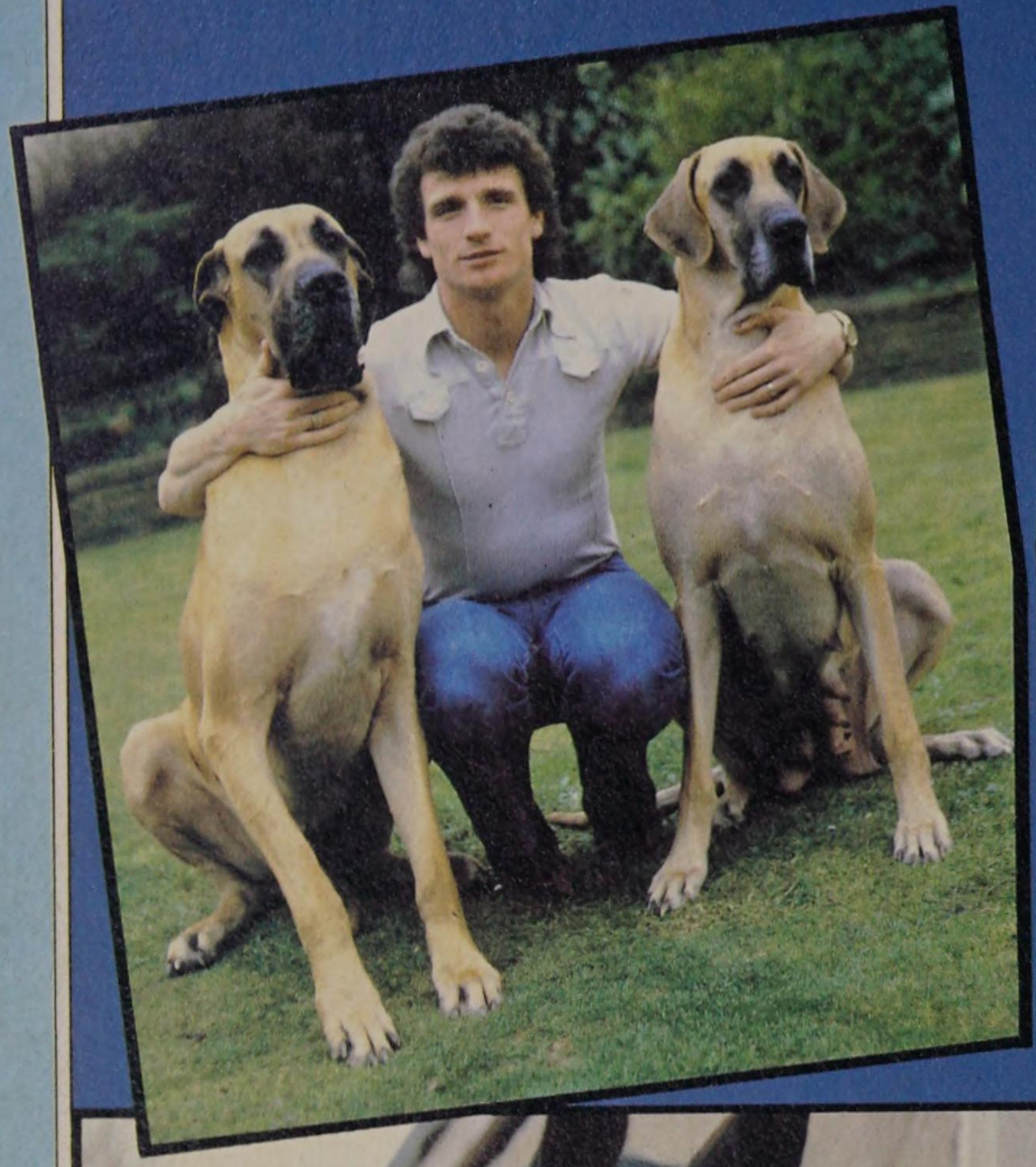
Paul and Clive Allen are both on course to achieve that ambition—backed by a family which knows better than most what professional football is all about.

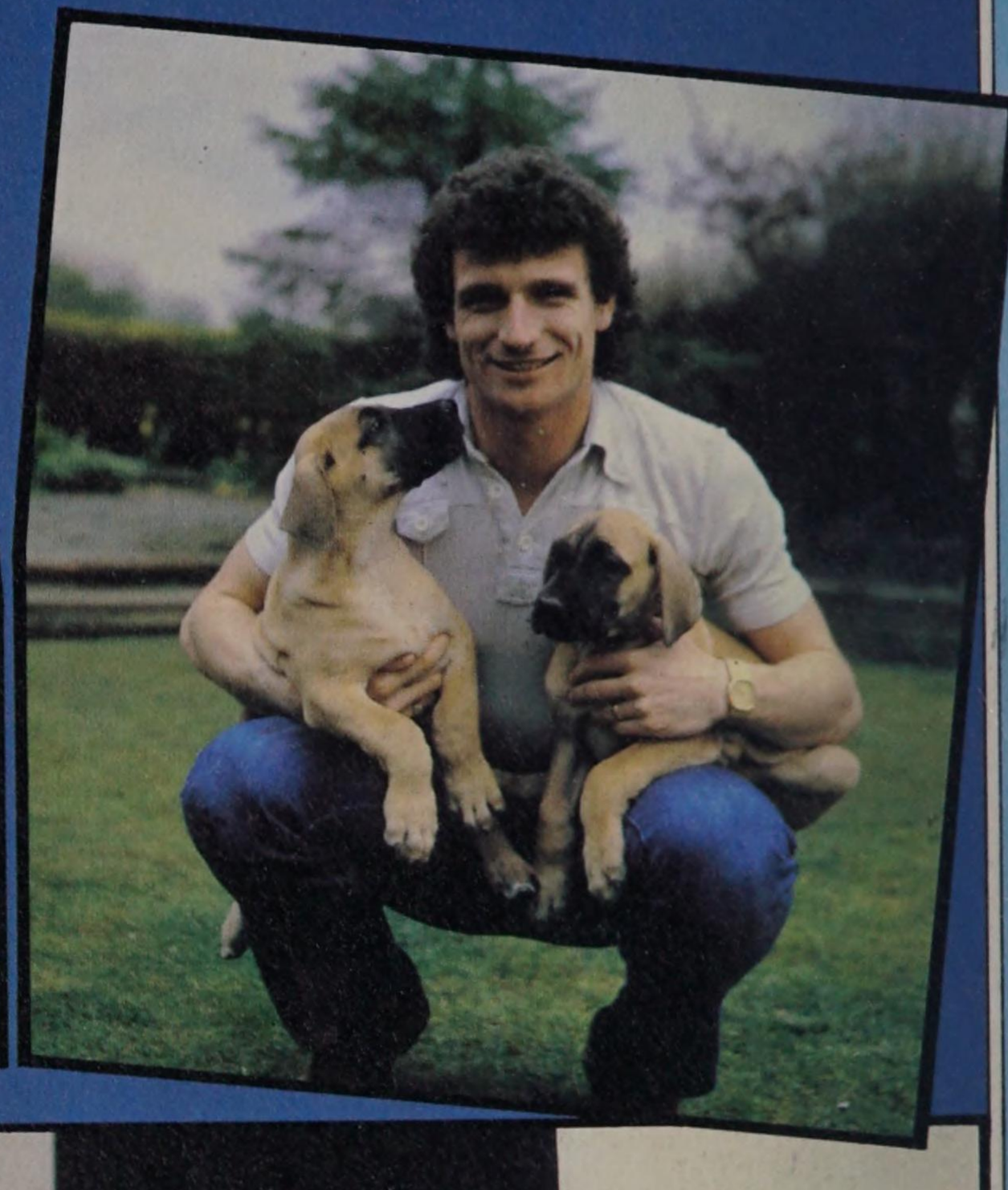
The Allen trade mark — the tell-tale tongue! Shown by both Clive (left) and Paul.

MY FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS

When he's not playing his role as a key man in Everton's promising young team, Trevor Ross has his hands full looking after another bunch of up-and-comers.

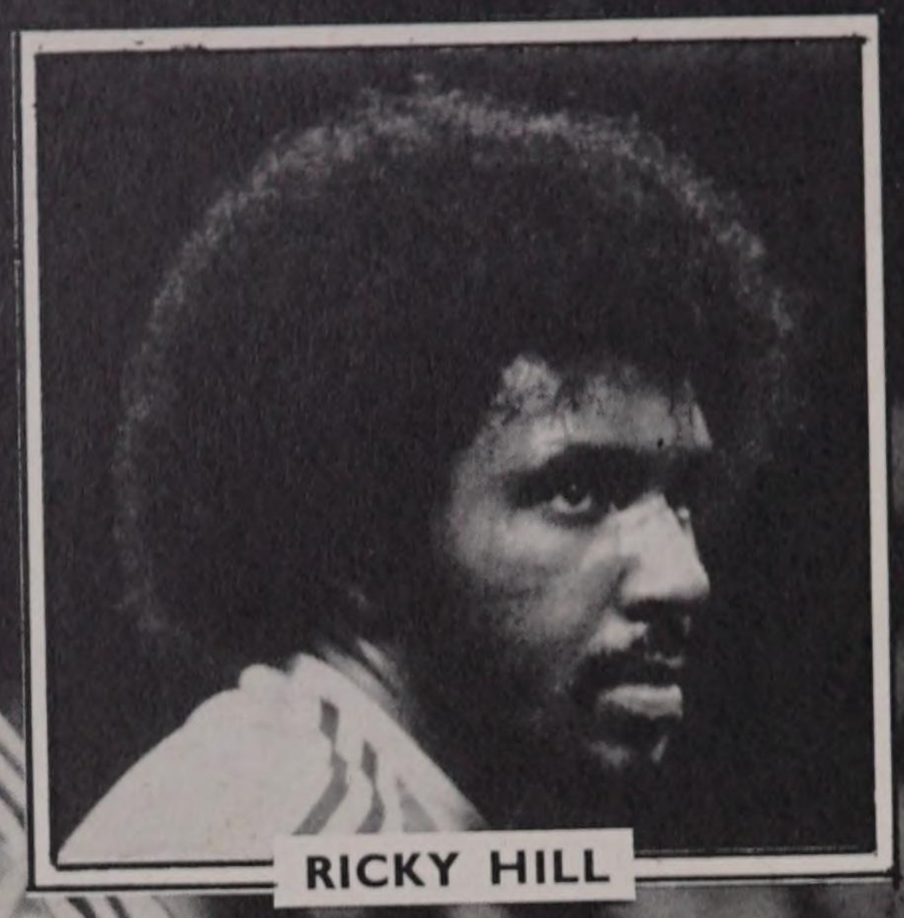
With two horses—Scoresby and Little Moses—two Great Danes Sundance and Sally, plus TEN Great Dane puppies, to look after, Trevor finds that life off the field is just as hectic as when he's playing.





GREG DOWNS

Norwich City



RICKY HILL

BRIAN STEIN

IT took me 13 years as a professional footballer to reach the First Division, but now I'm there I'm going to enjoy every minute.

I began my career with a small club on the crest of a wave. I joined Swindon Town a few weeks after they had won the Football League Cup at Wembley, and won promotion to the Second Division. Now I hope to bow out with Luton on a high note.

My contract runs out at the end of this season, and I will see how things develop before deciding my future, but I'm not ending my career just yet.

THIRTEEN

I played in America for Tampa Bay last year and the prospect of going back to the States attracts me—if the game has not collapsed over there by next year.

I was a bit sad when I heard the Americans had fallen into line with FIFA regulations and abandoned their experiments with the 35 yard off-side rule and a few other refinements they've tried.

With football all round the world suffering from a drop in attendances, I think it's a good plan to try new ideas in a competitive league, to find out if they would benefit the game.

I'd certainly welcome the American off-side rule if it was tried over here. With no off-side possible until 35 yards from goal, defences are not able to push right up to the half-way line, and that means there is more space in mid-field.

One of the problems in our game is the over-crowding in the middle of the field. Creative players are stifled by weight of numbers.

That can't happen under the American system—unless the defending side takes a risk. It makes for a more entertaining and open game.

The other American idea is the "shoot-out" to decide drawn

games. Players have a set time in which to beat the 'keeper from the 35 yard range, by whatever method they choose.

I only ever took one—against New York Cosmos in the league play-offs—and managed to score.

It made a change from the normal type of penalty kick. It certainly suited the American demand for goals and excitement.

The traditional style penalty is more my speciality. I took a few at Swindon, but it's only since I joined Luton that I've become a recognised penalty taker.

Last season I converted eleven kicks from the spot to help us win promotion. I learned one thing early on as a penalty taker. Never change your mind!

I missed a few of my early penalties because I began trying to place my kick according to which way the goalkeeper was going to move. And just ended up confusing myself.

Now I make up my mind where I'm going to hit the ball when I place it on the spot—and stick to it.

I try to put a bit of pace on the ball rather than place it too carefully. I miss the odd one or two—but I think I have the soundest method.

The shoot-out style used to decide drawn games in the States is not so easy. You have to decide whether to dribble round the 'keeper or take the ball close and then shoot. I don't know if it would catch on in Britain.

What I would like to see us copy from the Americans is the way football matches become a family day out. Of course over there the weather plays a part. But it becomes a real family outing—mum, dad and the kids make a day of it.

At Luton we've tried to encourage family groups. I'm sure that's the way we must go in the future to halt the drop in attendances. Make the grounds a place for the whole family to attend and enjoy without the threat of hooliganism.

When I left Tampa last year I stuck my neck out and said that Luton would definitely win promotion. It was great the way things worked.

I believe we have tremendous potential among the younger players at the club—like right-back Kirk Stephens, mid-field player Ricky Hill, and striker Brian Stein.

YEAR WAIT

But it was all worthwhile says Luton's DAVID MOSS

These lads have the chance to make their mark quite early in their careers. As I said I waited 13 years to get into the First Division, and at one time I'd given up hope of getting there.

At Swindon Town I was a goalscoring winger in the days when everyone was saying there were none of that type around.

In two seasons I scored something like 45 goals for Swindon from the wing, and I was desperate for a First Division club to take a chance on me. None did—because Swindon refused to let me go for a long time.

Eventually Luton signed me, and at first I must admit I was disappointed it wasn't a bigger club.

I would have given anything to have joined a First Division side, But it very soon became clear that Luton were building carefully, on and off the field, for a First Division future.

Now we have achieved the target, and I feel we are there to stay. Last time Luton won promotion they came straight back down, and it proved a financial disaster.

The club came within a whisker of folding up because they over-stretched financially in going into the top grade.

This time things are better, and we have a good enough team to stay up.

I believe we can become a similar team to Ipswich Town. A club that had no real football tradition before reaching the First Division, but has built steadily and sensibly all along the way.

Swindon might have done the same if they had managed to hang on longer in the Second Division after their League Cup and promotion double.

But we were relegated before we could establish a place in the Second.

When I joined the club the big star was left-winger Don Rogers. One of the few genuine goalscoring wingers of the time.

He was the inspiration to me when I was a youngster and when I was invited to join Swindon as a professional I was thrilled.

My big regret was not being able to watch Swindon win the League Cup at Wembley—when Don Rogers was the match winner against Arsenal.

I was playing that day for Witney Town. In those days, after leaving school I sometimes played three or more matches at weekends.

Two games on a Saturday and one on the Sunday for Witney Town, for the Oxfordshire County side and another local team.

After leaving school I worked in an office for six months while waiting to sign as a professional for Swindon. That showed me the other side of life. Taught me how lucky professional footballers are to be able to earn a living at the sport.

I think that's something some young players don't appreciate these days. You can't afford to take anything for granted in football.

I have always worked hard in training, and stayed behind afterwards to practise my shooting. It has paid off for me. And even after 13 seasons I'm hoping to learn something new from playing in the First Division.

PAUL DYSON
Coventry City

MARK GOODWIN

Notts County

THREE DAY!

I MUST be the only man in football who won two promotions in the space of a day. And during that 24 hour period I was a registered player with three different clubs!

I woke one morning as a Third Division striker with Bristol City. I signed a piece of paper that took me into Division Two with Newcastle United, then put my signature to a contract that made me a Birmingham City player. If all that sounds a bit complicated, let me explain.

I was playing at Ashton Gate when then City manager Roy Hodgson told me Ron Saunders, who had just taken over as Birmingham boss, wanted to buy me.

Trouble was, Bristol and my previous club, Newcastle, were still involved in the financial settlement of the transfer that took me from St James's Park to the West Country at the start of last season.

It was suggested that Newcastle 'buy me back' for the original £150,000 fee, then Birmingham would purchase me from United at the same price.

So on the morning of the transfer deadline last March, I reported to St Andrew's and signed a contract which technically made me a Newcastle player. Then I achieved my second 'promotion' of the day by becoming Ron Saunders' first buy for his new club.

To say it was an unusual day is putting it mildly. I could scarcely believe I was wanted by a top flight club in the first place.

I'd dropped from Second Division Newcastle to Third Division Bristol after just five months and four goals for the

MICK HARFORD

CLUBS IN ONE

The amazing transfer tale of Birmingham City's MICK HARFORD

Geordie club. My move there from Lincoln hadn't worked out as well as I'd hoped. It was a homecoming that misfired.

You see, I'm a North-Easterner. I played with Lincoln for five years and the prospect of returning to the area I was born in was like a dream.

I'm from Sunderland and had supported the Roker Park outfit as a kid. But even so, the Newcastle move seemed marvellous.

In fact, the school I attended in Sunderland — St Joseph's — had a tremendous record for producing footballers.

At the time I was there, I played for school teams alongside Kevin Dillon (now my team-mate at Birmingham), Mike Hazard of Spurs and Kevin Young, who plays for Burnley.

We all slipped through the scouting net of the local clubs. So many youngsters seem to get away from the area to be picked up by outfits around the country.

But my return north was a disappointment for both myself and my family. I never really played well and had the additional problem of being out of the side at the start of my time there because I was cup-tied. When Bristol City came for me I thought it was best I moved on.

City had just been relegated to Division Three, but I looked at their staff, at players like Geoff Merrick, Chris Garland and Trevor Tainton, and thought they had a genuine chance of bouncing straight back to the Second.

Of course, I couldn't have imagined what would happen during my first few months with the club.

There were terrible financial problems which ended with the club almost folding. Players like those I've mentioned were given free transfers. Eight in all were told they had to leave.

It cut the club in half. Youngsters who couldn't get into the reserve side at the start of the campaign were tossed into what had become a relegation struggle.

Strangely enough, I was enjoying my football more than I had at Newcastle. I was playing better and scoring goals again.

Ron Saunders obviously didn't sign me up on my Newcastle form, so he must have been impressed with what I was doing at Ashton Gate. In fact, we played Mr Saunders' previous club, Aston Villa, in the FA Cup and I had a decent match. His interest may have stemmed from that.

In any case, it was a tremendous compliment to be his first signing. After all, he was manager of the year at Villa when they won the title. To be part of his rebuilding programme is a great honour.

I hope now I'll be able to settle down. I seem to have been living out of a suitcase for the last couple of years.

When I was in Lincoln I was living in digs. I decided it was time I bought a house. I moved in—then three weeks later I was transferred to Newcastle!

Then I lived with my parents in Sunderland and eventually managed to purchase a house for myself. Six weeks later I was on my way to Bristol.

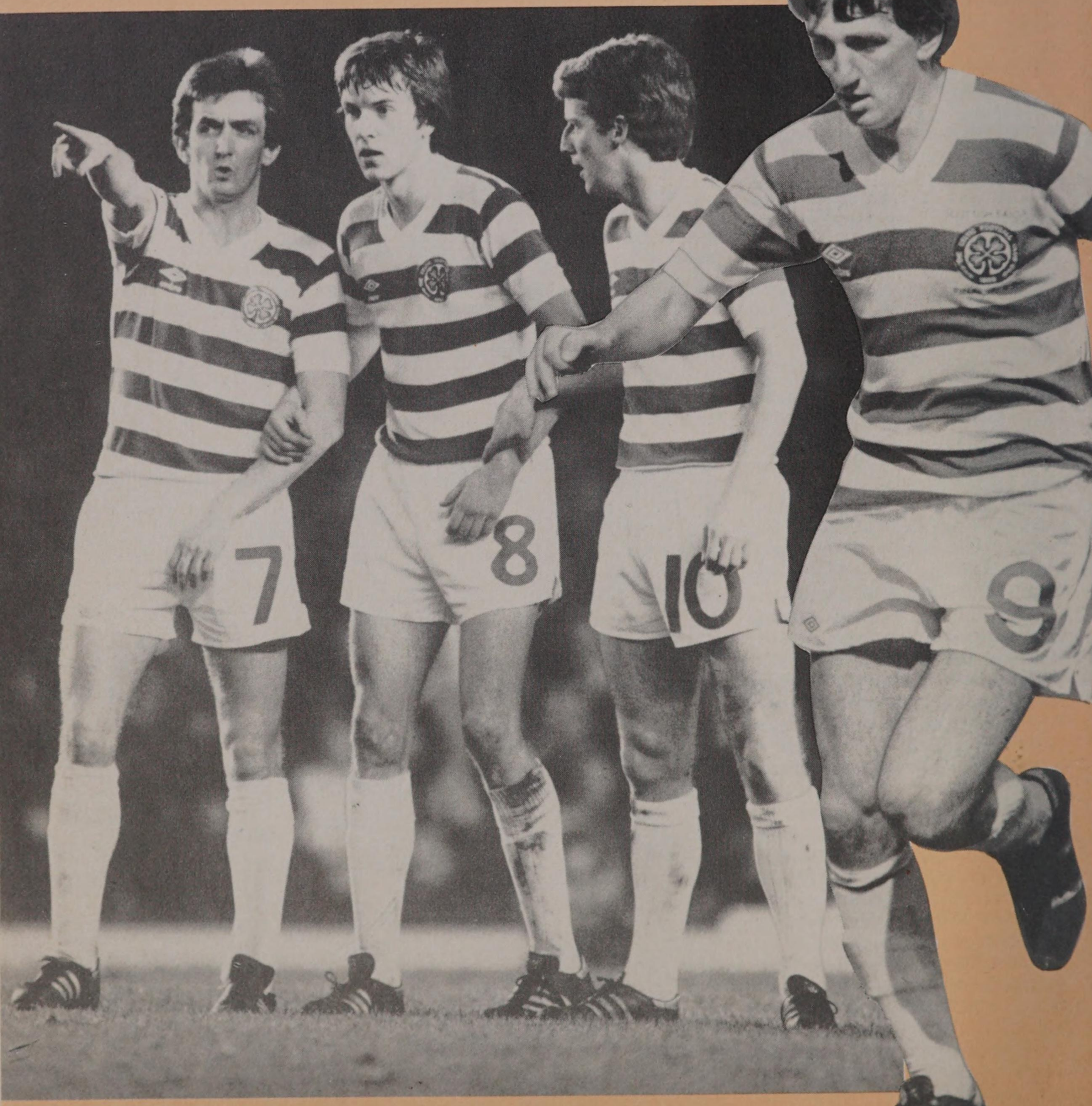
I didn't even have time to find a house in that area. I lived in a hotel and the club's flat prior to Birmingham coming for me.

So now I'm looking for a more permanent future with this club. After all the ups and downs of the last couple of years I'd just like to dig myself in here and help revive the club that has given me a big opportunity.

RON SAUNDERS— his first signing

COME IN, NUMBER NINE!

Seems that Celtic believe in the numbers game when it comes to lining up a wall—but someone's failed to report for duty. The toe-the-line trio are Dom Sullivan (7), John Weir (8) and Tommy Burns (10). Missing is George McCluskey—arriving at the gallop!



Flower throwing was only one of the highlights of the spectacular opening ceremony.

Algeria's Belloumi celebrates the goal that gave his side their shock win over West Germany.

SPAIN WAS SPECIAL

With more teams taking part than ever before, with bigger crowds plus a vast television audience—the 1982 World Cup in Spain made new records in every department.

Controversy, too, was never far away. The " draw " for the first phase games was accompanied by bickering and confusion. The participation of the home countries was in doubt right up to the last minute. Doubt, too, about the behaviour of the fans led to special precautions being taken by the Spanish authorities, including the provision of special " cells " for trouble makers!

Another headache for the organisers was the rush to have the grounds ready in time. It was a desperate race against the clock—but at last everything was ready.

Then it was down to football—and the shocks began! Teams like Algeria, Honduras, Kuwait, Cameroon, brought a refreshing approach—with undoubtedly pride of place going to Algeria who in their first game defeated the highly fancied West Germans.

More surprises were in store when holders Argentina, host country Spain, and then Brazil made their exit. The South American challenge came to an end even before the semi-final stage.

Then in the semi-finals came the match that many regarded as THE game of the entire competition—the epic encounter between France and Germany. A dramatic penalty decider was needed before Germany just got through to meet Italy in the final.

In the end it was the blue shirts from Italy that triumphed. Conquerors of Brazil and Argentina, they were too good for West Germany in a final that was never a classic, but underlined once again the value to the Italians of Paolo Rossi. Six goals altogether in the competition—including three against Brazil, and then that vital opening score in the final itself.

So the 1982 World Cup came to a close. It had its moments of drama and controversy, heartbreak and jubilation and each of the three home countries had had their share of that! None of them had anything tangible to show for their efforts—but each in their own way had moments of success. Just how all three faced up to their battle for World Cup glory can be seen from the special reports on the following pages.

Italy's goal-scoring hero Paolo Rossi (left) scores the goal that put favourites Brazil out of the World Cup.

The controversial draw for the first phase games.

UNBEATEN-

Disappointment Ends The High Hopes Of England's World Cup Challengers

WORLD CUP 1982 is just a fading motley of memories for the 22 players who carried England's colours to Spain. Memories they will recall in future with a mixture of pleasure and pain, delight and disappointment.

A tournament in which England failed to reach the semi-finals although they were unbeaten in five matches, and conceded only one goal.

Arsenal defender Kenny Sansom was one of England's heroes in Spain. What are the memories he'll treasure in future years?

"There are so many little things I'll always remember. In some ways it's those that stick in your mind the longest," says Kenny.

"But overall what I'll always remember is just being part of the same tournament as players like Zico and Maradona.

"In our hotel we used to watch as many of the other games as we could. Either live on television, or on video.

"I'd sit there watching Brazil, or Argentina, or Italy and all of a sudden I'd think to myself, 'I could be playing against them soon. I'm part of this tournament.'

"I'm sure that to play in the World Cup has got to be the greatest experience of any player's career. The whole set-up, the atmosphere, is fantastic.

"But as I say what lingers in your mind are the little things.

"Like walking out for the opening match against France in Bilbao and picking out my wife Elaine and daughter Natalie in the crowd. Giving them a wave and getting one back.

"Little Natalie is my inspiration. I never play well unless she's there—and she's only two years old. I reckon she's seen more football matches than any other kid of her age. She never misses an Arsenal match.

"In that game against France I got cramp in the closing stage. I was so exhausted I could do nothing about it.

"Before I knew it the French star Michel Platini was holding my legs, trying to help me. Pushing my feet up to ease the cramp.

"I'll always remember the sportsmanship of that moment, because we were leading 3-1 and the French were shattered.

"On the other hand I'll never forget the disappointment at the end of the competition, walking off the pitch knowing we'd gone out of the tournament without being beaten."

For all the England players, the opening match against France will provide the lasting memory. For every player, it was their first taste of World Cup final action. And there were many moments to remember.

The day dawning hot and humid . . . a complete contrast to the previous six days in Bilbao which were cool and cloudy.

The temperature in the San Mames stadium climbing to 93 degrees in the shade, and over 110 on the pitch.

Dr Vernon Edwards, the team doctor, going round the dressing-room handing out special salt and glucose drinks and tablets.

And that amazing opening goal in just 27 seconds, scored by Bryan Robson. Steve Coppell takes up that story.

"The day before playing France we worked on set-pieces involving the long throw to Terry Butcher on the near post, and his flick on into the goal-mouth.

"But we practised it only on the left with Kenny Sansom who has the longest throw in the squad," says Steve.

"But just as we were going out of the dressing-room Ron Greenwood said, 'Don't forget Stevie Coppell has a good throw in. If we get the chance try the set-piece from the right as well.'

"When we kicked off I saw the ball played back to Ray Wilkins, and set off down the touchline knowing he would play the ball inside the full-back—it's a Manchester United set-piece.

"When I ran against the French defender Bossis I knew I could get a yard on him, but he just managed to turn the ball out for a throw.

"I remembered Ron's words, and saw Terry Butcher come up. It was so early in the match my hands were still dry. I knew it was a chance to get a good grip on the ball for a long throw.

"I aimed at Terry, he got the touch, and Robbo was all on his own in front of goal, saying 'Thank you very much'."

It was the quickest goal in World Cup final history, and paved the way for England's victory. For although France got an equaliser, they had to work so hard to get it they had nothing left in the second half.

After the match the team doctor weighed every player and calculated an average loss of around 7 or 8 lbs—with Paul Mariner lighter at the final whistle by 11 lbs. That represents eight pints of fluid.

"Goodness knows what we'd have lost without the half-time drinks," says Kenny Sansom. "I must have drunk at least seven cups of lemonade during half-time."

For Ray Wilkins the outstanding memory of the trip was the dressing-room atmosphere after the French match.

"It's a feeling I'll never forget. Everybody was on a 'high' after winning our first match," says Ray.

"We'd arrived in Spain as outsiders, and people were saying we were lucky to be there. Nobody was expecting anything better

-BUT OUT!

than a draw with France, the same with Czechoslovakia, and a victory over Kuwait.

"Suddenly we'd opened with a convincing win, and everybody knew we weren't in Spain just to make up the numbers.

"We realised at that moment that we could do well in the tournament. All the lads were exhausted but they were singing and jumping about. It was a fantastic moment."

There are many other memories for the England squad. Of the first morning's training in Bilbao when the Athletic Bilbao training ground was guarded by an armoured personnel carrier, a dozen national police vans and more civil guards, all sporting sub-machine guns or rifles.

Of Bryan Robson's five hour stint on a space invader in the team's hotel—without another player being able to get a turn.

Of the local people in Bilbao waving and cheering from balconies as England arrived in Spain to begin their World Cup campaign.

Of the fantastic team spirit and morale right through the 22 man England squad that lasted to the final day of the trip.

And finally of the crushing disappointment of failing to score the two goals against Spain that would have put England into the semi-final.

"I enjoyed every moment of playing in the World Cup. But it was very depressing and disappointing to hear the final whistle in the Spain match and know that we were out," says Kenny Sansom.

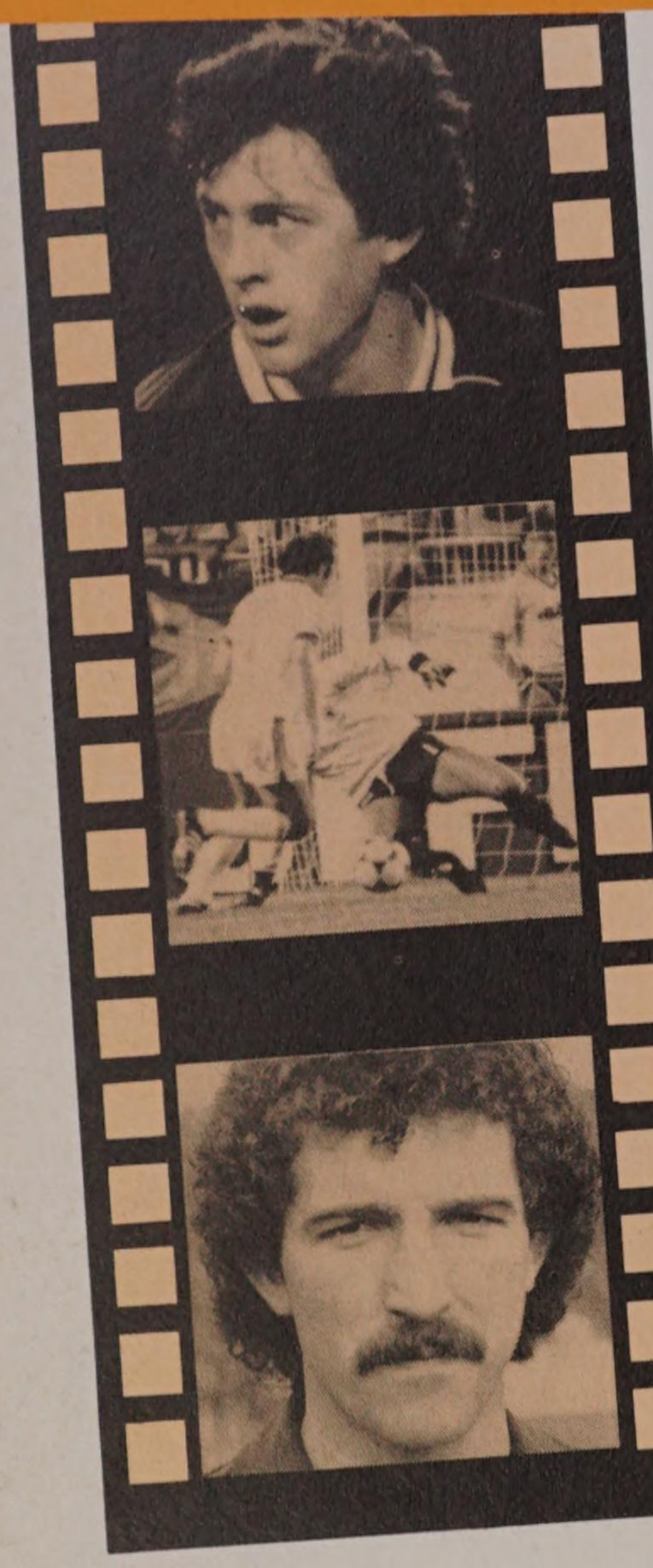
"Up to the last seconds we still felt we could do it. I had one eye on the clock and until 45 minutes showed for the second half I was confident we could get the result we needed.

"We know we were one of the best sides in the competition. Now we are determined to win the European Championship in two years time—that'll make up for the heartbreak of coming so close in Spain."

STEVE COPPELL—in the centre of the action in the opening World Cup game against France.

POWER SHOOTING STUNS SCOTLAND

BRAZILIAN MAGIC TRIUMPHS IN SEVILLE



THE drums were beating. The horns were blowing. The ticker-tape was flying through the air, covering the carefully laid out notes of the pressmen. For the fourth time that night they had just been showered with champagne from the terracing tier directly above their vantage point in the Benito Villamarin Stadium in Seville.

Falcao had just given the delirious Brazilian fans more to cheer about with a delightfully struck shot which went past Scotland's Alan Rough and into the net off the right hand post.

Brazil were 4-1 up. Scotland had lost to the team regarded by many as the most attractive and skilful in the entire tournament. Scotland had tried to match the world's best and a support consisting of upwards of 25,000 fans, many arriving in Scotland strips, thousands more returning to their homes proudly wearing the gold and green tops of Brazil, had given them tremendous encouragement.

But for once, the Scots support had been overshadowed. The Scotland songs were instantly drowned out whenever their supporters tried to compete with the singing, drum-playing fans of Brazil.

But, like everything else they did throughout their stay in sunny Spain, they accepted the upstaging in the best possible manner, causing S.F.A. secretary Ernie Walker to reflect as much pride in the supporters as in the performances of the players.

And there was a lot to be proud of in the way Jock Stein's men performed in the three matches they participated in. The football side of the trip started in a tiny village by the name of Torralto in the Portuguese Algarve, watched by a few hundred holidaymakers.

Against a team made up of the local waiters, taxi drivers, etc, Graeme Souness opened the scoring for the Scotland side with a sweetly struck shot from outside the area.

Two weeks later, the same player repeated the feat in front of 46,000 in the dying minutes of Scotland's final World Cup match against Russia. Unfortunately, it came too late to save Scotland from an early exit from the competition. It was a campaign that had started promisingly enough.

3-0 up against New Zealand at half time in the opening match was very acceptable. At the same time, in another part of Spain, Hungary were leading El Salvador by the same margin. At the end of the match, Hungary were celebrating a record-breaking 10-1 victory. Scotland, on the other hand, were relieved to escape the Rosaleda Stadium in Malaga with two points and a 5-2 win, having allowed the Kiwis to pull back to 3-2 at one stage in the match. Thanks to a brilliantly worked free-kick and a Steve Archibald header, the Scots had then pulled away again.

The fear in the Scotland camp then was that those two goals would prove very costly, and that's just how it turned out.

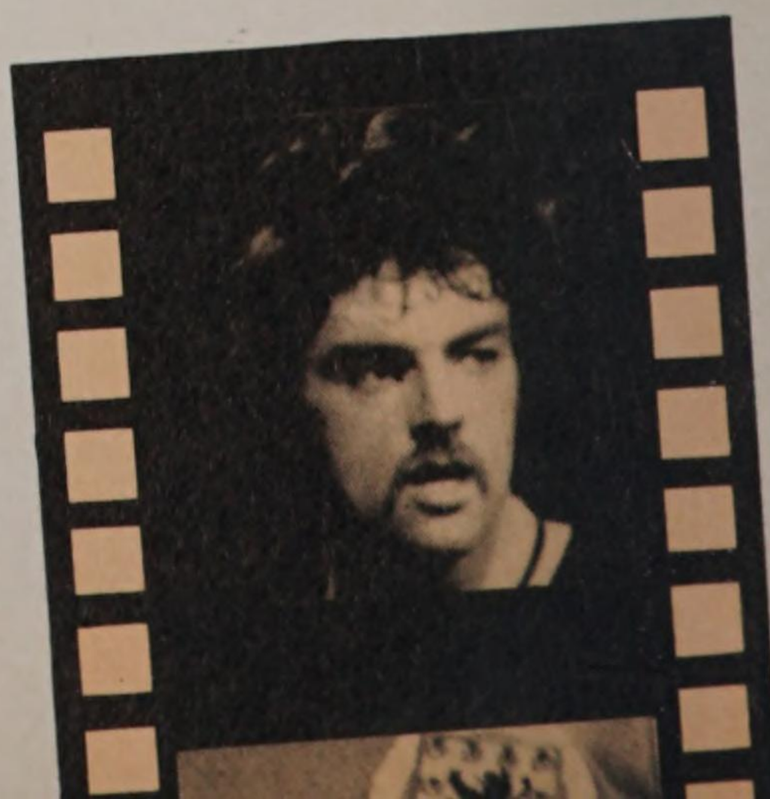
Subsequent results involving the other rank outsiders, Honduras, Kuwait, and especially Algeria made that opening result look quite encouraging. Perhaps it wasn't a bad scoreline after all?

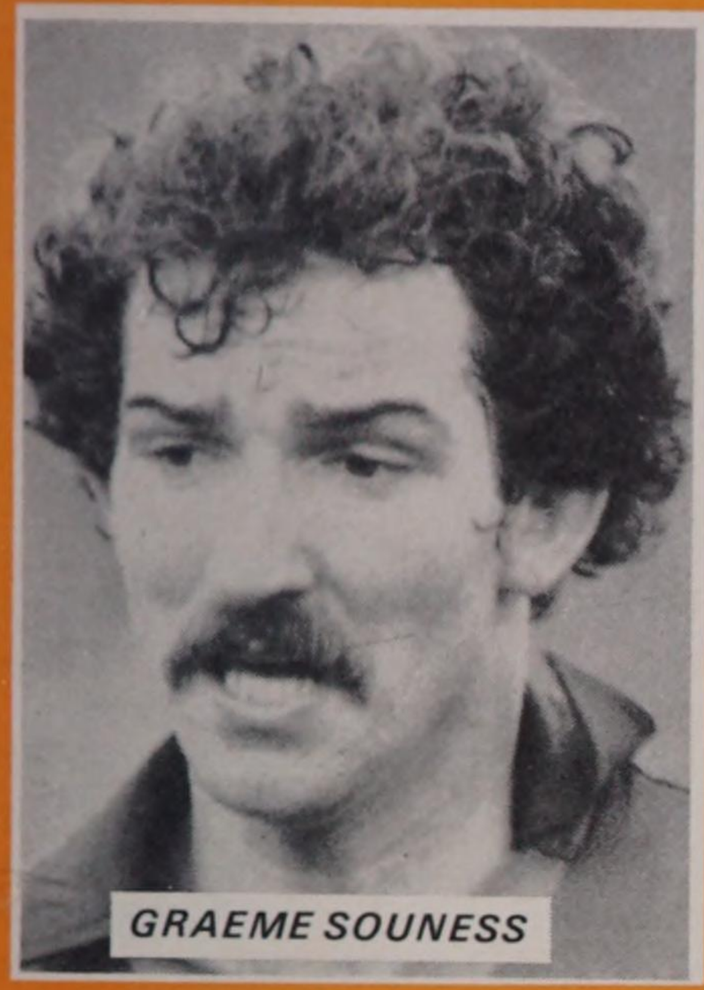
The Brazilian game in Seville came hard on the heels of the New Zealand encounter.

For the first half hour against Brazil it even looked as though Scotland could achieve the impossible, and not only beat them, but beat them at their own game, playing a brand of silky, one touch football which would have caused any impartial spectator arriving late at the stadium to enquire which team was Scotland and which the mighty Brazilians?

David Narey's wonder goal was the highlight of that spell. But the skill shown by every one of the Scots in the early part of that match was surely one of the best performances ever by a Scotland side.

A combination of the searing heat, it was between 86 degrees and ninety throughout the entire match, and the lethal finishing




GRAEME SOUNESS

power of Zico, Oscar, Eder, and finally Falcao, meant a scoreline which did not do Scotland justice.

But the performance gave them heart for the big one, the 'Cup Tie' as Jock Stein called it, against Russia the following Tuesday.

Having pulled off a comfortable win over New Zealand in the meantime, the Russians could afford the luxury of a draw against Scotland and still qualify for round two. And, that's just how the meeting in Malaga ended.

A tragic collision between Alan Hansen and Willie Miller gave Russia the lead with only five minutes left after Scotland's hopes had been raised by an early Joe Jordan counter.

Souness's late equaliser, welcome as it was, was not enough. Stunned is not a sufficient term to describe the feeling which enveloped every Scot in Malaga and at home that night.

John Wark was so shattered after the match, he actually walked onto the Russian team coach by accident, and helped himself to a bottle of beer from the fridge before realising his error. That just about summed things up. It should have been Scotland making the journey to Barcelona for round two, not Russia. Instead, it was back to the seventy long miles to the hotel, reflecting on all that might have been, could have been, and indeed, should have been.

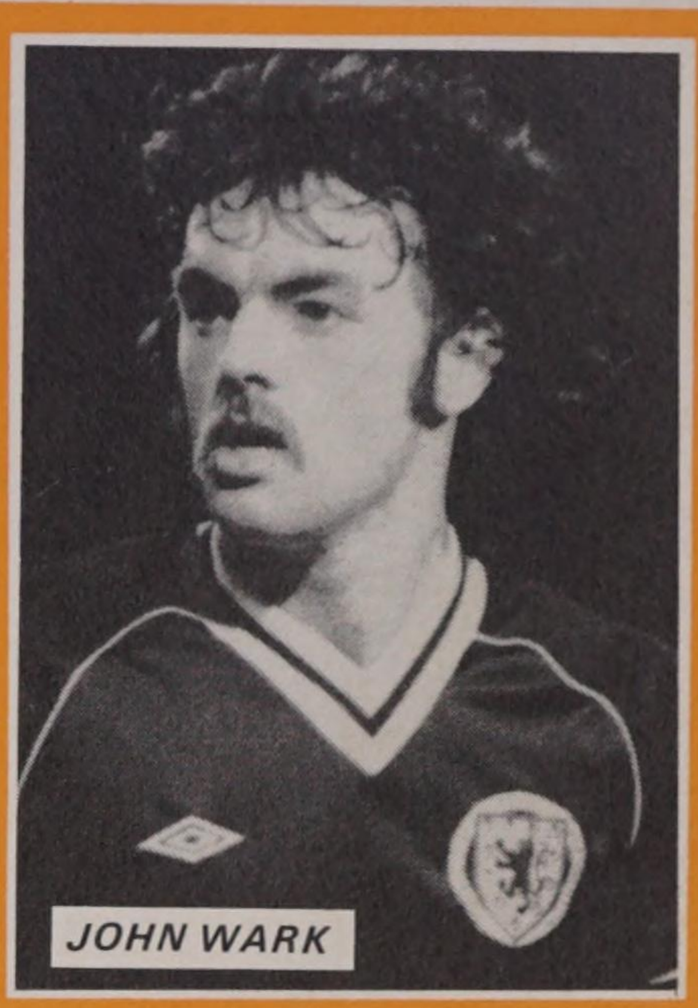
The next morning, surprisingly, Jock Stein and the players, could all raise a smile. It may not have been their finest hour in terms of qualifying for the second phase of the finals for the first time in four attempts. But from the build up in Penina in Portugal, to the preparation in Sotogrande, to the three games themselves, Scotland had given their best.

In the end it wasn't enough. Jock Stein conceded Scotland could never win the World Cup. But they had proved they could compete, and compete with pride.

Scotland had shown they were capable of making headlines for their exploits on the field, not because of their activities off it.

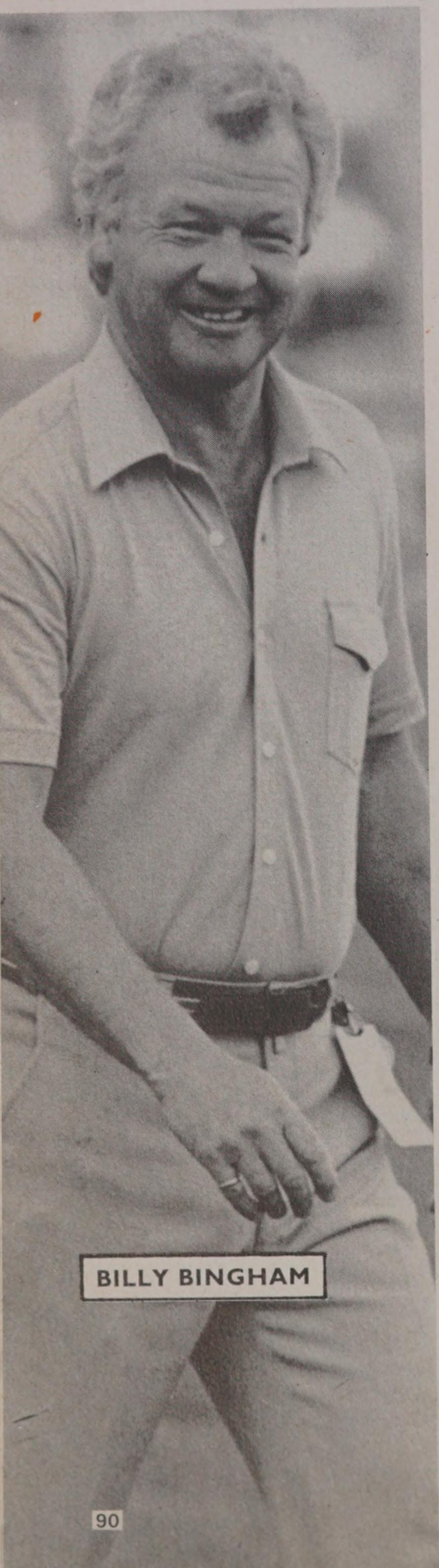
To come home and watch Russia perform so miserably in the second round was only to rub salt into the wound. To watch Brazil go out at the same stage was just as disappointing.

Scotland had played well enough to show that they could take on the world's top sides—and give them a run for their money.


JOHN WARK

DAVID NAREY

HARD WORK a



The Key Ingredients Of Northern Ireland's World Cup Success

NORTHERN IRELAND'S Spanish super show was the greatest thing that ever happened in the Irish game. Even surpassing the 1958 quarter-final effort in Sweden back in '58.

For courageous fighting football and sheer will to win Billy Bingham's boys put their country up amongst the world's best.

They played the finals like a carnival. Knowing they had nothing to lose they enjoyed every moment. But in the end football skill wasn't the most important thing.

Though they played well and Bingham planned his games superbly, the fiery Irish fighting spirit was what counted. It was that spirit that lifted players miles above their club form when they pulled on those green shirts.

The Irish are the forecasters nightmare—hopeless one day, heroes the next. No sensible judge could possibly have given the team the slightest chance. Disaster in Spain seemed inevitable after their flop in the British championship. And hopes sank further when the side fell 4-0 to France in Paris in their only pre-finals friendly.

Then suddenly everything clicked. Occasionally Bingham mightn't have been too popular with a few of his players. But tension and the heat were mostly responsible for that.

Northern Ireland's feat in getting within a touch of the last four in the tournament owes a lot to Billy's drill sergeant approach before they flew to Valencia.

Whatever else, this was certainly the fittest Irish squad ever. A tough commando course in a Brighton heat wave had the players in perfect shape to tackle strength-sapping games in blazing sunshine and temperatures topping 100 degrees.

And fittest of the lot was big Gerry Armstrong. Even his team-mates are willing to concede it was the husky striker's show. Not only was he undoubtedly Ireland's top star—he was one of the most talked about players of the finals.

He could turn on dazzling sprints, snap goals and stretch defences when some players were wilting.

But there were others who also added to their reputation.

Dave McCreery for instance was out to show his spell in America hadn't affected his international performance.

McCreery had been criticised for carrying surplus weight but that fortnight in Brighton had tuned him up to perfection. The little midfield man played his heart out in every game.

Pat Jennings was another who did well—though beaten by the dynamic Frenchmen in the final game. He had to fight constantly against a groin strain that had troubled him for months and limited his training.

As long as Irish football lasts, giant Billy Hamilton's two golden headers in the 2-2 draw against Austria will be talked about.

The coolness of Mal Donaghy confirmed he'll be a key defender for a long time. He's still only in his early 20's and improves with every game.

But certainly the most promising point of all was the discovery of Norman Whiteside. Everybody knew he had been showing tremendous potential for Manchester United. But it took a

d TEAM WORK

lot of courage for Bingham to throw a 17-year-old in to the cauldron of the finals.

And Norman didn't let him down. He was superb. And if only his speed improves a little he'll be one of the Irish greats for certain.

The burly youngster is only starting his career. And it will be at least three or four years before the best is seen of him.

One of the unseen heroes of the Irish performance was physio Jim McGregor. As his name indicates, Jim is a Scot, but that didn't stop him giving 100% in his efforts to get the squad fighting fit.

Definitely the win against Spain in Valencia was the real highlight. Nobody will ever forget that electric throbbing atmosphere at the Casanova Stadium and that moment when Gerry Armstrong rocketed the ball into the Spanish net.

It was an inspiration and made people believe that even against France they had a chance. It was certainly no shame to be ousted by that talented team who played such wonderful controlled football.

But who can tell what would have happened if only Martin O'Neill's early goal had been allowed. Nine out of 10 people who saw it swore it was on-side. So Northern Ireland went out of the competition, but everyone agreed that the squad had done themselves proud.

Northern Ireland were under a lot of pressures the fans at home didn't know about. In Valencia their seaside hotel was besieged by foreign journalists mostly Spanish. All seemed to be looking for stories that had nothing to do with football.

Wild rumours flew around. The Irish were supposed to spend their afternoons lazing by the poolside rather than training. Their approach was seen as being amateurish. But the results proved that Bingham's tactics had been correct.

The outcome of Spain is what will count. The players finished up with a lot more money than they expected. But they deserved every penny of it.

And the Irish F.A. also reaped a £½ million bonanza that should brighten the football scene in Ireland.

The performance and the interest it created will help to give Windsor Park, Northern Ireland's international home in Belfast, a £2 million facelift.

So the 1982 World Cup Finals could build a future that will make Irish soccer thrive. And to think only a month before setting out the team was being written off as a joke!

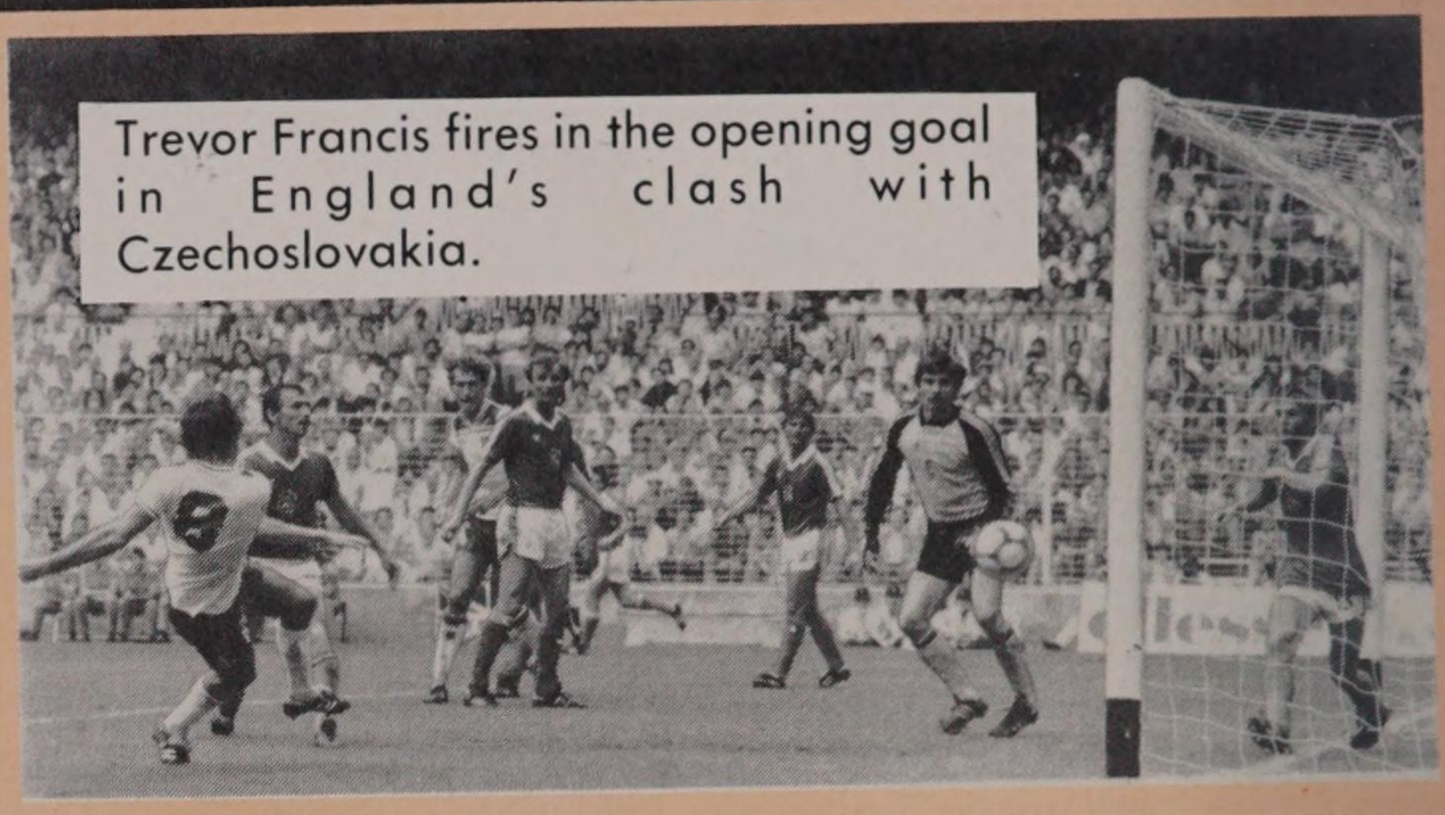
Now players and fans are saying " Roll on 1986."

Right
NORMAN WHITESIDE — youngster who came good

Below
BILLY HAMILTON — scored against Austria

GOAL-DEN MOMENTS!

GOALS are what football is all about—and here are some of the goal-scoring moments that gave British fans something to cheer about in Spain.



Trevor Francis fires in the opening goal in England's clash with Czechoslovakia.

Northern Ireland's Gerry Armstrong hammers home the winner against Spain.

A superbly worked free-kick helps Scotland on the way to victory over New Zealand. John Robertson is the scorer.

The goal that made World Cup history. England's Bryan Robson hits the deck after scoring against France only 27 seconds after the kick-off—the fastest-ever goal in the World Cup finals.

KENNY SANSOM
Arsenal

SWANSEA'S SIX AMAZING YEARS!

ROBBIE JAMES looks back on a remarkable success story

NINE years ago I was working in the local dockyard and playing football as a 16-year-old amateur for Swansea City.

The Vetch Field outfit were doomed to relegation from Division Three. The future looked bleak with mounting financial pressures and a weak playing staff.

In rugby-mad South Wales few folk seemed worried by Swansea's lack of success as a football city.

Back in the early seventies whenever I admitted to my great ambitions, friends would openly laugh at me.

Statements that my targets were to play for Swansea in the First Division and win Welsh international caps, brought hoots of derision!

You can guess how satisfied I now feel having seen both those ambitions fulfilled. But I still have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not living in dreamland. It does seem incredible that Swansea are now in the top flight.

Life for the Swans' players is so different now. In the old Fourth Division days we had to take all our training kit home to wash it. The club had no facilities for cleaning strips.

To save money we rarely had overnight stops on the way to or from away games. One particular outing to Darlington will always stick in my mind.

The game was scheduled for a 7.30 kick-off on the Saturday evening. We left the Vetch at nine o'clock on the Saturday morning to travel north. The outward journey passed without incident. But on the way home our team coach broke down four times!

Eventually we arrived in Swansea at 9.30 on the Sunday morning. To fulfil a fixture in Darlington had taken us over 24 hours!

I was still grateful though to be playing football as a career . . . even if it was in Division Four.

As a schoolboy I was signed by Cardiff City but they released me at 15. I asked Swansea for a chance and they put me on amateur forms.

During the day I worked on the docks re-winding motors while training in the evenings with the youngsters and turning out on Saturdays for the Swansea junior side

It was during my second year with the club that the financial situation became really tense. The players were informed that there was every chance the football club would close. Swansea had no money and with massive debts there seemed little hope for the future.

The club was saved when the local council bought the Vetch stadium from the directors. Then came the arrival of John Toshack as manager . . . a vital appointment.

'Tosh' knew how big clubs like Liverpool were run. He insisted the players receive better treatment and have improved facilities like changing rooms.

In the past Swansea players used their boots until they were worn out. Under "Tosh" you had different boots for different occasions. If you felt uncomfortable in them then they were changed.

The club also took possession of its own training ground. A new, enthusiastic attitude enveloped the club. We were all confident about the future.

We won successive promotions from the Fourth and Third Divisions. This is where the boss showed his real talent as a manager.

He instilled great loyalty among the players but admitted quite openly that if he didn't think a player was good enough for a higher division, he would have no hesitation in replacing him.

That's exactly what happened. And I'm doubly delighted to have been one of the few players to survive at the Vetch from our Division Four days.

To be constantly tested by a manager like John Toshack and told "you're good enough to stay" is a boost to me.

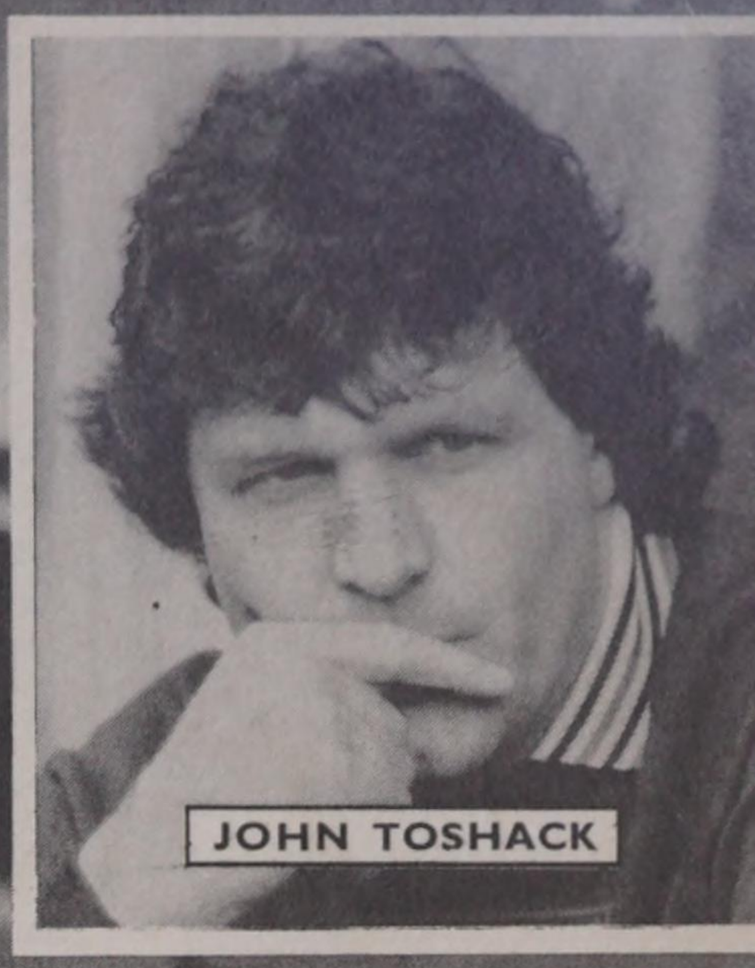
Not that I always thought I would spend so long at Swansea. There have been two occasions when I was on my way to top English outfits.

When I was a seventeen year-old, Arsenal were interested. They wanted me on a month's loan.

I arrived there on the first day. On the second day I turned out for the Highbury reserves against Ipswich. On the third day I returned to Swansea . . . homesick.

A couple of days later I played for Swansea in a private practice

ROBBIE JAMES—
in the forefront of the action



JOHN TOSHACK

match at Aston Villa. Immediately afterwards Villa asked me to stay with them for a loan spell. I didn't bother. My time with the Gunners had shown me how I hated being away from South Wales.

Since those early days there has been a great deal of speculation about my future. Top teams like Manchester United are supposed to have been on the verge of signing me but I've never been involved in serious negotiations.

I'm convinced though I am a much better player now. For many years I tended to be constantly switching positions. I've had lengthy spells as a centre-half, in midfield and at centre-forward.

John Toshack wants me to play in midfield which is my best role. And "Tosh" has certainly helped me develop as a player.

I used to often dive wildly into tackles. Toshack has instilled discipline into me. I'm much more sensible now.

Because I've been in the Swansea team since I was just over 16 there's a standing joke at the club that I'm the youngest veteran in football!

Some people think I'm actually lying when I insist that I'm only 25. They maintain I've been on the scene so long I must be at least 30.

It has delighted me to achieve my ambitions of seeing Swansea in the top flight and playing for Wales.

Swansea moved from doom and gloom in Division Four to the glamour and excitement of the First Division in just six amazing years.

Now our big challenge is to build on that situation and maintain Swansea's hard-won top flight status.

IT HAPPENED LAST SEASON

1. Name the first player to be transferred twice for £1 million. Trevor Francis

2. Bankruptcy threatened two famous clubs with extinction. They play at Ashton Gate and Boothferry Park. Who were they?

3. Which club won the Fourth Division title?

4. Who was the top scorer in Scotland's Premier League?

5. Two players won £5000 from Pepsi-Cola by scoring 35 league goals. Name the players and their clubs.

6. Three players were ever-present in Liverpool's league and cup campaign. Which three? Fairclough & Johnson Lonergan

7. Who was the First Division's top league scorer? Kevin Keegan

8. Which Scottish team was the first in Britain to win their division?

9. Which club had the best defensive record in the League? Liverpool

10. One team placed two £1 million strikers on the transfer list. Can you name the club and the players? Justin Southall Trevorian

11. Which club did manager Ian Greaves leave to join Wolves? Bolton

12. Who won the Football Writers Association Player of the Year award?

13. Rangers' appearance in the Scottish Cup final was their seventh in succession. How many of them have they won?

14. Which player was named in Ireland's World Cup squad after serving a ten-year ban from international football?

15. Who knocked Liverpool out of the European Cup?

16. Celtic clinched the Scottish Premier League title with a 3-0 victory in their final game. Who were their opponents?

17. Which First Division player scored five goals in a league game?

18. Who was the P.F.A.'s "Young Player of the Year"?

19. Name the player who went from Leeds to Birmingham in part exchange for Frank Worthington.

20. Which international star was banned twice by his club for failing to turn up for training?

21. In the UEFA Cup Aberdeen defeated the holders of that trophy. Can you name the beaten side?

22. When Stoke beat West Brom 3-0 at the end of term it meant relegation for another First Division side. Name that club.

23. Who lost in the F.A. Cup semi-finals to Spurs and Q.P.R?

24. Who was the oldest player to appear in the First Division?

25. Which manager left a top First Division side to take over their local rivals?

Answers on P 125.

GARTH CROOKS

Tottenham Hotspur

Action Packed!

It's all so hectic as Q.P.R. defenders battle to repel an all-out Chelsea attack. Typical of the keenly-contested duels between these London rivals.

A JUNGLE FIGHTER.

BRUCE GROBBELAAR

Contrasting backgrounds of rival Merseyside 'keepers BRUCE GROBBELAAR (Liverpool) and NEVILLE SOUTHALL (Everton)

TWO new heroes emerged on Merseyside last season. Both were goal-keepers with outstanding ability and the confidence to believe they would emerge as star performers.

And both had the most unlikely backgrounds.

Take Liverpool's Bruce Grobbelaar who was thrown into the Anfield team after Ray Clemence's shock £300,000 transfer to Spurs. Big Bruce has a piece of shrapnel left in his arm as a permanent memento of the day in the African bush when a hand grenade exploded and almost blew him up!

At 17 years of age Grobbelaar was in the Rhodesian army fighting against guerillas in jungle warfare. He was also as outstanding at cricket and basketball so that football was not the obvious sport for him to set his sights on.

By the time he arrived at Anfield as a 24-year-old, Bruce had spent eighteen months playing in the North American League with Vancouver Whitecaps and a brief spell on loan to lowly Fourth Division Crewe Alexandra.

Oozing self-confidence Bruce has tried to curb his extrovert image at Liverpool.

"I'm just a normal guy . . . perhaps madder than most," he says. "I do have a great belief in myself but that is because I've grown up quicker than most men my age.

"I was in the then Rhodesian army for two years. I spent most of that time fighting in the bush. I saw good friends killed just five yards from me.

"I accept I'm lucky to be alive. But having experienced being hit by shrapnel from that grenade forces me to make the best of life."

Bruce didn't have the happiest of starts at Anfield. He was criticised for conceding several goals in his early outings.

"My training routines had been altered," Bruce explains. "I was expected to follow the same routines Ray Clemence had used before me. Unfortunately that just didn't work out.

"Ray didn't do much concentrated pressure work. Never had to have sessions at building up defensive understanding. He had been at Anfield so long.

"Those were the basics I needed to improve on. With some hard work my game came together."

Stories abounded about Bruce's jokes at his previous clubs. Like the time he ran the length of the field to take a penalty for Crewe. He coolly walked over to the opposing 'keeper and told him where he was going to place his shot.

He fulfilled his promise . . . and scored into the bargain! As he ran back a host of youngsters ran on to celebrate with him and ask him for autographs.

He had also developed the ability to do hand-springs and to walk on his hands when he celebrated his team's goals.

But those antics tended to be played down at Anfield. As Liverpool manager Bob Paisley points out, "He's paid to be a goalie, not a clown."

While his Liverpool team-mates glide around the country in smart, often expensive, cars Grobbelaar prefers a rather off-beat vehicle.

He has a Suzuki Jeep with a

...A DUSTBIN CARRIER

sticker plastered across the front windscreen which reads, 'I'm a Tonka Toy.'

But driving any type of vehicle is one step ahead of Bruce's rival goalie across the city of Liverpool. For Everton star Neville Southall has never learnt how to drive.

"I came up the hard way in football," Southall reveals. "At 16 I wasn't wanted by any League clubs so I took various jobs during the day and played part-time with non-League outfits at weekends.

"My pedigree reads Llandudno Swifts, Conway United, Bangor City and Winsford United. All outfits fairly close to my old Llandudno home in North Wales.

"For spells I was out of work. Then I had jobs in a cafe, as a dustbin man and on a building site.

"It was a tough life. I recall playing for Winsford in the Cheshire League at the time I was working on a building site.

"I would race to a mid-week match from work, play in goal, then face a long journey home. I might eventually get to bed at one o'clock in the morning. Then have to be up at seven for my job."

Neville also faced a difficult decision when Fourth Division Bury agreed a £7000 fee with Winsford for his services.

"I realised I would have to take a cut in income to become a full-time footballer," he said. "My wages from Bury didn't match my total income from working and playing non-League.

"But I decided I had to give myself the opportunity to see if I was a capable goalie. I knew if things went wrong I could always go back to my old lifestyle."

Southall was an outstanding success with Bury. In fact, within weeks of breaking into the first team at Gigg Lane, a host of top clubs were watching his every move.

After just 39 games for Bury he was snapped up by Everton in a £150,000 deal. At first he was to be understudy to Jim Arnold. But very quickly Neville was thrust into the Division One limelight.

"My debut was against Ipswich and I remember their Scottish international striker Alan Brazil teaching me a few lessons," Southall recalls.

"In the lower leagues a striker takes the first opportunity to blast in a shot at goal. When Alan had a chance he dummied to shoot. I almost dived for a non-existent shot.

"He actually tried to 'con' me three times before he fired in his shot. Fortunately I saved it."

Southall gave special attention to buying a home close to Everton's training ground so that he could walk there each day. But he admits he may learn how to drive now.

"I never had the time for lessons when I was working and playing non-League soccer. Then when I went to Bury I had the spare time but no money to pay for lessons. Now I can get down to the job."

Grobbelaar and Southall—two players who've been thrust into the hot seat—but who have shown they can grab their opportunity with both hands.

NEVILLE SOUTHALL

HIGH FLYER

Aberdeen defender DOUG ROUGVIE is big and powerful—and when he goes for the ball nothing is going to stand in his way.

Rangers' DAVIE COOPER is the opponent left stranded by the determined Doug's high-flying challenge.

HAVE YOU GOT THE ANSWERS ?

HIDDEN STARS

Spot 12 well-known players by using the letters in this box—across, down, up, backwards or diagonally.

P	R	A	H	S	D	T	S	C	F
G	I	M	O	R	L	E	Y	X	R
A	A	E	A	L	T	B	I	O	D
T	L	W	E	S	N	R	U	B	D
E	B	P	M	L	U	G	K	H	P
S	N	V	O	E	H	T	I	W	T

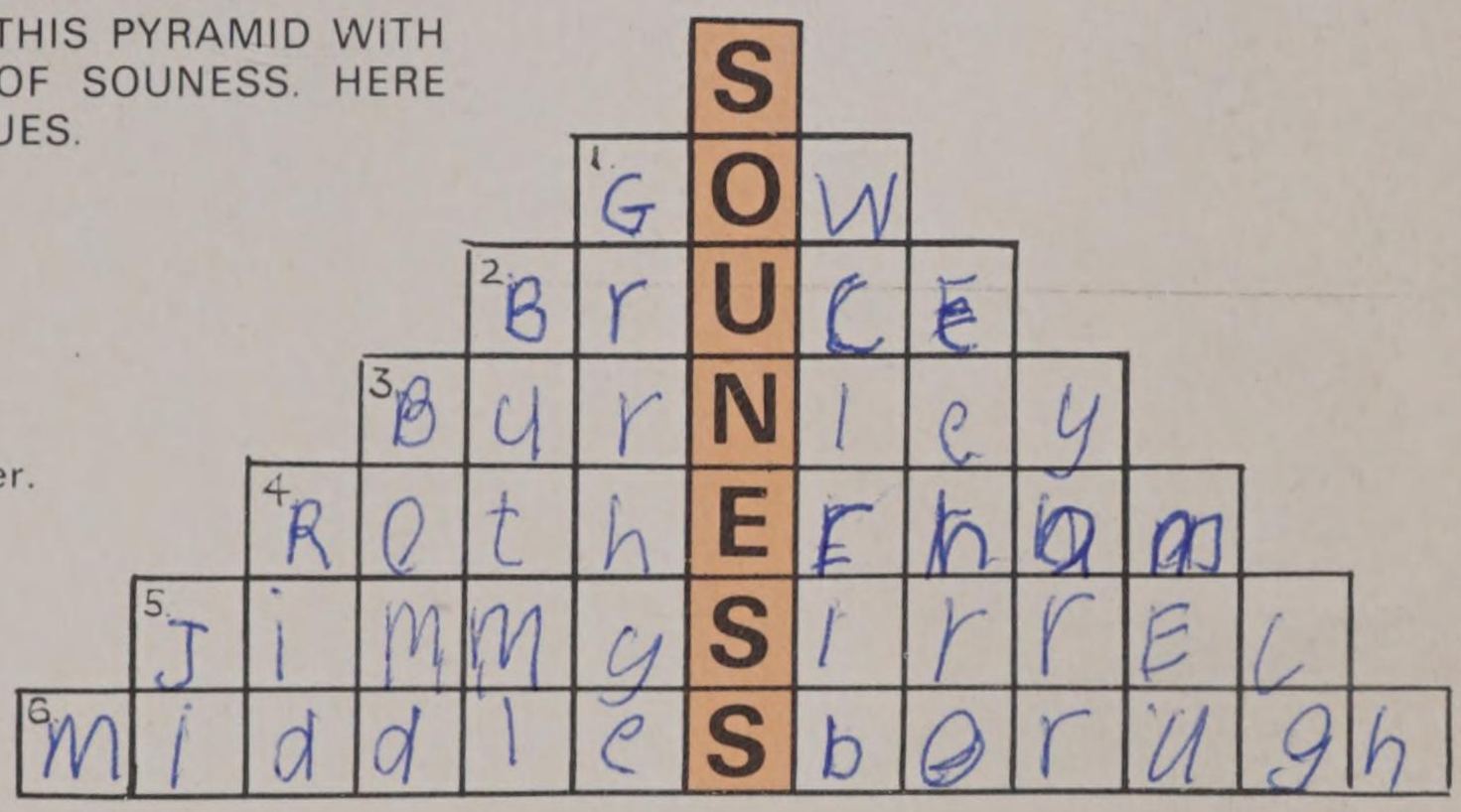
SIX OF THE BEST

1—Which Continental country was first to beat England at Wembley?
2—Who are the only Fourth Division club to reach the English League Cup final?
3—Which Scottish club's ground has the same name as a former British Prime Minister?
4—Which club were involved in two successive FA Cup finals and the ball burst in each one?
5—Which country fielded two sets of brothers in the same international team?
6—Who were the first British players to be sent off in a match at Wembley?

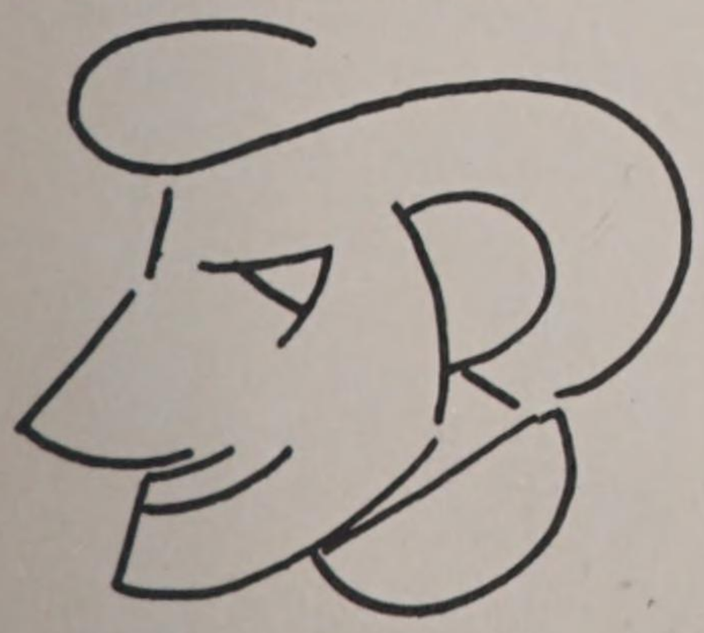
WORD PYRAMID

COMPLETE THIS PYRAMID WITH THE HELP OF SOUNESS. HERE ARE THE CLUES.

1—Gerry of two Cities and a United.
2—Never- say-die Scot for Preston.
3—Chaired by Bob Lord for many years.
4—Emlyn Hughes became their manager.
5—A long-time boss with Notts County.
6—They're at home at Ayresome Park.



FACE NAME



This face is made up of the letters of the name of a famous player. Can you identify him?

ANSWERS ON P. 116

A TEAM FROM ALL AROUND

These eleven players turn out for British clubs—but they all have different birthplaces. Can you name them?

BRUCE GROBBELAAR .....
BRENDON BATSON .....
TRISTAN BENJAMIN .....
BYRON STEVENSON .....
KEVIN MORAN .....
BRYAN ROBSON .....
FRANS THIJSSEN .....
ASA HARTFORD .....
NOEL BROTHERSTON .....
CYRILLE REGIS .....
RICARDO VILLA .....

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

Frank views on the way ahead for football

PETER SWALES
(Manchester City Chairman)

TOO many people are pessimistic about the future of the game. Yet it is a fact that despite recent problems, more people watch football than all other spectator sports put together.

We have the best sporting product in the world. We must build it up, not keep " knocking " it.

Football clubs must sell themselves to the public. That doesn't mean having dancing bears on the pitch before a match but we have to have facilities that will make folk leave their homes and come to watch a game they already have an interest in.

That means providing good seating, appetising refreshments, parking facilities, clean toilets—everything to make a visit to the football ground an attractive proposition.

Manchester City have used local radio to advertise specific matches and things like season ticket sales. That's something clubs must think about more.

The financial state of the game is everybody's major concern. We have paid out too much in wages over the last few years and we are now seeing the result of that in the number of clubs who are facing money problems.

Whilst star players will still command big salaries, the run-of-the-mill members of a club's staff will find that contracts will be more carefully prepared and overall the level of wages will not be as high as it is now.

The days of large playing staffs are over. Reserve teams will play midweek rather than on Saturday. That will enable clubs to field the same players in both matches if necessary. They won't have to carry 26-28 players to cover both games.

On the international front, I think we will continue to see the present trend of giving the England side full co-operation in its preparation for big matches. Last season we postponed complete fixture programmes before vital World Cup qualifying games. We shifted the Home International Championship back into mid-season. I think people now realise how important the international team is to the well-being of the game in general.

PETER ROBINSON
(Liverpool Secretary)

LIVERPOOL'S gates have dropped by 15 per cent. in the last 12 months. Lose that amount of revenue in any business and you are bound to be worried.

Cutbacks have to be made and for us that means reducing the total wage bill. More than half a club's expenditure is on wages.

You can't cut back on what you pay your top stars. There is too much competition for their services from other clubs both here and abroad. That means reducing the size of your staff.

We used to have 35-37 professionals. Now it is about 25-26. I can see the day when we'll be down to 22.

Part of the problem is that midweek football has lost its appeal. Financially, fans can't afford to shell out for two games a week. As more than half our fans travel over 40 miles to see a game, it is inevitable midweek attendances will suffer.

We could reduce the number of midweek fixtures by cutting down divisions to 18 teams and playing all international football in mid-week slots.

As far as the structure of the season is concerned, I'm not convinced we should change to summer football. So many people who would normally be at games are on holiday. There would be many other snags, such as the growth of grass on pitches.

What I'd like to see is flexibility during the winter. If the weather is obviously so bad there are going to be wholesale postponements, the fixture list should be postponed en bloc and rearranged for a later date. This would be possible with a reduction in division sizes.

ALAN GOWLING
(Chairman of Professional Footballers' Association)

THE problems football now face began ten to fifteen years ago with directors and administrators not coming to terms with the reasons for the decline in attendances.

It has hit hard recently, not only because the current recession has reduced gates further, but because it has affected the income clubs get from lotteries and bingo.

High transfer fees have alienated the public. Fees have been depressed for a while now but if there was a sudden influx of cash into the game, they could well skyrocket again.

I wouldn't like to see any reduction in the number of clubs in the League. The lower divisions are part of the strength of English football. Lose them and it would do untold damage to the stature of the national game.

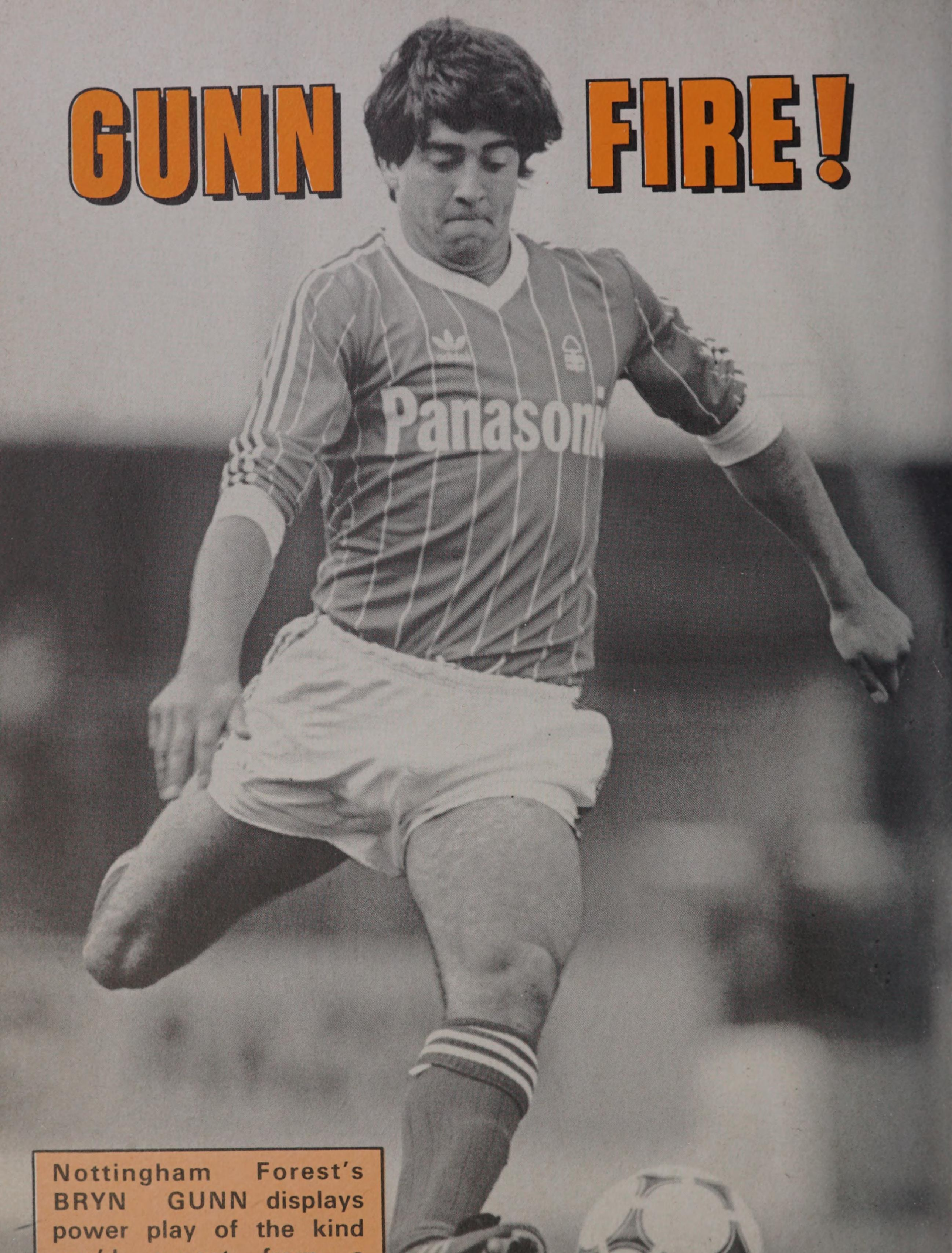
Hooliganism is another reason for falling gates but I feel clubs have now gone as far as they can to control it. Further measures must be taken by the Government in the form of stiffer sentences.

A great deal of money is taken out of football in the form of tax. I'd like to see some of that being ploughed back but I realise we in football have to get our own house in order financially before we can hope for that.

ALAN GOWLING

Birmingham's Toine Van Mierlo (left) and Phil Neal (Liverpool) show the stress and strain of a hard-fought game in this airborne clash.

GUNN FIRE!



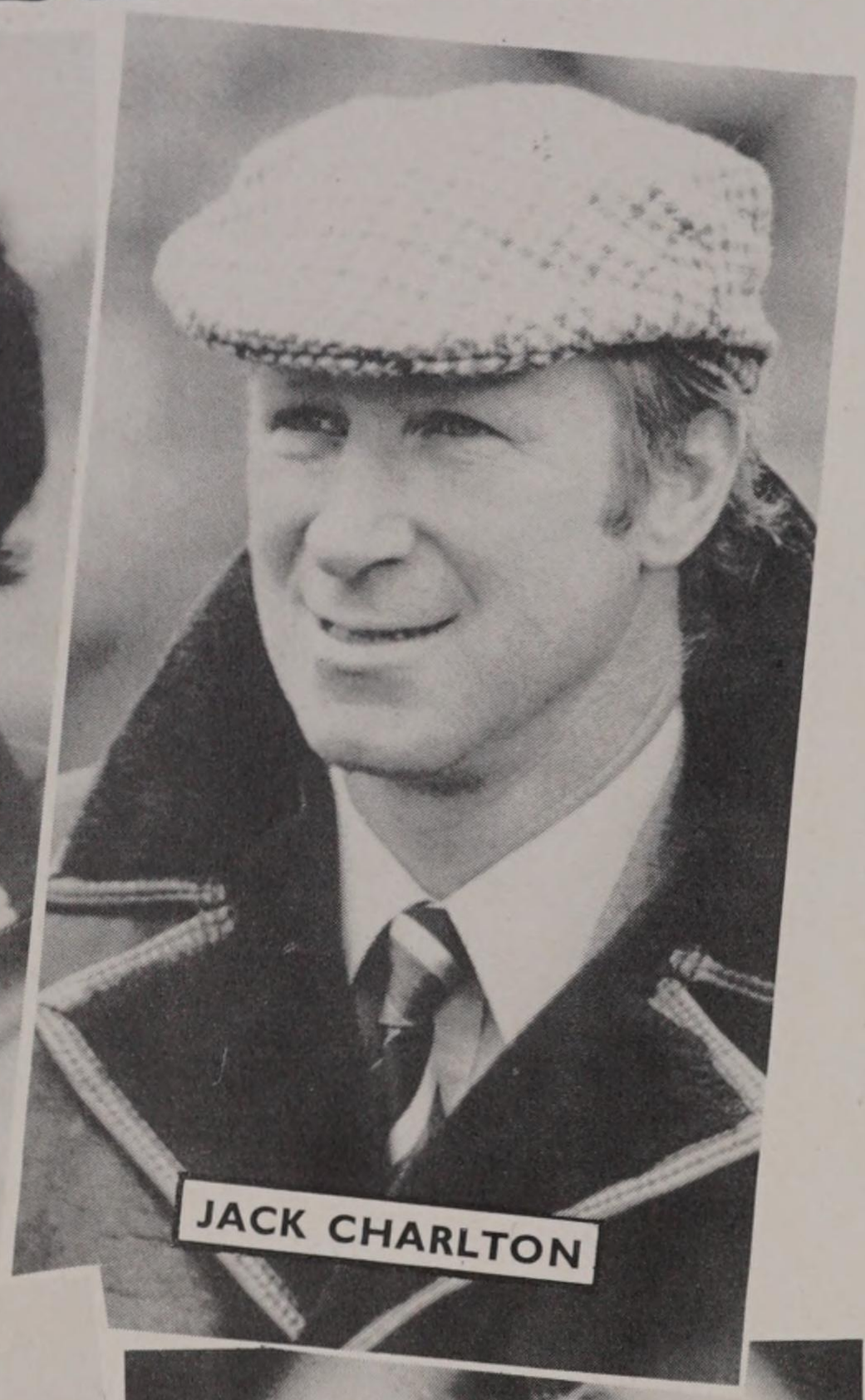
Nottingham Forest's BRYN GUNN displays power play of the kind you'd expect from a player with that surname.

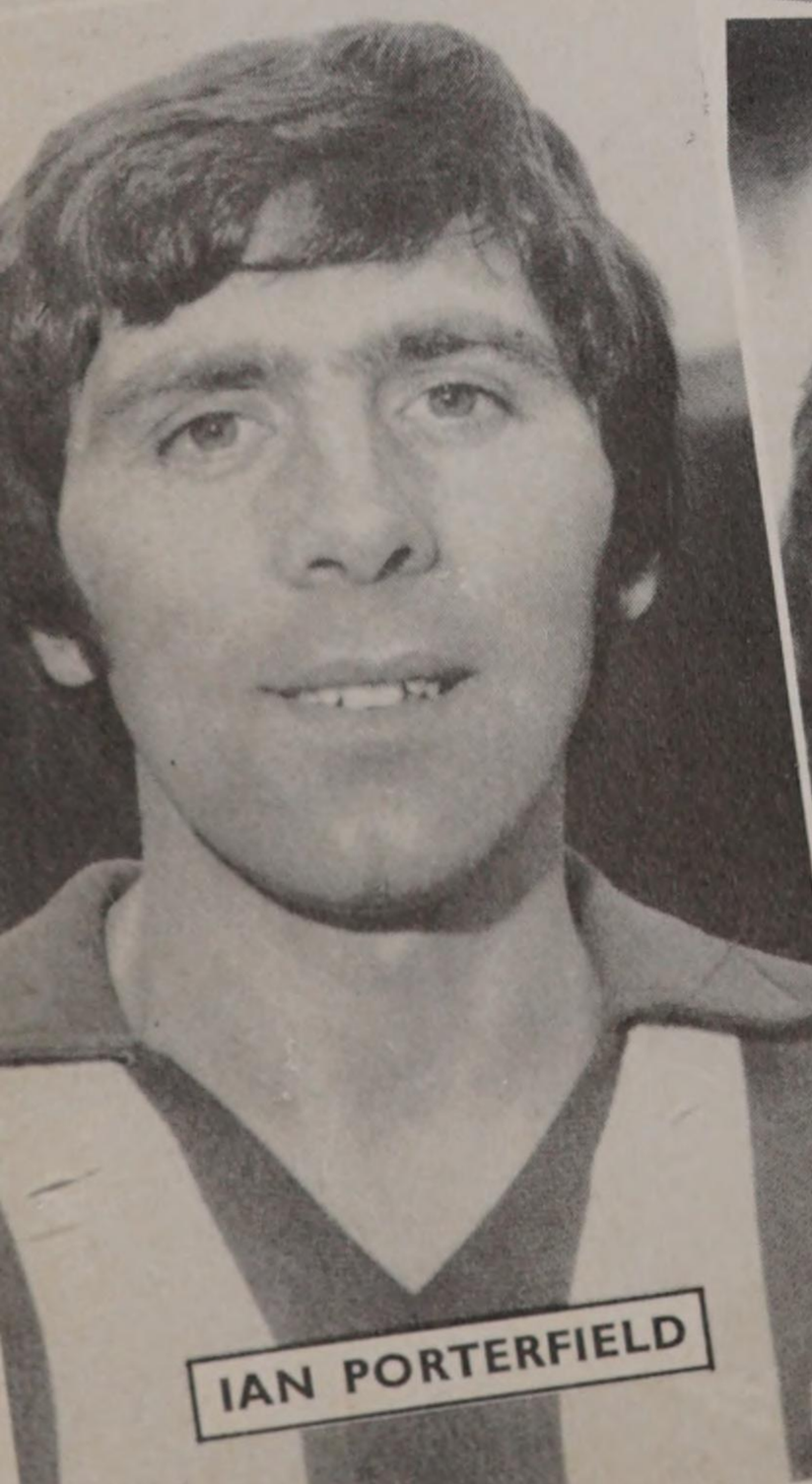
KEVIN DILLON

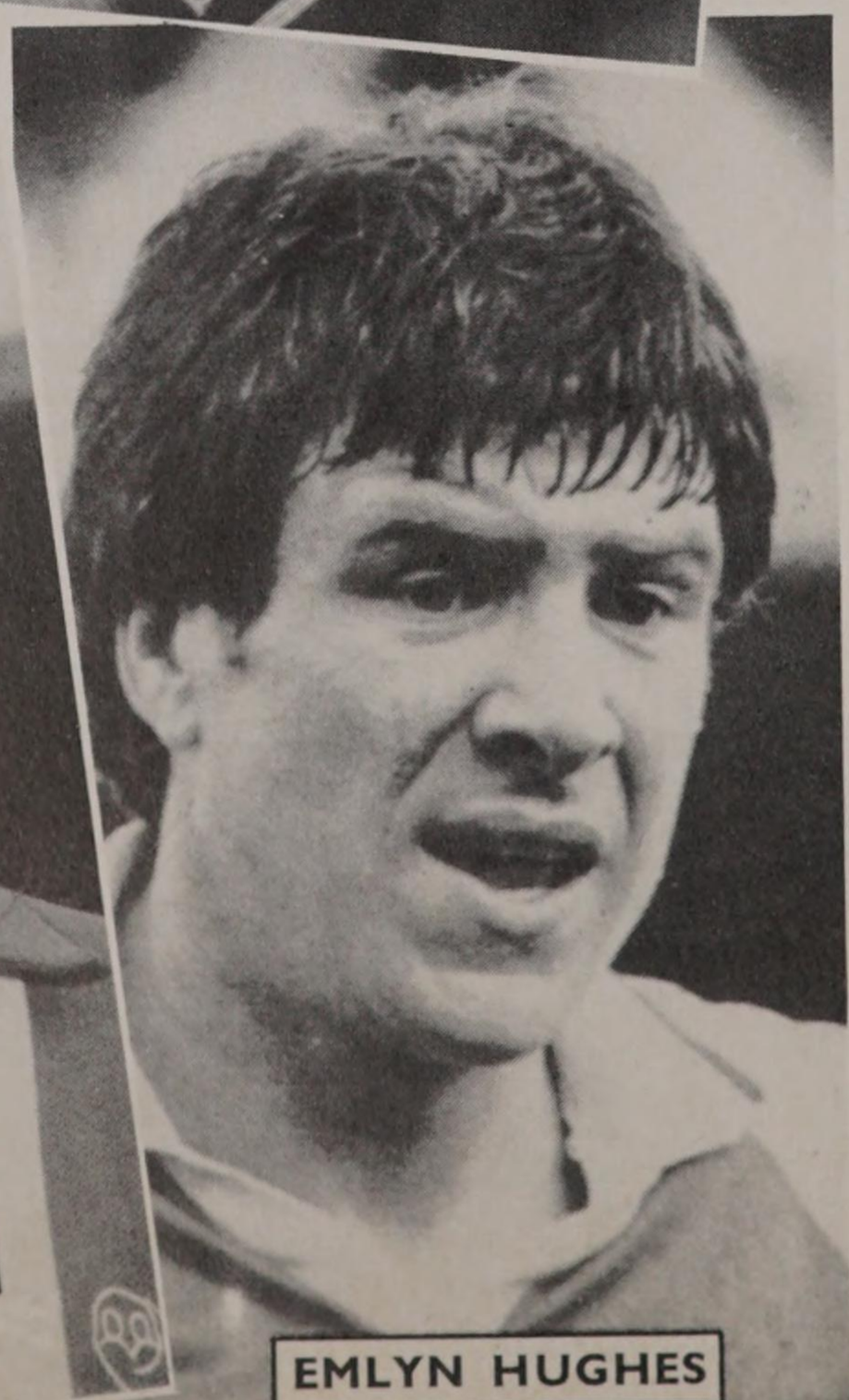
Birmingham City

THINGS ARE

NORMAN HUNTER


JACK CHARLTON


IAN PORTERFIELD


EMLYN HUGHES

FOR four South Yorkshire clubs — Sheffield Wednesday, Sheffield United, Barnsley and Rotherham — the recent seasons have not been overflowing with success. Separated only by a few miles geographically, they have shared a lengthy run of disappointments and setbacks.

The two Sheffield clubs, with their First Division - standard grounds, were once ranked amongst the country's top clubs. In the last five years they've fallen from that lofty position.

Barnsley and Rotherham have never reached the heights achieved by their Sheffield neighbours. In fact, players turning out for them were regarded as being almost off the football map altogether!

But last season saw a big change. Football in South Yorkshire boomed as all four clubs joined in promotion battles.

Successful candidates were Sheffield United. They won the Fourth Division championship.

When they made the reverse trip twelve months earlier it was with former England World Cup star Martin Peters at the helm. Relegation marked the end of his brief spell as the Bramall Lane boss.

In a move that shocked neighbours Rotherham United, their manager Ian Porterfield left the side he had just taken into the Second Division to drop two divisions to take over the Blades.

It was an enormous task to arrest an alarming slide which had seen United slip from the verge of European qualification in 1975 down to the Fourth in just seven years.

But Porterfield, in a manner that had veteran striker Bob Hatton talking about him in the same breath as Brian Clough, shook the side up and brought some pride back to the steel city.

United's joy at winning the championship is somewhat tempered by the fact that they are

LOOKING UP

Four clubs who face a bright future after years of disappointment

still two divisions and at least two seasons away from the place where they feel they rightfully belong.

But with Ian Porterfield in charge at least the First Division goal looks likely to be achieved.

Across the City last season Sheffield Wednesday were leading the South Yorkshire challenge in the race for Division One status with Barnsley and Rotherham on their heels.

Whereas Luton and Watford always had the two top slots pretty well wrapped up, South Yorkshire dominated the battle for the one remaining place.

Unfortunately all three fell virtually at the last fence. None came closer than Jack Charlton's outfit when they missed the promotion boat by one point.

Prior to last season the Hillsborough club had gone through a very similar decline as neighbours United, although not so dramatic.

However, the appointment of Jack Charlton in 1977 was to spark a revival.

The former Leeds United and England number five took two seasons to form a promotion winning side.

Despite slipping in through the back door in third place, the following term they were straight in amongst the leaders once more. However, the impetus was lost and they finished in a mid-table position.

Jack Charlton's pre-season dabble in the transfer market was to prove a key factor in the promotion push.

He secured the services of a virtually unknown Coventry City player, Gary Bannister, for £60,000.

He turned him into a more complete player and the return was 22 goals and an England Under-21 cap for Bannister.

But for a mid-season bout of the jitters in front of their own fans Sheffield Wednesday would now be back in the First Division with their revival complete.

Whereas United and Wednesday have been rightfully classed as sleeping giants the two clubs that make up the South Yorkshire foursome can't lay claim to the giants tag but they have certainly been deep in slumber for many a year.

Last season was a different story. Although the grim horizon of belching smoke and colleries still greeted you as you entered the two towns the football was much more pleasing to the eye. And the fans began to roll back.

Having taken over from Allan Clarke at Oakwell, Norman Hunter continued the success his old Leeds team-mate had brought to the club. He smoothly slipped into the manager's chair and took them into the Second Division.

Not many folk gave them much hope. They reckoned they may have over-stretched themselves.

Hunter wasn't daunted by the task and as they steadily found their feet in the Second they were really warming to the job in the League Cup.

Firstly, John Toshack's high-flying Swansea outfit fell, followed by Brighton, and then Manchester City.

The prized scalp of European champions Liverpool was almost claimed. Having drawn at Anfield, Liverpool recovered in the replay to save embarrassment.

That League Cup run gave the Tykes a real confidence boost, and that began to show in their league results, too.

They finished a very creditable sixth place and missed out on a promotion slot by only four points.

Just behind them were Rotherham United whose joy at winning the Third Division championship the year previous was replaced by worry over the coming season when boss Ian Porterfield moved to Sheffield United.

However, millionaire chairman Anton Johnson moved swiftly to install former Liverpool and England captain Emlyn Hughes as player/manager.

The fans excitement at having in charge a man with such a glittering playing career behind him, was tempered by the fact Hughes was making his baptism in the managers chair, and being a successful player hasn't always meant success as a manager.

Their worries were very soon justified as Rotherham quickly slipped into the relegation zone.

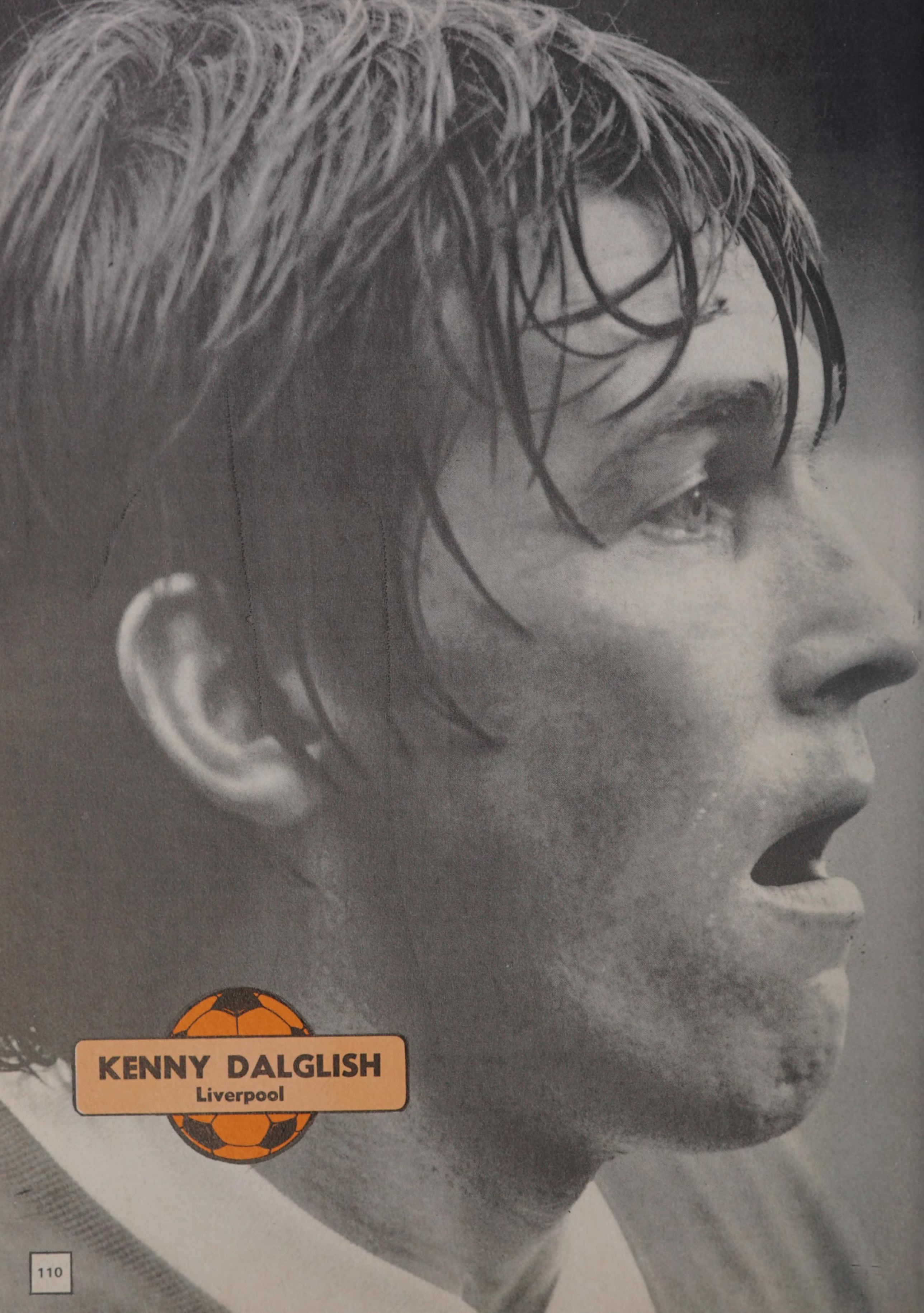
However, Emlyn was beginning to show signs that in his time under Shankly and Paisley he had learned quite a bit about how to run a football team.

In true Liverpool style he shrewdly gave Manchester City a £75,000 cheque and took Gerry Gow to Millmoor.

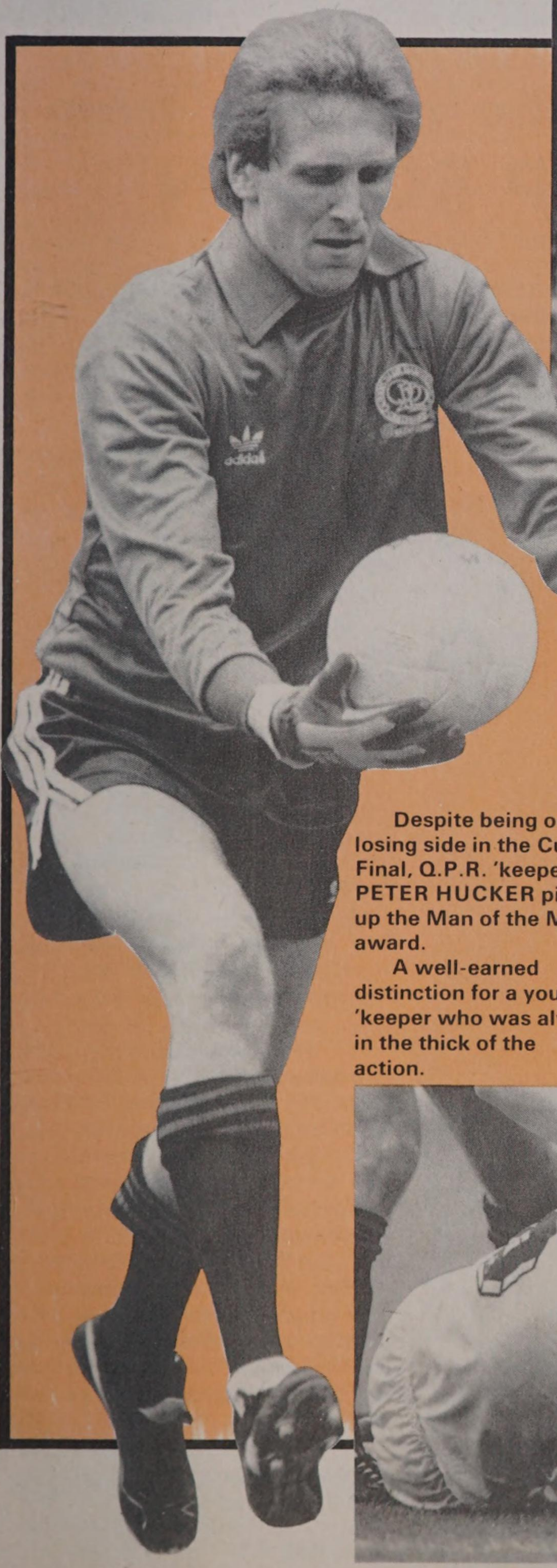
Gow was installed as a vital cog in the machine. The following month Rotherham won nine games on the trot.

United marched up the table into the promotion battle. They just missed out but Hughes' first season was marked with celebration scenes when the final curtain came down on their term.

For the four teams from South Yorkshire—the disaster years are over.


KENNY DALGLISH
Liverpool

MAN OF THE MATCH



Despite being on the losing side in the Cup Final, Q.P.R. 'keeper PETER HUCKER picked up the Man of the Match award.

A well-earned distinction for a young 'keeper who was always in the thick of the action.

GOALS GALORE – AND

That's the message from POP ROBSON

SEPTEMBER 1, 1964 – April 20, 1982. Seventeen years, nine months and 19 days separate those dates. But, for me, they are joined by two very special events in my life. The first occasion brought my first-ever goal in League football. And it came on my debut for Newcastle in the Second Division.

The opposition was Charlton, on their patch, and my score was the only one of the game. A match-winning effort that was later to count in Newcastle's promotion to the First Division!

Seventeen years later, came the counter which gained me membership of the exclusive club of players who can boast that they have notched 250 League goals in their career.

This time I was playing for Carlisle United in the Third Division, with Exeter City providing the opposition at Brunton Park.

I scored a hat-trick that night. But it was the first of the threesome that finally allowed me through the doors of the '250 Club.'

It was a magical night. One that just called for the champagne corks to 'Pop' in the dressing room afterwards . . . and they did.

Indeed, in the aftermath, it was almost forgotten that like 17 years previously, my goals in a 3-2 win were again to help my club, this time Carlisle, to promotion.

But at such times I suppose 'old-timers' like myself are allowed the privilege of turning the clock back instead of forwards . . . and I had plenty of memories to look back on.

At 18 most kids never really imagine that they'll still be playing when they are nearly 40 (I'm now 37) . . . and I can tell you I was no exception.

LOOKING FOR MORE!

Like most I set out believing that I had perhaps 10 or 12 good years ahead of me in top-class football. I reckoned I had to make the most of them before time caught up on me.

Today I now realise that it's a mistake for a young player to think like that. Clearly you can't go on forever, but it has become equally clear to me that life as a footballer doesn't necessarily have to stop once you get beyond 30.

I like to think I've proved it is possible to keep going. Just as I consider blokes like John Hollins and Alan Ball have done in their own way. They are no longer spring chickens, either, but are getting by very nicely, thank you.

And it isn't necessarily the dedication you show in training and playing that matters most. It counts, of course. But just as important, as I've learned, is the way you look after yourself in daily life.

After all a major part of a footballer's life is actually spent outside the game . . . outside of training.

What I will say for my own part, however, is that but for one man, my career would in all probability have ended three or four years ago . . . at a normal retiral age for a footballer and long before goal number 250!

His name is Len Heppell, my father-in-law. And much of what I have achieved in the latter part, the ' bonus ' years, of my career, is down to him.

Over a hundred yard sprint I reckon any bloke off the street could hold his own with me. It's more likely, in fact, that I'd be chasing his shadow.

Over three or four yards, however, I've developed and maintained a sharpness that has given me a vital edge when it comes to scoring goals.

It is in tight situations, when quick reactions are called for, that I'm at my best. But, to be fair, it wasn't always like that.

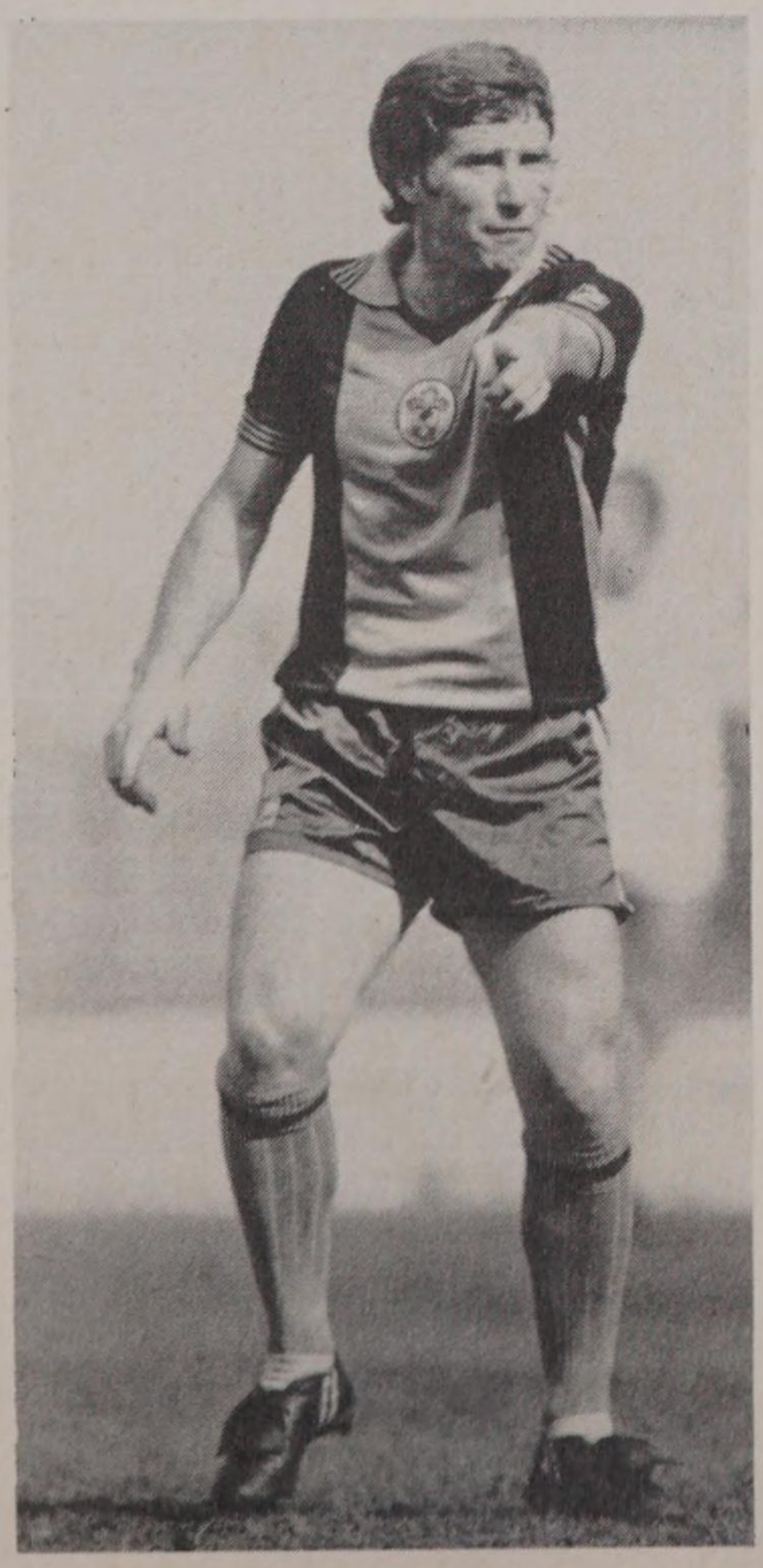
In my early days, despite winning recognition at Under-23 level for England, I lacked the ability to get off my mark quickly . . . and that's where Len came in.

He has the gift of being able to tackle most things sporting and do very well at them. And he has always laid great stress on the fact that it is all down to balance and body movement.

I know for certain he has had a tremendous influence on me. Even to this day we still work occasionally on the way I use my arms, shoulders, hips, etc. It has, and still is, paying dividends.

But, not only that, Len is also a great confidence builder. He makes you believe in yourself. And the best way I can illustrate that is by recalling one of the strangest episodes of my career.

By nature I'm a quiet, fairly retiring sort which is not always the best attitude a player can have. Being able to talk, helping team-mates with a shout, is a vital part of the game. But I didn't find it easy.



So Len took me along to the local park in our home town of Hexham and put me through his own special course in the art of learning to communicate.

He would stand 30 or 40 yards away from me with a ball at his feet and then demand that I burst my lungs shouting for him to pass. No shout and he kept the ball.

He even went to the length of hiding behind trees and forcing me to call out for him. I'm sure the local citizens walking their dogs thought we were mad.

But it didn't bother Len. And I can tell you that it helped me. I'm still a quiet bloke, but out on the pitch I can bellow with the best of them.

So there is no question that Len has done wonders for me. He has helped give me the will, the drive and enthusiasm to play on long after I'd expected to pack it in.

But if I also have a personal secret for playing so long I suppose it must lie in the fact that I still get as big a kick from scoring goals now as I did when I first started. I doubt if anything in life gives me a bigger thrill than seeing and hearing that ball thump against the back of the opposition net.

A tap-in from six-yards, and I reckon 80 per cent of my goals have come that way, or a 25-yard screamer, they all count the same and all give me the same thrill.

I just consider myself lucky that I've steered clear of serious injury throughout my career and thus been allowed the chance to enjoy such occasions more often than a great many other players.

Football has been good to me and I simply like to believe that in some small way I've been good to the game.

ALAN BALL—
still pointing the way

OUR BROTHER WAYNE

The Clarke clan talk about their kid brother — WAYNE CLARKE (Wolves).

Wayne Clarke

ALLAN CLARKE

Allan Clarke

I CAUSED a sensation a few years ago by stating that my youngest brother Wayne would be the best player in the Clarke footballing family. I'm even more convinced of that assessment now.

Wayne has the natural goal-scoring ability, immaculate ball control, and professional attitude to become a top quality international performer.

I wish I could see more of him in action. But with my own commitments I can't find as much time as I would like to watch Wayne in action.

But if he ever has a problem or something he wants to discuss he has no hesitation in 'phoning me. I hope I've always been helpful in talking him through any difficulties.

And when I do get a chance to see him play, we usually have a long chat after the game. Then we can go over any parts of his play that are causing problems.

One aspect I've been particularly impressed by is his versatility. While Wolves struggled last term he was switched between attack and midfield.

I reckon he could emerge as one of the greatest ever natural goal-scorers. Yet he dropped into a deeper role without any trouble. Even in a new role he looked an outstanding performer.

Rival manager John Bond caused a storm at Manchester City by signing his son Kevin. Many folk said that Kevin's presence could only cause trouble in the dressing room.

I wouldn't hesitate in signing Wayne for any club I was manager of—and for one major reason. His ability speaks for itself. That he is my kid brother is immaterial. He can play brilliantly. The other players know that. They would happily accept him on his merits as a class forward.

FRANK CLARKE

AS the oldest member of the footballing Clarke clan I have no trouble in remembering the arrival in this world of the youngest. Wayne was born back in 1961 . . . the year I first became a professional with Shrewsbury Town!

I don't mind admitting, either, that now I've hung up my own boots, it gives me a special thrill to watch the development and progress of ' our kid '.

I suppose it was inevitable, too, that Wayne would follow in the footsteps of myself, Allan, Derek and Kelvin. Certainly, in Wayne's case, from the time he could first walk and kick a ball, he showed all the talent and ability that every youngster needs to make the soccer grade.

As soon as he was old enough I'd be out with him on a pitch behind the family home in Willenhall. We spent hours just knocking a ball around.

And quite simply Wayne was a natural. So different from other lads of his age. At four, the way he controlled the ball and kicked it with the instep and outside of his foot put him well beyond his years.

It all came so easy. He just didn't take a wild swing at the ball, or try the sort of toe-kick that most young lads attempt. Everything he did had the hallmark of a lad who knew instinctively what he was about.

With all that inborn talent, there was never any real doubt Wayne would follow his four brothers into the pro. game.

Not unexpectedly, with his family background, a lot was expected of Wayne when he finally joined Wolves. Almost immediately there were those predicting that he would become the best of us all.

I don't think Wayne himself set out with that target in mind. He's such a quiet lad, that his only ambition was to do well by his own standards.

Yet, I do believe his early seasons in the game have been hampered by the Clarke name. In particular I think some folk have been too willing to put up Allan as the one he has to emulate.

In turn I reckon Wayne perhaps tried too hard at times in his early years to try to live up to that standard. A fact that has possibly stopped him yet becoming the player everyone expected him to be. He has maybe lacked a bit of confidence.

That said, I can sense a subtle change in him over the past 12 months. I believe he has gradually learned to live with who he is. And I like to think that I've maybe helped him along the way.

We talk together almost every week. Either by 'phone or if I go to watch him play. And always he is desperate to analyse his game, seek my opinion of his strengths and weaknesses.

I don't muck him about, either. I tell him straight if he plays badly but I praise him if he has done well. Wayne accepts both in the manner of a lad dedicated to learning and becoming a success.

Only time will tell, of course, just what he can achieve in the game. But I firmly believe that he can develop into a player of England calibre.

In that respect he should already have been an Under-21 international. But he has perhaps been left a bit behind by lads of the same age group like Gary Shaw and Mark Hateley.

When he first set out in the pro-game I was amazed, for instance, how easily he was brushed off the ball. A puff of wind was enough to blow him over.

I told him frankly that none of his brothers had been like that. That he had to exert his authority. Nowadays he does that well. He is nobody's push-over.

But it is perhaps fair to say that though he has improved in so many ways recently, he knows better than anyone that he still has something to prove in this game.

And personally I believe his attitude, new found confidence and determination to be a quality player will eventually see him hit the jackpot in a big way.

"I firmly believe that he can develop into a player of England calibre."

FRANK CLARKE

"He is so dedicated that I'm expecting great things of him."

KELVIN CLARKE

"Wayne's natural ability shone through."

DEREK CLARKE

KELVIN CLARKE

I'VE probably been closer to Wayne than the other lads because we are only two years apart in age.

I recall the days when as kids we used to play all day on the football pitch at the back of our mum's home. We'd go out at half past nine in the morning after breakfast. Full-time was about ten o'clock at night!

I always tried to get Wayne on my side. Even though he was younger than most of the other lads, he still scored goals. The older boys said then that Wayne would go all the way in football.

In those days we reckoned he could easily become the best of the Clarkes! Obviously he is going to have to do tremendously well to achieve what Allan did, but I feel he has got the ability to do so.

Looking at them both when they were the same age I don't think there is a great deal between them.

Like Allan he has the eye for goals. Wayne has now got a lot more aggression in his game these days which was something he lacked early on.

Probably the difference between Allan and Wayne is that Allan was fortunate to get the breaks at the right time. He was with a successful Leeds side and that kept him in the football headlines.

Unfortunately for Wayne he has been with the one club all his career and Wolves have been struggling. It wasn't an easy situation for a young player to develop his skills.

Another thing you have to take into account when comparing Allan and Wayne is that the game these days is a lot harder for a goalscorer. I wouldn't say it was easy for Allan to score when he was playing for Leeds, but certainly it is more defensive now.

The good thing about Wayne is he is a quiet, modest lad willing to listen and learn. He is so dedicated that I'm expecting great things of him.

I think he has done well already, but there is still a lot more to come from him.

DEREK CLARKE

THERE is an eleven years age gap between Wayne and myself, but that didn't prevent my kid brother insisting he should play football with me when he was not much more than a toddler.

In fact, as a seven-year-old he would join me in the Wolverhampton Wanderers' gymnasium to practise shooting.

I was a young professional at Molineux in those days and I never realised when I was taking Wayne to the club, he would later sign for them too.

With Wayne and brother Kelvin I would play football for hours. Even as a young boy Wayne's natural ability shone through. He was a beautiful striker of the ball and was never scared by the size of the older lads we played with.

My one regret is that I am now based in London and can't watch Wayne in action every week. I keep in regular contact with him but I would love to see him play.

I always knew he had ability. Now I'm convinced that with a bit of luck Wayne will emerge as a truly great player. Definitely a future England international.

SANDWICHES INSTEAD OF STEAK -

That's The Peter Madden Blueprint For Rochdale's Survival

AS manager of a lowly Fourth Division club like Rochdale I allow myself one luxury . . . a reserve goal-keeper!

He is the one man in my small pool of sixteen players who may not be picked for a League game. Unless, that is, the first team keeper is injured. Every other player must be capable of switching positions at the drop of a hat to cover for injured colleagues.

Having such a small playing-staff can cause terrible problems. I've lost count of the times when my substitute has been unfit. I've had to field all my able-bodied lads. A sub who is only 70 per cent right has had to be called on.

In recent months there has been a shockwave rippling through football with so many clubs in financial trouble. Rochdale faced extinction a couple of years ago. We have had to learn from that scare that League football might die at Spotland.

Whereas some clubs have run up millions of pounds worth of debts at the bank, Rochdale can't even have an overdraft. We have to balance our books.

To do this we have a maximum wage. I tell potential signings how much we can pay them. They can take it or leave it. There's no point in lengthy negotiations. I can't make an increased offer.

Some Fourth Division outfits pay their men £300-£400 a week. I can't compete with that so I'm forced to sign players who don't want so much.

We also have to be very tight in our expenditure. On an away trip we will stop for a pre-match meal. A top outfit like Liverpool may give their players steaks or another expensive dish. My lads have to settle for an omelette.

On the return journey we won't even stop for a meal. We'll have pre-packed sandwiches on the team coach.

The actual travelling to matches has also been hit by economy measures.

Long distance trips south to places like Aldershot and Gillingham used to involve an overnight stop-over. We would

PUZZLE ANSWERS

FACE NAME

ARDILES

TEAM FROM ALL AROUND

BRUCE GROBBELAAR—ZIMBABWE
BRENDON BATSON—GRENADA
TRISTAN BENJAMIN—ST KITTS
BYRON STEVENSON—WALES
KEVIN MORAN—EIRE
BRYAN ROBSON—ENGLAND
FRANS THIJSSEN—HOLLAND
ASA HARTFORD—SCOTLAND
NOEL BROTHERSTON—N. IRELAND
CYRILLE REGIS—FRENCH GUYANA
RICARDO VILLA—ARGENTINA

SIX OF THE BEST

1—Hungary, by 6-3 in 1953.
2—Rochdale in 1961-62, falling 4-0 to Norwich over two legs.
3—Queen of the South, Palmerston Park, Dumfries.
4—Charlton Athletic against Derby County in 1946 and Burnley in 1947.
5—Wales, with Len and Ivor Allchurch and John and Mel Charles against Ireland in 1955, Israel in 1958 and Brazil in 1962.
6—Billy Bremner and Kevin Keegan in the Leeds v. Liverpool Charity Shield match in 1974.

get the bulk of the journey out of the way on the eve of the match. Just stroll down to the ground on the Saturday.

Nowadays we have to make all our journeys one day affairs. That means setting off bright and early on a Saturday morning. Sitting in a cramped coach for several hours. Then, after a quick warm-up, trying to produce our best on the field.

On the topic of travelling, too much of the club's money is paid to players who commute to Rochdale. Because we don't pay high wages six or so of the lads refuse to move near to our ground because they feel they are settled in a different area. This is where I face a problem the big city managers don't know about.

We have to pay the commuting players transport expenses. But in an effort to reduce these I continually ask the lads to move nearer Rochdale. Here lies a problem unique to the smaller clubs.

Most of the lads don't earn enough on their own to keep their families. Invariably their wives have jobs. The reply I constantly get when I ask lads to move house is . . . ' I'll live in Rochdale if you can find my missus a job '.

So I'm not only managing a football club, I'm also having to work as an employment agency for players' wives!

It's not just the players who are asked to make economy measures. The tightening of belts goes on throughout the club.

Every member of the staff from the board of directors down to the office workers know we face a battle for survival. Money is the lifeblood of the club.

The directors show the right attitude by serving behind the bar in the social club. When I go to watch a game I claim petrol expenses but I never charge for any meals I have.

Last term I was given a club car. This was a great boost. I'd done without one in the past but it was considered vital for me to see as many games and potential signings as possible.

I've seen recently how Manchester United get their star buys to sign long-term contracts. Those deals always make me smile.

Any Rochdale man gets a one-year contract. Only being certain for just one season of his future keeps the player on his toes. He can't become complacent.

If he does well for Rochdale he may attract the interests of a bigger club. The player knows we must sell to survive. If we receive a decent offer we will let any of our team move on.

I also don't want to be tied to retaining players. If they don't come up to scratch in their first season I can kick them out and start again.

We face a constant battle for survival at Rochdale. A battle to keep football alive in the town.

When you work for Rochdale you're not working for a club . . . you're working for a cause. A cause I'm determined to see succeed.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Across—1 Ipswich Town, 7 Peters, 8 Reeves, 9 Owen, 10 Eye, 11 Ache, 12 Smith, 15 Thump, 19 Blue, 20 Axe, 21 Gray, 22 Talbot, 25 Stokoe, 25 Leeds United.

Down—1 Ice, 2 Stein, 3 Instep, 4 Harvey, 5 Overath, 6 Needham, 7 Pools, 13 Mulhall, 14 Tremble, 16 Payne, 17 Santos, 18 Nelson, 21 Gloat, 24 Odd.

HIDDEN STARS

Burns, Rough, Hunt, Rix, Morley, Withe, Todd, Ward, Blair, Sharp, Gates, Lee.

WORD PYRAMID

						S						
					1	G	O	W				
				2	B	R	U	C	E			
			3	B	U	R	N	L	E	Y		
		4	R	O	T	H	E	R	H	A	M	
	5	J	I	M	M	Y	S	I	R	R	E	L
6	M	I	D	D	L	E	S	B	R	O	U	G	H

KEVAN BROADHURST
Birmingham City

HEADS TOGETHER!

Liverpool's IAN RUSH (left) and Sunderland's ROB HINDMARCH get their heads together in this tussle!

MYUI CHAMPIONU-

MYUI championu! That's what I hope to be able to write at the end of this season. It's the Russian way of saying 'We are the champions!'

Having won the F.A. Cup for the past two seasons I'm hoping Spurs can build on that success this year and develop into a championship winning side.

Why the Russian version? Well the study of language is one of my interests outside football, and I try not to forget what I learned at University.

I obtained a B.A. in Russian Studies at Hull University, I don't want all that effort to be completely forgotten.

When I first arrived at Tottenham with my Russian qualifications I came in for terrific 'stick' from the rest of the lads.

They labelled me 'Galvinski' and 'Spy' and there were endless jokes about secret agents and all that kind of thing.

At any club new signings go through a lot of leg pulling, so my Russian studies were a natural target for the lads. Once I had settled into the team the dressing room jokes died away.

Perhaps one day we'll be drawn against a team from the Soviet Union in one of the European competitions. Then I might be able to get my own back on the other players!

I've made two visits to Russia as a student, staying in Moscow for a month, and in Leningrad for two weeks.

It was interesting, but it's not the kind of place you'd want to go to for a holiday—although I understand the Black Sea coastal resorts are very nice.

I qualified as a teacher at training college after getting my degree at Hull, but I would never fancy teaching Russian. Physical Education perhaps, but I'm thinking more of a job in Leisure Management when I pack up playing.

But that's a long way ahead. I came into professional football late, at the age of 22, but I'm looking forward to making up for lost time in the next few years.

It's good to have some qualifications behind me—but in many ways I'd like to have established myself in football much earlier. At 22 I was learning things the apprentices at White Hart Lane knew about at 16.

Spurs let me continue my studies when I joined the club. I was doing a teacher's training course at Nottingham, and I would join the reserves for matches at the grounds, making my own way by bus or train while the others arrived by coach.

LATE STARTER

I'm a bit of late starter all round, because at my secondary school I played only rugby up to the age of 14. It wasn't until the school switched to soccer that I began playing the game, and I seem to have spent my life catching up on people who have played for years.

When I first got into the Spurs side I developed groin trouble and I had to have a pelvic operation involving a bone graft—and that meant I had to re-establish myself at Tottenham all over again.

My first match back in the first team was the F.A. Cup replay against Queen's Park Rangers at White Hart Lane, which started us off on the way to the 1980-81 Final.

I have hardly looked back since. I have really grown up in the Spurs side with Graham Roberts who established himself around the same time.

We have a similar background in that we joined Spurs from non-league football. We get on well and room together on trips.

But I always kid Graham that I am the 'bargain' player at Tottenham. Spurs paid Goole Town only £5,000 for me—they had to fork out over £30,000 to get Graham from Weymouth!

It's been a fantastic run of success for us. An F.A. Cup winners medal within a few months of getting in the side, the chase for four trophies last season—Football League Cup final, European Cup Winners Cup semi-final, fourth place in the First Division and another F.A. Cup medal.

I know just how close we came to making it a cup double by winning the League Cup. We lost in extra time to Liverpool after they had equalised three minutes from the end of normal time.

And I believe it was an injury to me that might have cost us the match. I got a kick on the leg early on and carried on after treatment. Now I know better. I should have come off to let substitute Ricky Villa take my place.

It was only when watching the match on television that I realised how the injury had taken a good yard off my pace.

When I looked at my injured leg in the dressing room it was a mess. I was surprised how I'd managed to play on, but when you are out there all you want to do is carry on with the game.

With hindsight, I obviously should have come off, because my effectiveness was halved by the injury.

Straight from that League Cup final defeat we went to Germany to play our Cup Winners Cup quarter-final against Eintracht Frankfurt—and that led to one of the strangest memories of my career.

We booked into a hotel in the centre of Frankfurt, and on the first night we got a shock.

On the other side of a row of trees outside the hotel was a drive-in cinema. On a gigantic screen that seemed to light up the whole area there was an all-night film show. It was quite a distraction and hardly the best preparation for an important match!

Our European games provided us with a huge variety of experience, the most vivid being the home match against Barcelona.

They came to White Hart Lane

A snatch of Russian that means a lot to Spurs' TONY GALVIN

with the sole aim of stopping us playing and it paid off for them. Some of their tackling was brutal, but the referee was not tough enough.

It's ironic to think I was sent off last season at West Bromwich after nothing more than getting tangled up with Martin Jol. Just shows how referees interpret incidents differently.

That sending off was on my mind for a long time. I'm just not the kind of player who goes around kicking opponents.

I play hard but fairly. My game is all about commitment and work rate. Getting back to support the defence, and then attacking down the wing to knock in crosses for the strikers.

I play the same way in practice—and it nearly cost me a place in last season's Cup Final.

I'd missed several matches before the final with a hamstring injury. Manager Keith Burkinshaw arranged a private practice match against Oxford three days before the final to give myself and Ricky Villa a work-out.

The trouble was the opposing full-back was a trialist out to impress Oxford manager Jim Smith. I wanted to prove I was fit for the final. He wanted to prove he was worth signing.

We had quite a ding-dong and I limped away with a swollen knee and a black eye! It was touch and go for the final—but I made it.

I have some marvellous footballing memories from last season, when we were chasing everything in sight. But the outstanding one involves a friendly match in Israel.

The ball went out of play over the sideline and I went to take a throw-in. I must have had a brainstorm because I suddenly realised I was holding the ball ready to throw in—but standing five yards inside the pitch!

I felt like a right clown. The sort of moment when a B.A. in Russian Studies is totally useless in hiding your embarrassment!

FAN-tastic!

NOWADAYS football fans seem to be associated with the worst kinds of hooliganism. So it's refreshing to hear of one fan who's made the headlines in a way that's to his credit. That fan is Tony Incenzo, the youngest-ever member of the 92 Club.

To join that club you must visit each of the ninety-two league clubs in England. Here's how Tony describes the effort that earned him membership of that band of enthusiasts.

"I'm a Queen's Park Rangers supporter, but when they are not playing at home, I try to take in a match on a ground I haven't visited before.

"On 31st January, 1981, at the age of 17 years, 343 days, I achieved my life's ambition of seeing a game played on every one of the League's 92 grounds!

"That day I visited Anfield to see Liverpool play Leicester. The 92 Club," added Tony proudly, "said I was the youngest-ever person to accomplish the feat."

But Tony wasn't satisfied with that!

"I'm now trying to visit every Scottish League ground, and every non-league ground of clubs who issue a programme. My total so far is 18 Scottish grounds, which I managed in a month's stay over the border at the start of the season.

"I've also been to 130 non-league grounds in England and Wales, plus grounds in Holland, France, Eire and Belgium."

Not surprisingly, Tony's ambition is to get a job in football when he finishes his studies at University College, London.

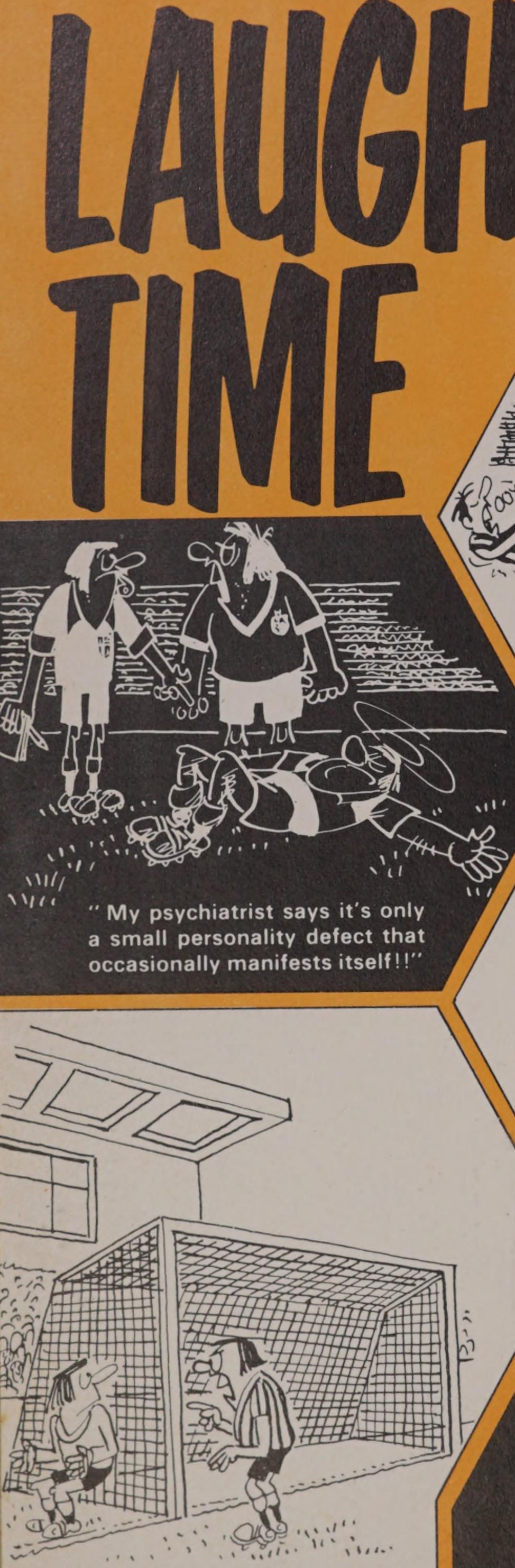
That certainly shouldn't be any problem to someone who knows his way around as well as Tony!

Tony with some of the many souvenirs of his travels

PETER FOX

Stoke City

LAUGHTER TIME



" My psychiatrist says it's only a small personality defect that occasionally manifests itself!!"

" When I gave that free-kick I meant it to be at the ball and not the player!!"

" Let's be extravagant—It's an international."

" Congratulations on winning! Now I expect you're looking forward to the second leg?"

" Oh yes, that striker of theirs is a bad egg all right . . . Even the goal he got was scrambled.

" Don't tell me you've forgotten your contact lenses again!!"

" Number six, ref!!"

" Don't argue with him. He was an all-in wrestler before his eyes went bad!!"

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SPURS v. ASTON VILLA

Spurs' defenders STEVE PERRYMAN (left) and PAUL MILLER team up to stop Villa's flying winger TONY MORLEY.

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